

# RELIGIOUS THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

It is proposed in France to create a superior council of medical jurisprudence to deal with such questions as the responsibility of criminals, suggestion and hypnotism and heredity, which undoubtedly will soon be subjects of governmental supervision.

From a table printed in the *Western Church Advocate* it appears that seventy per cent of the government appropriations for Indian denominational education in 1889 went to Roman Catholic schools and only thirty per cent was divided among the other denominations.

The *Congregationalist* says that Cornelius Vanderbilt and his mother are to erect a mission building six stories high on Forty-Second Street in New York, near the Grand Central depot, which will contain a big hall, reading rooms, gymnasium, and all the various appendages for modern mission work.

Some people are opposed to compulsory education because they say it is an interference with personal liberty and parental rights. On similar ground Polish laborers, residents of Detroit refused to permit some of their number stricken with diphtheria to be isolated. The result is that the disease in a very malignant form is now ravaging that city. Here we have from lack of education and observance of sanitary conditions, compulsory disease.

Rev. Reynolds, of Mechanicsburg, Ohio, was preaching one evening when a hot wave had struck that town. His flock used the only protection they had from the dry sermon and the terrible heat—fans. The minister unable to stand the windstorm cried out "The members of the congregation will stop fanning; it is not at all necessary. Think of icebergs and polar bears and look at me." The larger part of the congregation rose and left the church in disgust. He was not a sufficiently picturesque object to engage their attention under the circumstances.

Crab Robinson relates that when in Ireland, he chanced one day to be in a theatre, where the carpenter and scene painter were at work preparing the stage for the evening's entertainment. It seems the carpenter was a Christian and the scene painter a Jew. Their conversation finally took a theological turn. The carpenter remarked, "I don't like you Jews, you kill people." Scene painter, "Don't Christians kill people too; and in that respect where are they superior, or any better than the Jews?" Carpenter, "Well, I don't like the Jews; they killed my Lord!" Scene painter, "If you can catch my Lord you can kill him too!"

At a meeting of the Methodist ministers of this city before vacation a committee was appointed to draft resolutions setting forth their unanimous sentiment in favor of closing the World's Columbian Exposition on Sunday. Of course the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath and what is due to the working people of the country are given prominence in the resolutions

which have been published. The ministers seem to want a monopoly of Sunday work and are unwilling that others shall do any productive labor on that day. The commissioners of the Exposition indicated in the opinions expressed in the recent Philadelphia conference that the Exposition will be opened Sunday so far as it can be done without imposing more than six day's work on any one. This is right. Every reading room and every art gallery should be open on Sunday and the Exposition should be open on that day.

In his paper, the *Twentieth Century*, Mr. Pentecost remarks: "It is perfectly safe to say that there can be no future life." In one sense it is "perfectly safe" to say this—in the sense that one can express his views now on any question without personal danger from bigotry and intolerance; but in a philosophical sense it is not safe to say "that there can be no future life." Men of science—outspoken freethinkers even, like Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall—do not make such statements as this. And it is "safe to say" that when Mr. Pentecost has been out of the orthodox ministry a few years longer and has outgrown the dogmatic spirit which he has brought from the pulpit into the advocacy of his present immature views, that he will see the folly of declaring, "It is perfectly safe to say that there can be no future life." The most that he is warranted in saying is that he sees no evidence of, and does not believe in a future life.

The best notice of the "Kreutzer Sonata" that we have seen is the following which appeared in the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*: To pick from among the human race a single type and that type an almost solitary one, a man of exquisite sensibilities and yet intensely passionate, moreover a man of morbid, insanely jealous nature; give this man the culture of a refined life and the education of a rake, that is to say, develop to a high degree the two sides of his nature, the esthetic and the sensual; marry this man, profligate and weary at thirty, to a woman much his like, that is to say an instinctive antagonist, but without his experience; give this couple six or eight years of married estrangement, that is to say, six or eight years of hell; at the end of this time introduce a disturbing spirit who fires the jealous nature of the man so that in a whirlwind of fury he stabs his wife; tell this story with a pen of flame and discant upon the "crime of marriage" from the experiences of your hero—that is the "Kreutzer Sonata," Lyof Tolstoi's latest and worst. It is magnificent, but it is a lie.

The Girls' Friendly Society of the St. James Episcopal church of this city is a unique charitable organization. "Its rules," says the *Chicago Evening Post*, which gives a report of its good work, "require that the members shall make friends with needy working girls, get them to study and attend meetings and visit them in their homes. In St. James Church it is the popular society and numbers among its members the daughters of the wealthiest North Siders. The 'associates' are the teachers, and instruct the working-girls in needlework, book learning and the art of cooking. Miss Gary, who has traveled all over Europe twice or three times and is conversant with several languages and is accomplished in other respects, teaches the class in cooking. The 'associates' each

have a certain number of girls as special charges. They are required to correspond with these 'charges' when away from the city, to visit them when at home, and to try in every way to lead them into paths of righteousness." Recently Miss Gary—who is the daughter of Judge Gary of the appellate court—took the place of a young girl in a tailor's shop every day for two weeks, that the girl might have a vacation in the country.

Prince George of Wales it is announced will visit Newport. Ward McAllister, and other dudes, with numerous dudesses are preparing to give him a "fitting reception." What has he done to deserve these demonstrations of respect? Nothing, but he is the son of his not over reputable father and the grandson of his royal grandma, who with her vast progeny, sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, with their sisters, cousins and aunts are, living on incomes wrung from British taxpayers, taken in fact from the earnings of the working classes, without anything rendered in return. Says an exchange, Why should Americans metaphorically kiss his Hanoverian toe because he is a representative of the first family of British aristocracy? Well, perhaps some people are so constituted as to enjoy that sort of toadyism when engaged in it themselves. A good many more enjoy it in others. That is, they laugh at it, as at the antics of puppies or monkeys or kittens. But the vast majority of rightly constituted Americans are profoundly disgusted by it.

Stanley advocates the colonization of American negroes in the Upper Congo forest country, in one section of which, he says, there is space enough twice over to locate all the blacks and give each one a quarter square mile of land. Five acres, he says, planted with bananas and plantain would afford food for a family and the remainder of the land could be devoted to the production of timber, rubber, gums, dye stuffs and other articles for sale. The climate is described as healthful. To this scope of country, larger than the German empire, Stanley says, "to those negroes in the South accustomed to Arkansas, Missouri and Louisiana it would be a reminder of their own plantations without the swamps and depressing influence of cypress forests." Stanley believes that if the advantages of the Congo country were properly set forth to the negroes of the South, and men of wealth would contribute to a fund for the purpose, that a great historic movement of population could be started to the relief of the United States and spread of civilization in the Upper Congo country. If that country has all the attractions represented by Stanley, white men are likely to push their way there and get possession before colonization of the negroes can commence. In spite of the fact that there are overstocked labor markets in the Southern states, the negroes will be slow to leave in large numbers the country which has been so long the home of their race, and deportation or voluntary migration in the near future is not probable. Cuba and Hayti are within easy reach of the United States and the acquisition of one or both these islands in order to relieve the pressure of surplus black population in the Southern states would seem to be more practicable than Stanley's way of solving the race problem.

## A RATIONAL VIEW OF THE BIBLE.

Many Spiritualists and liberals exhibit a hostility to the Bible not born of reason and not in accord with the impartial philosophic spirit. The explanation of this is obvious enough. The most irrational claims have been made as to the origin, character and authority of the collection of books called the Bible. It has been declared absolutely infallible, entirely free from defect and error of every kind, to have been written by the direct inspiration of God, unsurpassable, unapproachable even, perfect in all its teachings, and in science, history, philosophy and poetry, as well as in religion and morals, incomparably superior to any and all other productions in the languages of antiquity and of the present day. Denial or doubt of these extravagant assumptions has been denounced as criminal perversity and folly, deserving pains and penalties here and punishment without end hereafter.

Against these false and preposterous claims reason, honesty and common sense have protested. For centuries an absurd, barbarous theology, blasphemously pretending to be the religion of Christ, obfuscated the minds of men, and ecclesiastical machinery reduced them to the condition of religious automats; conformity was the rule and men who were intelligent enough to disbelieve or doubt, and courageous enough to express their thoughts were consigned to the flames, to the dungeon or to the horrors of the Inquisition. As the conquests of science over superstition and the consequent increase of the tolerant spirit have made free speaking less dangerous, men have criticised the so-called Christian dogmas, and pointed out the falsity of certain claims regarding the Bible. They have met the "believe or be damned" argument with demonstrations that the collection of books called the Bible contain numerous historical mistakes, many anachronisms, unscientific statements, bad moral teachings and examples, and a multitude of absurdities of one kind and another. To this the only reply for centuries was "He that believeth not shall be damned," and "Unbelief springs from a depraved heart."

How natural it was that men should come to feel contempt for the clergy and be accustomed to treat the Bible from a purely critical point of view, dwelling chiefly upon its errors and almost ignoring its many excellencies. In their indignation that men should call black white and white black, and demand that all dissenters be murdered or tortured, or if that were not possible, ostracized and subjected to political disabilities, how natural that courageous and honest men should say to the priests and their disciples, "Your religion is an imposture and the Bible is a pack of lies." The spirit of this utterance was the spirit of honest protest against falsehood, of manly resistance to wrong, of respect for human reason, of loyalty to truth. We can honor the motives, the spirit and the courage of the brave iconoclasts who refused to worship the Bible, and who dared, when they had everything to lose and nothing to gain by so doing, to show that the collection of Jewish pamphlets was no revelation from God. Their excesses and mistakes of criticism belonged to the times, and as such, are not now regarded as indications of any peculiar defect in those whose writings they disfigure.

It is, however, inexcusable at this day to repeat these mistakes. The freethinker who to-day says, "the bible is a pack of lies," "The bible is an imposture," simply proclaims his own ignorance and prejudice and the "survival" character of his intellectual condition. It is true that the old claims for the bible are untenable, that as history it will not compare with Thucydides, Xenophon or Tacitus, not to speak of Gibbon and Macaulay, that in science it is insignificant in the light of modern research, like that of Lyell and Darwin, that in morals and religion it is marked by grave defects and is inferior to the most enlightened codes of to-day; yet it is no "imposture," no "pack of lies," no "fraud." It is a natural outgrowth of the human mind, and it contains an expression of the honest thoughts and feelings of men who belong to a far-off past. The various books of the bible were written at different times and under different circumstances, and very naturally contain incon-

gruous and contradictory statements and expressions. In them are fact and fable, reality and romance, truth and error. Inaccuracy, the mixture of myths with history was common in the times the books composing the bible were written. But the Hebrews were a devout people; they had pre-eminently the religious spirit as the Greeks had the spirit of beauty which took form in their sculpture and architecture, in their painting and poetry, and in their marvellous language.

The gospels and epistles which make up the New Testament bear testimony to the sincerity and religious enthusiasm of converts to a new faith. Although they abound in errors, they are of incalculable value in the information they convey in regard to the effects of that impulse which was given to humanity nearly nineteen centuries ago and which has revolutionized a large portion of the globe. Of that movement Jesus, the Nazarene reformer, was the central figure, and he was beyond doubt, one of the greatest personal factors in producing the conditions, to which by devious routes, mankind since his death, has attained. Buddha was a similar personal moral and religious force in India. Indeed, every age has one or more characters in whom are concentrated and embodied the tendencies which later develop into great results. The bible is full of Spiritualism and the Spiritualism of to-day is but a continuation of that of old. There has been no age in which inspiration, vision, prophecy and so-called miracles have not been among the religious experiences of men and women. The accounts of them are frequently distorted, exaggerated and misleading. This is true of many bible narratives which should be subjected to the same rules of historical criticism that are applied to all other ancient religious books and to profane literature. When this is done many of the books called the bible will still be found to contain precious truths and lessons of imperishable worth. To the Spiritualist especially will the Hebrew and Christian scriptures ever be among the most valuable portions of the world's literature.

## TOLSTOI'S "KREUTZER SONATA."

Count Tolstoi's *Kreutzer Sonata* is unwholesome reading. It is morbid psychology. It depicts the evils of animal passion vividly but coarsely, even in the English translation with all its excisions, and it has no other remedy to offer than the ascetic idea of an irrepressible conflict between the soul and the body, which can be brought to an end only by a life like that of the Shakers. When men and women attain to a condition in which they realize the evils of passion and can resist amorous desire, they should remain single. The virgin life is the true life. "If the passions can be subdued, and therewith this sexual, sensual love, then unification can be created. Humanity has fulfilled the law. Life ceases. . . . Sensual love is but the sign of the unified law, but as long as this sensual love exists and through its promulgations new generations arise, generations that can fulfill the law, until finally the last letter of the law has been carried out. Subsequent to the carrying out of this statute, and instantaneous therewith, comes self-annihilation. Humanity can not exist under these supposititious times. Life is endangered by the unification of humanity. The human race has ceased to live. . . . Religious dogmas predict the destruction of the world, scientific theories prognosticate a like end. What therefore is so wonderful if the doctrines of morals foreshow the same conclusion? Let those who have understanding," Christ said, "and I well understand his meaning." In order that morality reign in sexual relation among the people, it is necessary for them to attain complete chastity."

So says the character in *Kreutzer Sonata* who describes his married life and tells how jealousy drove him to murder his wife. Certainly according to his own account he was from youth a sensualist, had no high sentiment of love, lived mostly in the senses, and was very slow to learn by experience. It is not the first time that such a character as Posdnychew has exclaimed "All is vanity" and pointed to asceticism and an emasculated virtue as the only remedy for the evils of licentiousness. But human nature is not fundamentally evil, the relation between the sexes from which

spring the home and family ties and by which life is perpetuated and progress is possible on this globe is not in itself evil, and progress is not in the direction of asceticism but of higher marriage and parentage consecrated by the predominance of all that is noblest and best in man's and woman's nature.

## THE EVOLUTION OF MARRIAGE.

Marriage like all other social relations and institutions is an evolution. Man did not originally appear as an Adam nor woman as an Eve, and marriage was not established in the garden of Eden six thousand years ago. In the loose groups of men where everything is indefinite, unsettled men in their methods act very much like other gregarious animals. The relations of men to one another and the relation of men to women are subject more or less to the impulses and passions of the moment, checked only by fears of consequences. Out of a condition like this has been evolved the complex social and political institutions of the civilized world of to-day.

Many able writers think that the earliest phase of the sexual state was one of pure hetairism, and that private ownership of woman was established by the members of one tribe stealing women from other tribes. This is a condition that prevails to-day very extensively among tribes in those low stages through which advanced races must have passed. Mr. McLennan is of the opinion that wife-capture "has been practiced at a certain stage by every race of mankind."

From the community, barbarians, according to this view, went out on marauding expeditions. They killed members of other tribes, and captured their women whenever an opportunity offered itself. How natural for the capturer to claim a peculiar right to the female captive! Had he chosen, he could have killed her. Claiming her exclusively for himself involved no clear, direct infringement of the rights of his tribe, like taking for himself alone one of the women of his own community. One of the proofs that marriage had such an origin is the fact that marriage by capture, as a stern reality, prevails widely in uncivilized portions of the world, while the symbol of capture can be seen in marriage ceremonies of nearly, if not all, the great nations of ancient and modern times. Either as a reality or a ceremony, it "prevails," says Sir John Lubbock, "in Australia and among the Malays, in Hindostan, Central Asia, Siberia, and Kamtschatka, among the Esquimaux, the Northern Red-Skins, the Aborigines of Brazil, in Chili and Terra del Fuego, in the Pacific Islands, both among the Polynesians and Fijians, in the Philippines, among the Arabs and Negroes, in Circassia, and until recently throughout a greater part of Europe."

In Babylonia, according to Herodotus, every woman was required to offer herself once in the temple of Venus before she was at liberty to marry. The same custom, according to other ancient writers, prevailed in Armenia, Cyprus, at Carthage, in several parts of Greece, and in various portions of the ancient world. Among tribes that have advanced beyond this communal system, the same practice substantially prevails to-day. Lubbock, among others who have taken pains to collect facts and who have given much thought to this subject, regards this custom as the clear recognition of pre-existent tribal or "communal rights." It is not improbable, as Spencer maintains, that, in some localities and under some circumstances, "even in prehistoric times, promiscuity was checked by the establishment of individual connections, prompted by men's likings and maintained against other men by force." The same writer concludes "that monogamy is the natural form of sexual relation for the human race," and that "it is manifest that monogamy has long been growing innate in the civilized man; all the ideas and sentiments that have become associated with marriage having, as their necessary implication, the singleness of the union."

The view that marriage originated in barbarism and even in violent capture furnishes no argument against the institution as it exists to-day, when it is still a sort of capture, though woman is not always the captured party! It is not pleasant to contemplate all the stages through which we have passed from savage to civil-



ized life; but the results of this slow and painful development are none the less valuable. Marriage, it is true, has been evolved through centuries of wrong and brutality to woman, from the effects of which, by reaction, man has suffered hardly less than his companion; but now, in enlightened countries, divested of its essentially barbarous features, giving us the home circle with all its elevating influences, intensifying the affections, and securing to infancy and youth the nurture and care they need, marriage has come to be an institution indispensable to the intellectual and moral culture of the race. True, there are yet evils connected with it; but they are no necessary part of it. They are mere excrescences, which are destined to disappear as others have in the past. If Tolstoi had any knowledge and appreciation of evolution, which he has not, he would see that marriage, even in its physical aspects, is not to be condemned, but a necessity of healthy moral and social life for the great mass of humanity, and that the abuses incident to it can be made less only by recognizing it as normal while outgrowing the mastery of passion over the moral and spiritual nature.

It is not uncommon to hear now sentimental objections to legal marriage. Marriage, it is said, is the union of two congenial souls, and it is too sacred a relation for the law to attempt to regulate. The law is for the protection of society from the evils of promiscuity. It does not interfere with the union of hearts; but it recognizes marriage as a civil relation, a mutual contract and provides for the punishment of those who seek to evade the obligations involved in the relation. Without legal marriage women, who would be the greatest sufferers directly, would find themselves without any legal protection, of which now they have none too much. And homes and family circles, paternal obligations, brotherly and sisterly ties, and the ennobling, elevating, and refining influences which spring from the permanent home,—would these be increased by the abolition of all legal enactments pertaining to the relation of the sexes?

#### COMPULSORY SECTARIAN EDUCATION.

A contributor to the *Christian Union* writes in favor of making bible reading a part of the public school exercises. He concludes his article thus: "But is it right that unbelievers and religious denominations should be taxed to support institutions in which they do not believe, to which they are bitterly opposed? Most certainly; so long as our government is by and for the people, so long must minorities submit to taxation even for measures of which they do not approve. An anarchist, for example, should be taxed for the support of the government. The same condemnation that is here meted out to the Roman Catholic church for its hostility to American institutions is similarly deserved by the Lutherans of Wisconsin for their attempt to interfere with the use of the English language in the public schools, by southern or northern societies, by those who persist in honoring the confederate flag, and by all who attempt to obstruct the complete unification of our population." Then whatever the majority believes to be right, for the support of that the whole people may justly be taxed. If the majority is Catholic the minority should be made to help support Catholicism. If the majority is Presbyterian, the minority should be compelled to support Presbyterianism. In Buddhist countries compulsory support of the dominant faith by Christians, and Jews is right and proper. If "infidelity" should become the prevailing thought, Christians of all denominations should be compelled to support "infidel" institutions. Would the *Christian Union* writer concur in these statements? Probably not, and yet they result logically from his position. He thinks that "so long as our government is by and for the people," the minority should yield to the majority in all things whatsoever. The majority principle was never designed by the founders of this government to have any such extended application. The government was made secular from the beginning and the intention of those who, in their wisdom and liberality, established this Republic was to keep church and state separate and to leave all religions and religious institutions to the

voluntary support of the believers in them. The first amendment to the national constitution says: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." A religion which the government compels the people, irrespective of their conscientious beliefs, to support is virtually an established religion. Compulsory education and the requirement that the English language be taught in the public schools are justifiable on the ground that a certain amount of education, including knowledge of English is indispensable to the discharge of the duties of American citizenship. But men may be good citizens without being Catholics or Presbyterians, or Jews or Spiritualists or Agnostics, and therefore, compulsory support of institutions in the special interests of any of these sects or classes is an invasion of the rights of conscience, in violation of the spirit and letter of the national constitution and in conflict with the fundamental principles of secular government.

The statement having been made that Webster's famous reply to Hayne which we read now is not in form in which Webster really delivered it, that he spent many days in carefully revising and writing out the speech, and the published speech is Webster's revision and not the actual speech heard in the Senate chamber, Mr. George Ticknor Curtis comes out in reply. He says: "I have conversed with Webster a great many times concerning the circumstances under which he made that celebrated speech, and the kind and degree of preparation which he made for it. He always told me that it was most unexpected to him to have to reply to Hayne on the doctrines of nullification; and the account which I have given of the history of the debate is the one which I received from him. I have also conversed with many of the senators and with many of the great audience who heard the speech, and they all said that if there ever was, in the proper sense, an extemporaneous speech, that one was." According to Mr. Curtis, Joseph Gales, senior editor of the *National Intelligencer*, the best stenographer at that time in Washington, himself took down the speech in shorthand as it was delivered, and afterwards wrote it out. This draft was submitted to Webster before an authorized edition of the speech was printed. It does not follow the order of treatment of the topics sketched in the only written preparation which Webster made. Doubtless in revising the speech Webster changed some expressions, but not the form of the speech as reported. Mr. Curtis says that when he was writing the life of Webster he had before him the only brief or notes sketched hurriedly the night before the speech was made. The whole was contained on three sheets of letter paper of the size in use at that day, and it did not exceed nine pages, loosely written. Some of the most elaborate passages in the speech as it was delivered were not indicated at all, and others were only suggested by a word or two. The only sense, according to Mr. Ticknor, in which it can be said that the great defender of the constitution made preparation for the speech, beyond the meagre notes jotted down before he made it, is that he was fully equipped with the necessary knowledge for the occasion.

*Hochi Shinbun*, a Japan paper, says: Various local governors and prefects have addressed a memorial to the government on the adoption of a new basis of morality for Japan. The education department has long been perplexed on the same subject, for it has long perceived that western religion, which forms the basis of western morality, and which might therefore seem a necessary consequence of the acceptance of western civilization, is unsuited to the conditions of the country and could not be introduced without great confusion and peril. In these circumstances the leaders of Japanese thought would have been supposed to adopt the utilitarian system had it not seemed of too subtle and recondite a character to be embodied in a text book of common morality. On the other, the experience of centuries has taught that the doctrines of Confucius are suited to the disposition of the Japanese people, and although to rehabilitate the Confucian classics side by side with philosophies and

sciences imported from the west would involve all sorts of anomalies and inconsistencies, it has been decided that Confucius is to be the sheet-anchor, and text books of morality are to be compiled for schools with his precepts as a basis.

The latest outcome of the war over the historical text book to be used in the Boston public schools is the resignation of Judge Fallon, the Roman Catholic committeeman. Anderson's history, substituted for that of Swinton, was so characterless that the new school board could not endure it. To remedy the evil, says a Boston paper, the text-book committee were ordered to seek out a better manual for the use of the schools. In the performance of this duty they selected the two works by Myers and Miss Sheldon as those containing narratives conformable to the facts, and putting in a mild and judicious way the matters deemed to be a little hard on the old medieval church. The inquisition is touched gently. The facts about the reformation are not, as the committee thought, so offensively. In this the board were unanimous, save the dissent of Mr. Fallon, the Roman Catholic member who has now resigned.

*The Independent*: The doctrine of the Constitution of Wisconsin, as thus settled by the Supreme Court of that State, is, in our judgment, the true doctrine for every State in the Union. It remits the question of religious instruction, as to what it shall be, as to the agency giving it, and as to the cost thereof, to voluntary, private and individual effort, and devotes the public school, created and regulated by law, and supported by a general taxation of the people, exclusively to secular education. This principle is in harmony with the nature and structure of our political institutions, and is, moreover, just and equitable as between religious sects. It favors no one of them and proscribes no one of them; and while it leaves them all free to propagate their religious beliefs in their own way, and at their own expense, it gives to the whole people, at the cost of the whole, a system of popular education that is certainly good as far as it goes, and is all that the State can give, without itself becoming a religious propagandist. Catholics and Protestants alike ought to be satisfied with it. There is no other basis on which the school question can be justly settled as between different religious sects.

A good story is told of a French physician named Bernard, who one day found an old abbé, a stranger to him, playing at cards with one of his patients. He had no sooner seen him than he exclaimed with much vehemence, "What do you here? Go home, get bled immediately, you have not one minute to lose." The abbé remained motionless in great alarm. He was conveyed home. M. Bernard bled him profusely, and on the third day everything having been done that medical science could devise, and everything having failed, the sick man's brother was sent for from the country. He arrived in haste, and was informed that the abbé was dying. "Of what disease?" he inquired. M. Bernard assured him that, without being at all aware of it, his brother had been seized with a violent fit of apoplexy, that he had fortunately discovered it by seeing his mouth drawn awry, and had treated him accordingly. "Why, sir," gently replied the martyr's brother, "his mouth has been awry these sixty years."

One of the marvels of electricity, and one of the most striking of the Edison exhibits at the Paris exposition, was the little instrument which enables the operator to sign a check a hundred miles distant. The writing to be transmitted is impressed on soft paper with an ordinary stylus. This is mounted on a cylinder, which, as it revolves, "makes and breaks" the electric current by means of the varying indentations on the paper. At the receiving end of the wire a similar cylinder, moving in accurate correspondence with the other, receives the current on a chemically prepared paper, on which it transcribes the signatures in black letters on a white ground.

## CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

By HON. F. H. BEMIS.

Modern Spiritualism embraces within its fold, a vast aggregation of individuals, brought together by a belief in a variety of occult, intelligent phenomena; which, to them are demonstrative evidence of continued existence after the change we call death. This unorganized mass of humanity is composed, not only of converts from the various religious sects, but converts as well outside of all church affiliations. They come, not only from those who have been influenced by religious fear, faith and hope, but those as well who have known neither fear, faith or hope;—the religionist, the Christian, the infidel, the agnostic and the atheist.

Is it strange that among this heterogeneous, unorganized mass—this multitude of people of varied culture, religious and non-religious—there should be divergence and clashing of theory and sentiment? Is it strange that the hitherto atheistic materialist, converted to a belief in immortality by evidence which he finds assailed by the church, should in turn assail the church? Judging from the attitude of the so-called evangelical churches towards these new evidences of immortality and the attitude of the more radical and iconoclastic Spiritualists, one might at first imagine there was an irrepressible conflict between Spiritualism and Christianity itself. It is the purpose of this essay to show that no such conflict exists, that, as between genuine Spiritualism and Christianity in its primitive simplicity there can be no conflict. Certainly not as to the fundamental precepts and principles common to both.

Christianity is not, as some seem disposed to imagine, a set of religious opinions, a metaphysical statement of theological dogmas. It is not the dictum of pope or priest. It is comprehended in no thirty-nine articles; nor is it bound up in any church discipline or "confession of faith." Neither is it to be confounded with Judaism. It is not responsible for, nor is it to be judged by any of these. Christianity in its primitive and uncorrupted simplicity is that system of ethical and religious principles enunciated by its founder. It matters not how much that system has absorbed of the heathen philosophies with which it subsequently came in contact; nor does it matter how much it may have been confounded with the moral and religious elements of early Judaism. Its accretions from foreign sources are no part of the original system. I am not unmindful of the fact, that imaginary plans of salvation and schemes of human redemption, together with the crude and immature conceptions of a barbarous people in a primitive age, have been made to masquerade in the name of Christianity. They have as little to do with it and sustain about the same relation to it, as do the horrible saurian monsters of the ante-human world to the animal kingdom of to-day. And it would be no more absurd to say that all stages of the development of animal life, evolved through the ages, were but species of one common genus, than it is to say that all phases of religious opinion evolved during the last six thousand years, should be classed as Christian.

In the infancy of our race, we must look for infantile conceptions of the Creator. It would be unreasonable to expect as exalted views of God under the Mosaic as under the Christian dispensation. The older Jewish scriptures are mixed up with tradition, myth and legend. The farther we go back, and the nearer we approach the period of the supposed childhood of the race, the more crude and rudimentary do we find men's ideas of God. First, we have polytheism. The God of the Jews was only one among many. He appears in bodily form, meets man face to face, walks and talks with him, wrestles with Jacob, eats with Abraham, is subject to anger, is jealous and repents. Such were some of the primitive notions about God. As we come down later to the prophetic and Christian

conception, we are told: "No man hath seen God at any time," "God is spirit," "God is love." With him there is no "variableness or shadow of turning." The earlier conception of God is not Christian; it is puerile, childish. He gives minute directions for making holy oil for temple use and punishes those who manufacture or use it for other purposes with death. He is pleased with sacrifices. Now, as we come down later to the prophetic period, we find God cares nothing for sacrifice or holy oil. "Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams or ten thousands of rivers of oil? What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly love mercy and walk humbly?" Not less certainly or naturally through the evolutionary processes of physical development, do higher and higher forms of animal life succeed one another, than do the higher ethical and religious conceptions succeed one another under the laws of spiritual unfoldment.

The prophet Amos puts these words into the mouth of Jehovah: "I hate, I despise your feasts. I have no delight in your solemn assemblies. When ye offer me burnt offerings and flour offerings I will not accept them. Nor will I look on the peace offerings of your fatlings. Away with the noise of your songs. I will not listen to your harping. But let justice flow like water, and righteousness like a mighty river." And Isaiah says: "Bring no more vain oblations. Seek to do justice, relieve the oppressed, do right to the fatherless, defend the cause of the widow." And Hosea makes Jehovah say: "I desire goodness and not sacrifice. And the knowledge of God rather than burnt offerings." And David in deep penitence for his many sins, exclaims:

"Thou desirest not sacrifice else would I give it—  
Thou dost not delight in burnt offerings,  
The sacrifice which God loves is a broken spirit,  
A broken and a contrite heart O God thou wilt not despise."

It is idle to pretend that there is any harmony of opinions about God, even between the teachings of earlier and later Judaism. How much less between Judaism and Christianity? The God of Joshua was a God of war. The Jewish government was theocratic, religion and politics were one, and both were of a very low order. The Israelites hated and despised their enemies; and they invested their Jehovah with their national characteristics. If we are to accept the record, Joshua was encouraged by Jehovah to take Ai by stratagem, burn the city and murder its inhabitants, regardless of age or sex. And, then, we are told he built an altar to the Lord God of Israel in Mount Ebal. While the Amorites were fleeing before Joshua, the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them unto Azekah, and they died; they were more which died with hail stones than they which the children of Israel slew with the sword. So, we are informed Joshua took successively, Makkedah, Libnah, Lachish, Gezer, Eglon, Hebron, Debir, and utterly destroyed all that breathed, as the Lord God of Israel commanded. And Joshua smote them from Kadesh-barnea, even unto Gaza, and all the country of Goshen, even unto Gibeon. And all these kings and their land did Joshua take at one time, because the Lord God of Israel fought for Israel. And we are asked to believe that all this is consistent with the character of God and the religion of the New Testament. It would now be tolerated by no civilized country on the face of the earth. Just think of it! Joshua by the help of God, massacres all these men, women and innocent children, that he might possess their cities and their rich lands. Gladly we turn away from this revolting picture to another. As we come down later through the centuries, new light seems to dawn upon the prophetic spirit of man—and we read: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion thy God reigneth." The God of Moses and Joshua was cruel and unrelenting and merciless, a God of slaughter and rapine. The God and Father of him, whose coming, it is said, was heralded by a multitude of the heavenly host proclaiming peace on earth and good will among men was a God of love and mercy. Referring to the olden time of hate and strife, he said:

"Ye have heard that it hath been said: Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you love your enemies, bless them that curse you." Why? Because in so doing you will prove yourselves true children of him who sendeth his rain and sunshine alike upon the evil and the good. Forgetting this,—forgetting that Jesus said "blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God," and forgetting that he said my kingdom is not of this world, else would my disciples fight, I recently heard a spiritualistic advocate of peace cite this bloody massacre by Joshua under the Jewish dispensation, to prove that Christianity fostered the spirit of war. To all such indiscriminate declaimers, we say Christianity is not responsible for the low ethical and religious conceptions of Judaism. Nor, is it responsible for its later accretions. Christianity under Greco-Roman influences during the first three centuries became gradually transformed into an ecclesiastical system widely at variance with its original simplicity. Harnach says: "The Catholic church is that form of Christianity of which every element of the ancient world has been successively assimilated, which Christianity could in any way take up into itself without utterly losing itself in the world." And evangelical Protestantism is but the rebellious child of Roman Catholicism. Therefore, if we would desire to know what Christianity is, we must go to the original record, and in doing so, we must not forget that that record is a fragmentary one. We must also bear in mind that many of Christ's sayings are bold, poetic, emblematic, and couched in highly figurative and symbolic forms of speech peculiar to oriental countries. Bearing these considerations in mind, I call the reader's attention to his utterances respecting the future life. This seems to be the pivotal doctrine of his ministry—as in modern Spiritualism, it was the nucleus about which all of his ideas seemed to revolve; and upon which all else seemed to hinge. It was this central and pervading idea which made his gospel a message of glad tidings to the poor. If he thought to establish a church, it was a church of the spirit, recognizing open communion with the Spirit-world. He says: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself." God's limitless universe, is here represented, as a house of many mansions—prepared and fitted as a habitation for his immortal children. There is room for all and conditions suited to the necessities of all. No poor prodigal can ever wander outside of the walls or beyond the reach of the parental arms. Its paternal roof eternally shelters all. Again, this passage recognizes spirit return. "I will come again." "I go to prepare a place for you." We may well imagine that many a departed spirit friends is busily at work, preparing a place and a fitting welcome for those who are soon to join them in that "house of many mansions." Again he says: "I will not leave you desolate. I come unto you. Yet a little while and the world beholdeth me no more. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be fearful. Ye heard how I said to you I go away, and I come unto you. If ye loved me, ye would have rejoiced, because I go unto the Father." Here he comforts his disciples with the assurance that in passing out of the world, he is but passing out into the light and love of the Infinite Father, where they will soon join him. If they but understood it, and loved him, they would rejoice because he was to be with the Father. He makes no reference to a local heaven. He would merely say: we shall live, we shall meet together and know each other in the spirit realm. When he speaks of the kingdom of God or heaven, we are to understand him as referring to the "reign of justice, purity and love, or the invisible world of spirits." The penitent thief on the cross, appealed to Jesus, to be remembered when he came into his kingdom. He replied: "to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

It is related of Jesus that on a certain time "he took Peter, and James, and John, up into a high mountain apart by themselves, and he was transfigured before them, and his garments became



tening, exceeding white, as no fuller on earth can whiten them. And there appeared unto them Elijah with Moses, and they were talking with Jesus." And it is further related that Peter was so much interested in this séance, that he proposed to the master that they make three tabernacles there—one for Jesus, one for Moses and one for Elijah. Now just imagine the supercilious scorn and contempt with which this marvelous account would have been received by the Sadducees. They would have wanted to know why it was, if Moses and Elijah could come back, that they would not come to them, and why it was necessary to be so secret about it? Why did Jesus go up into the mountain with only Peter, and James, and John? Why did he not take a committee of Sadducees along with them and submit to such test conditions as they might be pleased to impose? He probably would have found it as difficult to convince a first century Sadducee of the genuineness of the transfiguration and the return of Moses and Elijah as a modern Spiritualist would, to convince a nineteenth century Sadducee of the phenomena of to-day. I do not know whether the Sadducees of old accepted the story of the clairvoyant and inspirational gifts of Balaam's ass. But, I do know if I should speak of it as a biblical myth or legend, the nineteenth century Sadducee would accuse me of infidelity. We do not know who wrote the book containing the story, and we do not know when it was written. But it is morally certain that it was written about a thousand years after the event recorded is said to have occurred. It was written in an ignorant and credulous age, with no scientific or critical methods of investigation. It involves a flat contradiction of natural law; and yet the nineteenth century Sadducee accepts this story as an accredited fact of sacred history. Yet, at a time when there are so many advantages for critical investigation, no amount of demonstrative evidence would be sufficient to satisfy him that his human brother might now be endowed with similar spiritual gifts. But I am digressing. There can be no question as to whether Christ recognized the fact of spirit return and spirit communion. Angels, it is said came and ministered unto him. An angel appeared to Joseph in a dream, while in Egypt, saying, "Arise and take the young child and his mother and go into the land of Israel." An angel opened the doors of the common prison at Jerusalem and let the apostles out. An angel came to Peter in prison and a light shone in upon him, and his chains fell off, and he followed the angel out of prison through the first and second ward into the city through the iron gate which opened of its own accord. And there are hundreds of recorded instances in the Bible of angel ministrations. There are two recorded instances of Christ walking on the water. If the record is reliable, which I do not question, then it logically follows that it was done by spirit power. It must have been a case of levitation by an occult intelligent force. Is it said, it might have been infinite power? I reply, infinite power, which is expressed in natural law, never contradicts itself. It does not move in opposite directions at the same time. And it is not in the power of man, unaided by mechanical contrivance to nullify or counteract his own gravity. And, is it not written, "He shall give his angels charge over thee?" So, I conclude, the only rational interpretation of such phenomena is, levitation by spirit power. And did he not say he could have the assistance of twelve legions of angels, by asking for them?

No one who reads the New Testament thoughtfully can doubt that open communion with the Spirit-world, was one of its cardinal and basic ideas. Paul was called in this way to be an apostle and it was his boast that he had been lifted up into Paradise where he had seen and heard unspeakable things. And it was strikingly illustrated on that remarkable day of Pentecost.

Am I told, by some Spiritualist, that the Christian theory of salvation is not in accord with modern Spiritualism? Christ said, "I and my Father are one," and he prayed that he and his disciples might be one in the same sense. To bring mankind into moral and spiritual harmony with the Father, in the same sense that he was in moral and spiritual har-

mony with the infinite truth and right, was the whole purpose, aim and end of his mission on earth.

In that inimitable parable of the "Prodigal Son," illustrating the Christian philosophy of salvation, I find nothing in conflict with modern Spiritualism. It teaches us that sin is its own shame and sorrow. We are not to understand that the prodigal's repentance and return, relieved him from the natural and inevitable consequences of his evil course. It did not bring back a dollar of his wasted fortune; nor did it restore the pristine and moral purity, which had become sullied and debauched by riotous living and intercourse with harlots. Christ never taught, that by any means, God would exempt the guilty from merited punishment. He sought to soften and sanctify human character by proclaiming a God of love and mercy who watched over his children with tender parental solicitude. He brought to bear upon his disciples the regenerating influences of personal righteousness; illustrating his teachings by his life, and bringing all to a focus of redeeming power through his martyr death and triumphant resurrection.

#### ANSWERS TO PROFESSOR JAMES' QUESTIONS.

BY ATHENE.

Professor James through your valuable journal requests that answers be made to the following, viz:—"Have you ever when completely awake had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a human being or inanimate object or of hearing a voice; which impression, so far as you could discover, was not due to any physical cause?"

I will relate some events that have happened to myself: In the city of Washington some dozen years ago I called upon Dr. Hatch a well known, intelligent physician of that city, whom I consulted for a peculiar pain, at times very distressing, in the back part of the head. The remedies prescribed by the doctor did me no good. This condition continued for several months, until one Sunday returning from the New Church, called erroneously by some Swedenborgian, I brought from the library a book treating upon Solomon's Temple from a spiritual or scriptural standpoint. While examining this book with the Bible at hand, to which I was constantly referring, the pain at the back of my head grew worse. I stopped reading and commenced reflecting as if saying to myself: Well I have consulted doctors and taken all the remedies prescribed by them and others but none have done me any good—Man, I said, cannot cure me, but the Lord can. I had scarcely spoken these words when suddenly there appeared directly in front of me two beautiful hands, masculine, but of a form and beauty far superior to any I had ever beheld; one held a fine crystal goblet, and the other appeared as if trying to show me how to take a certain quantity or pinch of salt with the thumb and fore finger, the meaning of which was made clear by a distinct audible voice which appeared to come from the owner of the hands, who said: "Take three drops of laudanum in a little water and a pinch of salt." I was wide awake, never more so, nor was I even bewildered at what I had seen and heard. I was a little surprised but only for a moment, for I think my first thoughts were of wonder and gratitude to God, who had listened to my humble prayer and sent an angel or an angelic spirit to heal me. With a heart full of love and faith I took the remedy as directed and in a few minutes the pain disappeared; some months thereafter I felt a slight return and took it again, and during a dozen years which have elapsed I have seldom had to use it, but always with success.

In the year 1848 after the close of the Mexican war in which I had taken part, I found myself with some dozen companions near the head waters of the Mogueleme river in California, mining for gold; finding no feed for our animals, I had volunteered to take them to a place on the plains where Canadian trappers had some goods, and an American family named Hitchcock were grazing stock. I had come fifty miles or more through the mountains; it appeared to me that a shorter route might be found for returning; I inquired of the French Canadians, who, pointing toward the mountains, said, "I think the Indians go to the

Mogueleme in that direction." After looking well at my pistols I set out. Although the Indians heretofore had been quiet, they were beginning to receive very savage and cruel treatment at the hands of some Oregon immigrants who regarded all Indians as hostile toward the whites, especially, when the latter were coming in large numbers into the territories. I had proceeded on my return journey to camp and had got only a few miles away, when I met two Indians who had in their possession an American boy about seventeen years old. He was crying and said that they had taken his bundle of clothes, knife and tobacco. With pistol in hand but pleasantly, I snatched both the bundle and the knife from their hands and gave them to the boy, telling him to run and that I would stand by the Indians until he got near the French camp.

When I saw he could safely reach the camp, I again set out on my unknown path. Three or four hour's travel brought me to the river, but I could not find a trail on either side, and it was impossible to proceed along either bank on account of the thick chaparral or jungle. Crossing the river I crawled through one chaparral on my hands and knees. I thought a few hundred yards would carry me through, but it appeared over a mile when I got through, and still found no trail. I climbed a mountain hoping from its summit to get a view of some sure way to reach my destination. The sun was sinking in its western glory when I descended from the mountain, intending to take a cañon which I thought ran in the direction I should travel to reach camp. I had just gained the cañon when I met seven Indians armed with bow and arrows; they were proceeding along the cañon the same way. As soon as they saw me they halted and each one drew his bow with an arrow half taut, and held it ready to shoot; equally alert I resolved to die game and drew both my single barrelled pistols and, holding one in my right hand, cocked, I advanced to within ten feet, determined to shoot at the first raising of a bow, with my pistols and then use my knife; however, no bow was raised any higher. I then spoke to them some familiar words in English, French and Spanish, but no response came from them; only a bewildered glare of astonishment; there they stood as statues, they watching me, and I watching them. Seeing they were going in the direction I wanted to go, I made a motion with my left hand for them to advance. Silently, except a grunt from one to the other, they went marching in Indian file; I following in their footsteps. The sun had set, the deepening twilight darkened around and as I trudged along in the gloom I had dismal forebodings, and musing to myself, I said: Well, young man, you are in for it this time! Several times you have escaped shipwreck and you have been in the war where the bullets of the enemy fell around you like hail and never touched you, and now, after having escaped all these dangers you have come here in these mountains to die at the hands of Indians, and your family will never know what has become of you.

Suddenly came a voice from an invisible person out of the gloom of the twilight, yet very near, it said in good English and as if reproving: Can not that Divine Providence which has hitherto protected you from so many dangers, still protect you? The words took away my fear, gave me courage, and filled me with faith and trust in God's providence which had already provided a way for my protection and for bringing me safe to my companions. As I travelled along in the gloom I heard the Indians utter an exclamation as of surprise; an instant later, I heard the steps of an approaching horseman when there appeared an Indian warrior dressed in regular military style; after greeting the Indians he came toward me, gave me a military salute, and asked me in broken but good Spanish, to accompany him. I felt a thrill of joy for from the tones of his voice, I could recognize they were friendly. He told me he had just come among his Indians, that he lived a long way off and regretted that he could not show me more hospitably he would like to treat me. I knew enough of Indian character to confide entirely in him; as I reached the end of the cañon a strange sight met my eye. Some half dozen huts, a large fire blazing on one side, around which was whirling, dancing and shr

ing an Indian naked, except that he had on a short calico shirt, the first probably they had ever seen, which their chief had that evening brought them. He would pause in his wild shrieking dance for an instant each time that he went around the fire, so as to let one at a time, some twenty or more men and women, approach and touch the wonderful garment. When this wild, exciting scene was over the chief bade the women give me some supper, and I was regaled with some broiled rabbit meat and a kind of gruel made from the seeds of the wild grasses or oats which grow so luxuriantly in many parts of California. The chief had already shown me two letters, one written by Gen. Fremont the other by Gen. Sutter, both of similar import stating that the leader was Jose Jesus, the chief of all the tribes in that vicinity, a man to be relied upon if his people were treated with kindness and justice, and that he had been of great service to Americans during the war with Mexico, and enjoined upon all our people to treat him and his people kindly. Alas! already had the hostile Oregonians, who had entered this region, commenced killing his people and driving them out of the mines where they had commenced working. Still this chief showed no hostility toward me; on the contrary, when I had supped he called several Indian women, and under his direction they spread some bear skins. This chief, Jose Jesus, the next morning early saddled two horses and conducted me into camp where, finding a war was about to commence, I left and went to San Francisco. What do you suppose was the fate of this chief? Within a few weeks after I left he was treacherously slaughtered by a lieutenant of volunteers; likewise many of his tribe who after his death and during the war that followed, were without a chief, and when the war was over a white man, good looking, with golden curling hair, named Savage, married into the tribe and acted as chief until he in turn, when trying to protect these Indians, was shot and killed.

SPOKANE FALLS, Washington.

#### A DEFENSE OF PHANTASMS OF THE DEAD.

By F. W. H. MYERS.

[CONCLUDED.]

It is to Mr. Podmore's third explanatory hypothesis, however, that I take the strongest exception. In this case he goes far beyond a suggestion which seemed to me when I made it to be an extreme outpost of the telepathic theory. In *Proceedings*, Vol. V., p. 420, will be found a case where a Mrs. Green, in Ireland, had a terrifying dream (at once communicated to others) representing a very unusual scene of the accidental drowning of a niece personally unknown to her, which scene had occurred in Queensland more than twelve hours before the dream. In this case Mrs. Green's brother, the father of the drowned woman, learnt the news about the time of the dream. "His mind," I remark, "may have supplied the link between the actual scene and the dream in England, and the scene would be vividly present to him at the time when the dream occurred." Amidst the difficulties of this case, it seemed to me possible that the grief of Mrs. Green's brother (Mr. Allen) might have generated or reinforced the telepathic impression which gave rise to Mrs. Green's dream. For the first reception of the news of a daughter's violent death amounts in itself to a kind of crisis; and we may well suppose that Mr. Allen had never experienced such a moment before.

There is a great interval between this hypothesis and the way in which Mr. Podmore uses a similar theory to explain (for instance) the phantasmal sights and sounds experienced by Mrs. G., her two children, and servant in the house at X., with which so many members of our Society are now personally familiar (p. 259). In this case, a previous occupant, Miss Morris, who had been much annoyed by ghostly experiences in the house, left it in December, 1886. Towards the end of November, 1887, Mrs. G. entered the house as a new tenant. Mrs. G. did not know Miss Morris, and had heard nothing as to the house's history. Yet Mr. Podmore suggests that "the later experiences,"—i. e., the ghostly troubles of Mrs. G. and her family,—"may have been started, if not wholly sustained, by thought-transference from Miss Morris, whose thoughts, no doubt, occasionally turned the house in which she had suffered so much agitation and alarm."

Let us consider what this implies. Miss Morris, no had left the house for a full year when the new disturbances began (December 1887), can hardly be imagined to have been still in a state of active panic. If we may suppose, as Mr. Podmore says, that she times thought over her past annoyances. The re-

sult of these fatal recollections should certainly teach us to control our thoughts as strictly as our actions. For the very first effect of Miss Morris's ponderings was "a deep sob and moan," followed by a thump and a cry of "Oh, do forgive me";—all disturbing poor Mrs. G., who had the ill-luck to find herself in a bedroom about which Miss Morris was possibly thinking. Worse was to come, as the narrative shows (pp. 256 sqq.); and at last the unconscious Miss Morris drove Mrs. G. out of the house in despair. Surely on this view the peace of all of us rests on a sadly uncertain tenure! Many things—experiences quite other than ghostly—have happened in many houses on which former occupants may look back with feelings of regret or horror. There might indeed be a complex group of phantasms waiting for each new comer if the accumulated reminiscences of all previous inmates took ghostly form before his eyes.

I will quote but one instance more;—the alternative explanation given by Mr. Podmore for General Barter's vision of Lieutenant B. (see p. 284 above).

"It seems more plausible," he says, "to attribute [the vision] to telepathy from Lieutenant Deane, who had been well acquainted with the decedent during the last few months of his life, and who had left the percipient but a few minutes before. On the assumption that the vision had been due to the direct action of the deceased, its coincidence with Lieutenant Deane's visit remains unexplained."

Now, in the first place, I do not see much "coincidence" in the fact—no unusual one surely at an Indian station—that the Deanes had been making an evening call upon their friends and neighbors the Barter's;—and I conceive that all that this visit had to do with the vision was that in reconducting his friends General Barter happened to find himself at the propitious place and at a propitious hour for the apparition to become visible. But, apart from this, consider what Mr. Podmore's view involves. Lieutenant Deane, as he walks home with his wife, forms so intense a mental picture of a deceased acquaintance to whom he certainly was not much attached;—he realizes so vividly how Lieutenant B. would look if he were riding down the hill intoxicated after a "wet evening" at mess;—that his mental picture externalizes itself in sight and sound for General Barter and General Barter's dogs. Now it is not logically inconceivable that telepathy might act in this way,—on the man at any rate, if not on the dogs. I am willing to admit that a picture strongly occupying A's mind might externalize itself to B as a phantasmal image in A's vicinity. But I repeat that it is an extraordinary thing that this power of transference of mental pictures should operate simply and solely in transferring mental pictures of dead persons, or (as in the case of the house at X. just quoted) in transferring mental pictures symbolising horrors experienced by the mental-picturer at the recollection of the imagined sight of dead persons. If General Barter had been in the habit—which he was not—of thus externalizing pictures out of his friends' minds; if Lieutenant Deane had been in the habit—which he was not—of pondering with intense anguish on his dissipated comrade's fate,—there might have been some plausibility in Mr. Podmore's view. But, as the case stands, we have a right to ask why the ordinary interests, the ordinary excitements of our neighbors,—their money-affairs, their love-affairs, and the like,—are not perpetually obtruding themselves upon us in phantasmal guise. Until they do so, it is hardly plausible to assume a transference of our neighbor's thoughts or memories as the explanation of this one special class of phenomena which point *prima facie* to the influence of the dead.

It was objected to us when we published our first evidence for thought-transference that such a possibility was contrary to the universal experience of mankind;—that human beings were in actual fact constantly anxious to read each others' minds, and constantly unable to do so. To this we replied that the kind and amount of thought-transference to which our experiments pointed was not such as to be of importance in actual practice, or to obtrude itself upon the notice of anyone who was not carefully seeking it. Such has continued to be the character of our experiments;—decisive (as we must hold) as to the reality of the power in question, but indicating also that that power is rare, fleeting, and inconspicuous. In the present state of our telepathic evidence we must avoid postulating sudden irregular extensions of this little-known power,—just in order—like the Ptolemaics—"to save appearances,"—to cover somehow all the observed phenomena without recasting our much-strained theory. "Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb";—complex and elaborate indeed must be the reasoning which would explain by the action of the living the apparitions of the dead.

I recognize, however, that while dealing thus severally with Mr. Podmore's hypotheses I have not yet fully met the objections which he or others have urged against my own. Especially there remains an objection which, though capable of being turned against Mr. Podmore's view as well as against mine, becomes, no doubt, the more telling as more and more significance is attributed to narratives of haunting and the

like. I refer to the large admixture of fragmentary, meaningless hallucinations of sight and sound,—mere vague noises, momentary lights, etc., which do not readily suggest intelligent agency. Mr. Podmore freely classes these hallucinations as purely subjective, and seems to suggest that telepathic hallucinations, due to other living minds, may be readily engrafted upon, or may readily engender, these merely delusive manifestations. I do not myself see much evidence for such conjunction of false phantasms with true; but I admit that something more than this demurrer is needed from me; that I ought to try to show in what way these inchoate, scrappy hallucinations are explicable on my own scheme. I do so with some reluctance; for in passing from Mr. Podmore's view to my own I feel that I reject the improbable only to embark upon the unprovable; and that my critics will hardly be at the pains to separate what I regard as evidence from what I admit to be conjecture.

I have already urged that if once the possibility of a direct transference of ideas and impressions from mind to mind be established,—a transference independent of sensory organs, and not arrested by crowded cities or by breadth of sea,—then we must regard this far-acting power, this far-perceiving sensibility, as indicating the existence of a scheme of laws, a system of forces, of which our sciences of matter are as powerless to take account as our balances are to weigh the cosmical ether. Yet, like the existence and properties of that ether, these spiritual forces may conceivably be comprehended by inference,—detected in their inconspicuous interfusion with causes better understood. For the present, assuredly, our inferences, our conceptions, must be of the vaguest, most provisional character.

But there is one assumption which we in this century can no more avoid making than the savage could avoid ascribing the movements of nature to the action of spirits bent on his weal or woe. Where his conceptions were inevitably self-centred, ours,—be they true or false, wise or unwise,—are inevitably naturalistic, cosmical, evolutionary. And thus if there be any impingement whatsoever of a spiritual world (I use this term as readily, though vaguely, intelligible) on our mundane sphere, we are forced to imagine that impingement or interaction to be of such a kind as would be recognized by higher intelligences as subject to laws not primarily framed for subservience to human needs, or recognition by human intelligences. It must be something utterly different from the specially-authorized interferences which the mass of mankind continue to imagine in this one realm, although science has expelled them from every other. And it follows that since we have some evidence that such impingement exists, it is not fantastic but reasonable to consider, in a broad analogical manner, in what ways its manifestation might best accord with our notions of nature.

So far as we can judge from the behavior of other laws or forces, which, while entirely removed from our direct cognizance, are yet inferred to produce occasional conspicuous physical effects, we shall be led to suppose that the vast majority of the effects produced by the unseen world upon our own are not definitely recognized by our intelligence. We are likely to note only a few emergent instances,—phenomena specially directed towards us, or specially incapable of being referred to ordinary laws. "Specially directed towards us," I say,—for we may conjecture that the law of intercommunication between the seen and the unseen may, like other laws of nature, be sometimes utilized by intelligences familiar with its bearings. "Specially incapable of being referred to ordinary causes," I say,—for we cannot tell *a priori* after what fashion such influences may be perceived. Our ordinary apprehensions are not of the facts in nature theoretically most important, but of the facts in nature most important for the preservation of our own bodily organisms. We perceive low degrees of light because even a low light helped our ancestors to search for food; we do not perceive low degrees of electricity, because to those ancestors weak electricity was wholly unimportant. But the human organism has many capacities which are rarely manifested; and in every direction some few persons are found who perceive phenomena unimportant to man's life and unobserved by the multitude. The perception of certain psychical influences may be like the hearing of very shrill notes, or the perception of the presence of a hidden cat in the room,—an innate capacity which from its practical uselessness has never yet been fostered by the race, and which consequently reaches its higher grades only in a few chance individuals.

Or, again, these supposed psychical influences may present themselves as perceptions too feeble to allow us to recognize their supernormal character. Few phenomena are theoretically more important, or practically more continuous, than the fall of meteoric dust on the earth. Yet this dust has descended unobserved upon the heads of all men in all ages, and has only been recognized when the falling body attained a quite unusual size and weight.

The great majority of psychical influences may, on this analogy, be quite below the level at which they could attract our attention. They will disturb human



life as little as the fall of cosmical dust disturbs weighing operations conducted in the open air. Then when they attain to a somewhat greater magnitude, they will be conspicuous but not recognizable. They will be vague, inchoate sounds or sights to which it will be hard to assign a distinct origin.

On the old view, that which was to be looked for (if anything was to be looked for) from the unseen world was an occasional definite apparition, induced by grave causes, and standing wholly apart from other phenomena. In my view, on the other hand, we must look for a miscellaneous interfusion among terrene phenomena of phenomena generated by extra-terrene causes.

This conclusion (from which I can see no logical escape) looks perilously like a return to the animistic superstitions of the savage,—or at least to the mediæval ascription of any specially puzzling circumstance to the agency of the devil. The reader will feel himself in danger of being drawn into the worst possible intellectual company,—into that credulous band who argue that because an incident might conceivably be supernatural, therefore it is supernatural,—and who resent any effort to refer their marvels to the action of ordinary laws. I must therefore at once insist that my object is a quite different one. I am not going to rest any evidential claim whatever upon any phenomenon which might be due to ordinary physical causes, or to mere subjective hallucination. The cases to which we appeal as evidence must be not vague and inchoate but distinct and coincidental. All that I claim is that these vague phenomena, surrounding the distinct phenomena, should count as neutral ground;—that they should not be used, as Podmore has used them, to discredit those distinct phenomena of which they form, in my view, an integral, though not an evidentially valuable part.

This, I repeat, is the full extent of the evidential, the controversial, use which ought to be made of these obscure phenomena. From a speculative point of view, however, there is more to be said. When we are no longer trying to prove that veridical phantasms do occur, but are assuming the fact of their occurrence and trying to explain their genesis and development,—then indeed these inchoate, rudimentary phenomena of sight and sound will acquire a theoretical importance which as evidence they cannot claim to possess.

Just as, in trying to trace the causes, say, of a paralytic seizure, we feel it needful to note all smaller symptoms which precede, accompany, or follow the principal shock, so also in tracking the genesis of a veridical hallucination we are bound to note all such minor hallucinatory percepts as have grouped themselves about the central phantasm. These subsidiary hallucinations cannot be meaningless, cannot be arbitrary; they must in some way indicate the mode in which the unknown energy is operating to produce the main result.

A complete record should, I think, be made in the first place of the phenomena which do accompany veridical hallucinations, and in the second place of phenomena which are frequent in the hallucinations of the insane, or in the plainly subjective hallucinations of sane persons, but which are not observed to accompany hallucinations of a veridical type. Much of this task has already been performed by Mr. Gurney\*; and I will illustrate the value of these comparisons by referring to some cases where he has shown the various forms of connection of luminous appearances with veridical apparitions. Sometimes we have the phantasmal figure seen as though illuminated on a dark background. Sometimes it appears as in a disc or oval of light. Sometimes its contour is indistinct, and it resembles a luminous cloud, either for the first moments of its appearance or throughout all its stay, or a brilliant diffused glow, which seems a sufficiently unique experience, and coincides sufficiently closely with a death, to have some claim to rank as a veridical phantasm. Now from all this I argue that the phantasmogenetic agency at work—whatever that may be—may be able to produce effects of light more easily than definite figures. I shall think it antecedently probable, therefore, that there will be many veridical hallucinations which will not get beyond this stage;—which will produce impressions of light and nothing more yet which will be in reality of just the same type as those which rise into distinctness and recognition. When, therefore, in our accounts of "haunting" phenomena I read of brilliant phantasmal lights, apparently meaningless, I do not set them down as necessarily indicating a tendency on the percipients' part to merely subjective hallucination. I claim that they must rank as ambiguous phenomena,—telling decisively neither for nor against some agency external to the percipient. And if they are witnessed independently by several persons, I say that they may then afford strong presumption that there is some agency external to the percipients, but

unable to impress itself upon their minds in any more developed or personalized form.

A similar argument will hold good in the case of the vague hallucinatory noises which frequently accompany definite veridical phantasms, and frequently also occur apart from any definite phantasm in houses reputed haunted. As regards these inarticulate noises, there is of course always a possibility that they are real objective sounds, due to undiscovered physical causes. When a sound is sudden and never repeated it may often be impossible to explain it; but I think that when any sound, however vague or obscure, is frequently repeated, its physical cause, if physical cause it has, ought to be detected by careful investigation. Here, as in so many other parts of our inquiry, nothing is needed except just that careful and exact attention which has never yet been bestowed.

I might pursue this discussion of inchoate manifestations much further, and might suggest other phenomena, besides lights and noises, which may by analogy have some supernatural origin, but which must inevitably remain unrecognized. But for brevity's sake I will go on to another cause of unrecognized ability on which as yet I have but very briefly dwelt. I allude to the large part which local attraction seems to play in the generation of post-mortem phantasms. In "Phantasms of the Living" there were cases which suggested that during life, or at the hour of death, it was sometimes a local rather than a personal cause which induced or determined the apparition of the dying man. And in post-mortem cases—as our evidence has shown—this feature is still more prominent. To me it seems that it may well be only as an exceptional thing that any post-mortem phantom is recognized by any survivor. If once it is admitted that phantasms may be in some way conditioned or attracted by that form of assemblage of influences which we term locality, it is plain that we transitory tenants of the earth's surface can have no claim to appropriate all the memories which may act upon the departed. If apparitions be the dreams of the dead, they will dream of affairs of their own in which we have no share. And if as (as both Mr. Podmore and I hold) these phantasms are to be regarded as the reflections of some external mind, then I maintain—in opposition to him—that they do at least *prima facie* resemble dreams of the dead rather than dreams of the living.

Dreams of the dead, I suppose, equally well with dreams of the living, may include figures which are not the figures of the dreamers themselves. Such, possibly, may be the explanation of the cases where several distinct figures are observed in the same house. As in certain cases in "Phantasms of the Living," the subsidiary figures may possibly take their rise in the shaping imagination of the principal agent. But, apart from this, it seems to me that if we grant to locality any influence at all, we cannot predict in what way that influence may show itself. We need, I think, much fuller histories of what has happened in houses now "haunted" than we yet possess, before we can discuss the question of these multiple appearances with much hope of result. In one case—which we are not at liberty to cite in detail—at least six figures seen in the same house by persons not cognizant of its history have been plausibly identified with actual personages in the past. In this case the materials for recognition—both phantasmal and historical—happen to be unusually full. But in most houses—in such houses, for instance, as that at Prestbury, where various figures were seen—the memory of former tenants quickly fades, and no means are left by which the revenant can prove his identity.

The present paper has thus far been mainly concerned with visual manifestations of the dead, since these form the most convenient group for comparison with those phantasms of the living, from which I have tried to distinguish what I regard as real post-mortem apparitions. But my case for post-mortem manifestations does not rest upon apparitions alone.

It appears to me that there is an important parallelism running through each class of our experiments in automatism and each class of our spontaneous phenomena. Roughly speaking, we may say that our experiment and observation comprise five different stages of phenomena; viz., (I.) hypnotic suggestion; (II.) telepathic experiments; (III.) spontaneous telepathy during life; (IV.) phantasms at death; (V.) phantasms after death. And we find, I think, that the same types of communications meet us at each stage; so that this recurrent similarity of types raises a presumption that the underlying mechanism of manifestation at each stage may be in some way similar.

Again using a mere rough form of division, we shall find three main forms of manifestation at each stage: (1) hallucinations of the senses; (2) emotional and motor impulses; (3) definite intellectual messages.

I. And first let us start from a class of experiments into which telepathy does not enter, but which exhibit in its simplest form the mechanism of the automatic transfer of messages from one stratum to another of the same personality. I speak, of course, of post-hypnotic suggestions. Here the agent is a living

man, acting in an ordinary way, by direct speech. The unusual feature lies in the condition of the percipient, who is hypnotized at the time, and is thus undergoing a kind of dislocation of personality, or temporary upheaval of an habitually subadjacent stratum of the self. This hypnotic personality, being for the time at the surface, receives the agent's verbal suggestion, of which the percipient's waking self is unaware. Then afterwards, when the waking self has resumed its usual upper position, the hypnotic self carries out at the stated time the given suggestion,—an act whose origin the upper stratum of consciousness does not know, but which is in effect a message communicated to the upper stratum from the now submerged or sub-conscious stratum on which the suggestion was originally impressed.

And this message may take any one of the three leading forms mentioned above;—say a hallucinatory image of the hypnotizer or of some other person; or an impulse to perform some action; or a definite word or sentence to be written automatically by the waking self, which thus learns what order has been laid upon the hypnotic self while the waking consciousness was in abeyance.

II. Now turn to our experiments in thought-transference. Here again the agent is a living man; but he is no longer operating by ordinary means,—by spoken words or visible gestures. He is operating on the percipient's subconscious self by means of a telepathic impulse, which he desires, indeed, to project from himself, and which the percipient may desire to receive, but of whose *modus operandi* the ordinary waking selves of agent and percipient alike are entirely unaware.

Here again we may divide the messages sent into the same three main classes. First come the hallucinatory figures—always or almost always of himself—which the agent causes the percipient to see. Secondly come impulses to act, telepathically impressed; as when (in Madame B.'s case) the hypnotizer desires his subject to come to him at an hour not previously notified. And thirdly, we have a parallel to the post-hypnotic writing of definite words or figures in our own experiments on the direct telepathic transmission of words, figures, cards, etc., from the agent, using no normal means of communication, to the percipient, either in the hypnotized or in the waking state.

The parallel between the telepathic messages and the post-hypnotic messages will thus be pretty complete if we regard the phantasmal figures of Mr. S. H. B., Baron Schrenck, etc., (so often referred to),\* as really parallel to the phantasmal figures of Professor Beaunis, etc., which hypnotic subjects are made to see. I admit, however, that I do not regard these two classes of phantasmal figures as really parallel, for two main reasons. In the first place the telepathic phantasm (Mr. S. H. B.) is sometimes perceptible to more than one person, while the hypnotically suggested phantasm (as thus far known) is only perceptible to the person to whom the suggestion has been made. And in the second place, the agent who projects the telepathic phantasm (Rev. C. Godfrey, Mr. Cleave), is sometimes himself more or less conscious of being present with the percipient; whereas the hypnotizer who has ordered that a semblance of himself shall appear to his subject at a given date remains of course himself quiet, unaffected by the hallucinatory figure of himself which his subject's hypnotic self generates at the appointed hour.

I conceive, in short, that in telepathic cases there is a transmission from agent to percipient which differs profoundly in kind, and not only in degree, from any transmission of idea or impulse in which the agent employs normal means of suggestion, by voice or gesture.

III. We come next to the spontaneous phantasms occurring during life. Here we find the same three broad classes of messages;—with this difference, that the actual apparitions, which in our telepathic experimentation are thus far unfortunately rare, become now the most important class. I need not recall the instances given in "Phantasms of the Living," etc., where an agent undergoing some sudden crisis seems in some way to generate an apparition of himself seen by a distant percipient. Important also in this connection are those apparitions of the double, where some one agent (Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Beaumont, etc.) is seen repeatedly in phantasmal form by different percipients at times when that agent is undergoing no special crisis.

Again, among our telepathic impressions generated (spontaneously, not experimentally) by living agents, we have cases, which I need not here recapitulate, of pervading sensations of distress; or impulses to return home (Skirving, etc.), which are parallel to the hypnotized subject's impulse to approach his distant hypnotizer, at a moment when that hypnotizer is willing him to do so.

And thirdly, among these telepathic communications from the living to the living, we have definite

\* "Phantasms of the Living," Vol. I. chap. xi.: "Transient Hallucinations of the Sane," and heading "Luminosity" in Index.

\* "Phantasms of the Living," Vol. I., pp. lxxxiv., 100-110; Vol. II., pp. 671-6. *Journal*, Vol. II., p. 307.



sentences automatically written, communicating facts which the distant person knows, but is not consciously endeavoring to transmit. A typical case of this kind (Mrs. Kirby's) is given in *Journal*, Vol. III., p. 298; and there are others which must be cited in a future paper.

IV. Passing on to phantasms which cluster about the moment of death, we find our three main classes of cases still meeting us. Our readers are familiar with the visual cases, where there is an actual apparition of the dying man, seen by one or more persons; and also with the emotional and motor cases, where the impression, although powerful, is not definitely sensory in character. And various cases also have been published where the message has consisted of definite words, not always externalized as an auditory hallucination, but sometimes automatically uttered by the percipient himself or automatically written by the percipient, as in the case communicated by Dr. Liébeault (*"Phantasms of the Living"*, Vol. I., p. 298), where a girl writes the messages announcing her friend's death at the time when that friend is in fact dying in a distant city.

V. And now I maintain that in these post-mortem cases also we find the same general classes persisting, and in somewhat the same proportion. Most conspicuous are the actual apparitions, with which, indeed, the preceding pages have mainly dealt. It is very rare to find an apparition which seems to impart any verbal message; but I give as Case I. in an Appendix a case of this kind. As a rule, however, the apparition is of the apparently automatic, purposeless character, already so fully described. We have also the emotional and motor class of post-mortem cases (as Moir's); and these may, perhaps, be more numerous in proportion than our collection would indicate; for it is obvious that impressions which are so much less definite than a visual hallucination (although they may be even more impressive to the percipient himself) can rarely be used as evidence of communication with the departed.

But now I wish to point out that, besides these two classes of post-mortem manifestations, we have our third class also still persisting;—we have definite verbal messages which at least purport, and sometimes, I think, with strong probability, to come from the departed.

Personally, indeed, I regard this form of evidence to post-mortem communications as the most cogent of all. If I have not hitherto touched upon it in this series of papers, this has not been from any indifference to it, but rather from a sense of its importance, and of the care with which it should be approached. I have endeavored to lead up to it by another series of discussions on automatic writing and other forms of automatism, which may help to perform the preliminary task of showing to what sources other than communication from the departed we are bound to refer the enormous majority of genuinely automatic messages, however obtained. For in no part of our whole field of inquiry have error and delusion been more conspicuous than in this. The ascription of the paltriest automatic messages to the loftiest names—human or divine; the awe-struck retelling of the halting verses of a "Shakespeare," or the washy platitudes of a "St. John,"—all this has been equally repugnant to science, to religion, and to plain common-sense. And short of extravagance like this, in the case of the great majority of automatic messages, their claim to proceed from the departed has no valid foundation, since all the actual facts contained in them have been known to the writer, although they may be presented or discussed in a manner which the writer does not anticipate, and which may seem characteristic of a departed person.

But a certain number of cases remain where the message given contains verifiable facts of which neither the writer, nor any one else present at the time, was—so far as can be discovered—previously aware. It then becomes our business to consider from what mind these messages can have been originated.

Some cases of this kind were cited and discussed in the *Society for Psychical Research Journal* for February, 1888 (Vol. III., p. 214, sqq.). Others may be found in "M.A. (Oxon's)" "Spirit Identity," now out of print. And four are given in an Appendix to this paper: Cases II., III., IV., V. All these were sent to me by our corresponding member, the Hon. A. Aksakoff, and three of them (II., III., IV.) have appeared in his new work, "Animismus und Spiritismus." Case II., however, is here given with important additional matter sent to me by M. Aksakoff, and Case V. now appears, I believe, for the first time.

In considering such messages we must remember that there is a possible way of explaining almost any message without postulating the continuance of personal life after bodily death. It is conceivable that thought-transference and clairvoyance may be pushed to the point of a sort of terrene omniscience; so that to a man's unconscious self some phantasmal picture should be open of all that men are doing or have done,—things good and evil photographed imperish-

ably in some inexorable imprint of the past. In such a case, the apparent personality of one departed might be only some kind of persisting synthesis of the psychical impressions which his transitory existence had left upon the sum of things.

All this might be; but before such a hypothesis as this could come within the range of possible discussion by men of science there must have been a change of mental attitude so fundamental that no argument at present adducible either way could tell for much in the scale. For the present our business must be to collect the truth-telling messages, without pretending to any absolute certainty as to their source. But those who wish to prove continued personal identity must keep two needs in view;—first the need of definite facts, given in the message, which were known to the departed and are not known to the automatist; and secondly, the need of detailed and characteristic utterances; a moral means of identification corresponding, say, not to the meagre signalement by which a man is described on his passport, but to the individual complex of minute markings left by the impression of a prisoner's thumb.

When I consider how slight, how careless, how occasional, all experiment of this kind has as yet been—and yet what striking fragments of evidence have issued from these scattered attempts,—I cannot but hope that the systematic study of human automatism, human personality, may lead to the gradual discernment of personalities other than the automatist's, operating unspent in the penumbra of his unconscious self.

I will not push my arguments further. I do not pretend to accredit them with a cogency which they do not possess. I shall have accomplished all that seems at present possible if I leave my reader feeling that my suggestions, although obviously unprovable, are not obviously improbable, nay, that, were they once admitted, the phenomena, as thus far known to us, would fall easily and naturally into place. It must be for further evidence to decide a controversy which, however anciently debated, is barely yet becoming ripe for scientific discussion.

But before closing this paper I must refer to two objections of a moral kind with which my former paper has been met. It has been urged on the one hand that these apparitions form so sorry, so distasteful a spectacle that they serve to repel men from the study of psychical phenomena which seem to lead up to such a degradation or parody of the hope of eternal life. And on the other hand I have been rebuked—and here Mr. Podmore has joined in the warning—for attracting premature adherence to my theories by holding out an unwarranted expectation of the immortality which man's heart desires. These two objections, as will be seen, are self-contradictory; yet I cannot leave the one to answer the other, nor maintain that either of them is void of force. At different moments, and in different moods, I have felt both of them myself. And I think that, diverse as the charges seem, the reply that best meets the one best meets the other also,—and consists in something of explanation of the frame of mind in which, as I conceive, we should enter upon the inquiries in which issues so vast as these are involved.

And first let me say that my own belief as to the attractive effect on men's minds of such prospect of survival of death as this evidence implies has undergone an important alteration. In the introduction to "Phantasms of the Living" I insisted on the supposed danger which Mr. Podmore still fears—the danger of "taking advantage of men's hopes or fears," of "gilding our solid arguments with the radiance of an unproved surmise." It was natural to imagine that men would eagerly welcome any new light, however glimmering, on a prospect which they profess to regard as essential both to virtue and to happiness. But the wider experience, the first-hand knowledge of the real feelings of men, which this long investigation has necessarily brought with it, have greatly modified that original impression. I believe now that there is no danger lest arguments such as mine should be too eagerly accepted as falling in with my reader's wishes. I suspect, that on the other hand, that if they are to take real hold of men's minds they will need to be driven home with far more of appeal and insistence than I can attempt to give them. For this is not what men desire—this inferential, incomplete demonstration that in some fashion or other there is something which survives the tomb. What men want is the assurance of personal happiness after death; or if they cannot feel this, they wish at least for such half belief as may enable them to dismiss such speculations altogether. They do not desire to know more about death, but to avoid thinking of what they know already. A man will tell you in the same breath that he trusts to enter upon eternal happiness when he dies, but that he would rather not discuss such depressing subjects. Some weak spirits even invent for themselves a kind of new superstition—one knows not whether further removed from the temper of Plato or of Augustine—according to which there is something presumptuous or irreverent in allowing the

mind to dwell or speculate upon the serious destiny and chief concerns of man. All this, I do not doubt, the ministers of religion well know. They know that beside those nobly trustful souls to whom all good seems natural and all high hopes assured, their flocks contain a large percentage of timorous spirits who ask only to be lulled into security and to be saved at any cost from fear. Such men certainly are not disposed to look too closely at the evidence for what they desire. It is not they who are influenced by any words of ours, or who are at the pains to follow the groping steps with which in these proceedings we clamber to a dubious glimpse of that Promised Land which they have already mapped out to their satisfaction.

Our work, so far as I can tell, is mainly followed by readers of a very different type. There is an attitude of mind, becoming yearly commoner among educated men, which, although neither cynical nor pessimistic, yet regards the present without enthusiasm and the future without eagerness. There is an acquiescence in the life of earth, and a deep distrust of the unknown. With the advance of knowledge, with the quickening of imagination, a feeling almost new in the world has arisen,—a kind of shrinking from the magnitude of Fate. The words Infinity, Eternity, are no longer mere theological counters; they have taken on an awful significance from our growing realization of astronomical periods, of galactic spaces—"the gleam of a million million of suns." A soul from which the Christian confidence has been withdrawn may well feel that it is going forth into the void,—not as a child to his Father's home,—but rather of a spark of sentience involved amid enormous forces, and capable of unimagined pain. And thus it comes that men tacitly desire to make a compromise with Fate, to be satisfied with this mixed and fleeting life, and to ignore the possibilities of the unknown.

Such, as I observe, is the prevailing temper which our evidence has to meet. That evidence does not attract, it rather irritates many of the best minds of our age. They are unwilling to reopen the great problem at all, and are naturally the more unwilling inasmuch as the new evidence itself seems so perplexing and grotesque. Perplexing and grotesque indeed! I answer; but it is evidence; and if any evidence there be, then neither can science continue to ignore the problem nor philosophy to assume the solution. What is needed is simply a dispassionate intellectual curiosity bent upon unraveling the indications of man's survival after earthly manhood with the same candid diligence which has so lately unraveled the indications of man's descent from the brute. We need not fear that men will be persuaded too easily into such a temper as this.

Rather it is to be apprehended,—and here I have in view a different group of objectors,—that even those men who care deeply about man's future—who welcome any rebuilding of philosophical fabrics which may encourage hope—will stand aloof from our scattered unintelligible facts, and will prefer their own "cloud-capp'd towers" to any rough foundation stones which we may hope to lay.

Yet would there not be something cowardly in a refusal to accept the only definite facts attainable because they are not the kind of facts which we should have best liked to know? And would there not be something childish in the notion that the unseen world must consist of vague and ghastly objects—

Mockeries and masks of motion and mute breath,  
Leavings of life, the superflux of death,—

Simply because the apparitions which form at present our clearest indications of that world's existence are by their very nature fugitive and strange? As well might Columbus have turned back when the first drift wood floated out to him from America, on the ground that it was useless to discover a continent consisting only of dead logs.

All such reluctances and hesitations as these will disappear as men learn, in a larger sense than ever before, "to see life steadily and see it whole,"—to maintain in this unfamiliar air the same dispassionate curiosity and steady persistence of research by which alone objective truth in any direction has ever been attained by man. There is no fear lest the Cosmos itself be meaningless or incoherent; the question for us is whether we men are ever to have a chance of entering into its meaning, recognizing its coherence; or are doomed to remain on the outside of all deep significance, and but to gaze for a moment on the enormous pageant as it sweeps by us with an unknown purport in obedience to an incognizable Power.

The traditional greeting of the Buddhist Tartars is, "All men are brethren and should help one another." When a disciple asked Confucius about benevolence, he said, "It is to love all men;" and he elsewhere said, "My doctrine is simple and easy to understand;" and his chief disciple adds, "It consists only in having the heart right and in loving one's neighbor as one's self."—*Hegginson*.



## ONLY ONE MOTHER.

You have only one mother, my boy,  
Whose heart you can gladden with joy,  
Or cause it to ache  
Till ready to break—  
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother who will  
Stick to you through good and through ill,  
And love you although  
The world is your foe—  
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray  
That in the good path you may stay:  
Who for you won't spare  
Self-sacrifice rare—  
So worship that mother alway.

You have only one mother to make  
A home ever sweet for your sake,  
Who toils day and night  
For you with delight—  
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother to miss  
When she has departed from this.  
So love and revere  
That mother while here—  
Sometime you won't know her dear kiss.

You have only one mother—just one.  
Remember that always, my son;  
None can or will do  
What she has for you.  
What have you for her ever done?  
—B. C. DODGE, in "Agnostic Journal."

No adequate history of our times can ever be written without giving large space to the admission of the first woman-suffrage state and the experiments, experiences, and debates that led up to it. When future generations read the account of what took place in the Senate of the United States recently amazement and amusement will probably be mingled with indignation. For it will appear that almost the only objection made to the admission of Wyoming as a state was made on the ground that the people of that territory had decided for themselves the suffrage question in a way displeasing to certain Senators from various parts of the Union. And, as if they were not sufficiently absurd, it will further appear that these objecting Senators all belonged to a political party whose most famous doctrine, in a critical period of American history, was that of "popular sovereignty," or the right of every territory, when applying for entrance into the Union, to determine its own political and domestic institutions in its own way!

Many women now find happiness and a field for their best effort in art and literature. Others have invaded the school-room, and the store, and the office, and man has been compelled to effort to hold his own, and is under no illusion as to woman's ability. The coming man and the coming woman will find much that has been written about woman's sphere and the mutual relations of the sexes antiquated. What are to be their relations and proper spheres in the future need give us no concern at present. The wider knowledge will bring the wider wisdom which is its divine complement, and the problems of life which have hitherto baffled man may yet be solved by man and woman when woman shall become the helpmeet for man for which she was intended in the divine economy. What men like in women furnished a feminine ideal in the past; what women like in men may furnish a masculine ideal in the future.

Mrs. A. B. Crane of Brooks county, Georgia, sixty-five years old, raised last year, with the help of one little boy, four bales of cotton, two hundred bushels of corn, meat enough for the year, and an abundant supply of oats, fodder, etc. All the outside help she had was the hiring of a man for one day and the picking of five hundred pounds of cotton.

According to the statistics of the last educational year, there were 36,000 women and 41,000 men in our regular colleges; the charge can not be made that women are indifferent to opportunities for higher education, and the prospect is that in a few years collegiate women will outnumber college-bred men.

Mrs. C. L. Haynes, who has recently been elected assistant physician of the Western Lunatic Asylum after passing a successful examination before the State Medical Board, is the first woman physician in Virginia.

In connection with University honors and medicine, it is especially pleasant to hear of Miss Eleanor Fleury's further success. This year Miss Fleury has come out with first place on the honors list for the M. B. examination at the Royal University of Ireland; and, as a consequence of her high place, has been awarded the University Exhibition of £40. So distinguished a graduate has Miss Fleury proved herself—having won "Exhibitions" at her second and third examinations in medicine—that the vice-chancellor of the University, in presenting her with her diplomas, congratulated her warmly on her ability and the distinctions she had won. She is, it seems, the first woman to take the medical degree at the University. It is a point to note that, hitherto, in her medical examinations, she has proved herself the ablest student in her year.

Vassar college was founded in 1861, but was not opened for students until 1865. Matthew Vassar, the founder, was a citizen of Poughkeepsie—wealthy, without children—eager to discover some way in which he could do a great good with his money. He gave the college its spacious grounds, covering 200 acres and situated just east of the limits of the city, with an endowment of \$275,000; erected the buildings and furnished and equipped them at a cost of about \$500,000. It has since been further endowed by the gift of \$130,000 from Matthew Vassar, Jr., and \$130,000 from John Guy Vassar. It is also made one of the residuary legatees of the latter. A fund of \$100,000 additional has been contributed by various persons during the last year.

It is not generally known that a department has been recently opened at the Royal observatory, Greenwich, Eng., which is presided over entirely by women. Four ex-Newnham students, at the head of whom is Miss Clemes, a lady of rare ability, are engaged in daily work at the observatory. Their employment includes exact measurement from photographs, as well as actual photography and night observations. The arrangement is tentative, but if Miss Clemes and her associates succeed in making themselves useful to the women's department will doubtless become a permanent institution.

At the alumni dinner of the Boston University Law School, the other day, Miss M. A. Greene was the only lady graduate present among sixty-three of the masculine alumni. She was called upon for a speech, and made a response so graceful (although it was entirely impromptu) that the Boston Record says: The Boston University alumni dinner feature, even with Willie Russell and Judge Holmes present, was a speech by Miss Mary Greene. She claimed a place for woman at the bar, which she firmly believed she could sustain with credit to herself and it. The following applause was hearty and cordial.

Mrs. Martha Gray, of Virginia, has been found by the census man. Mrs. Gray is now living with her third husband and her record at rearing children is thus scheduled: Six triplets, eighteen; six twins, twelve; seven singles, seven; total, thirty-seven children. When the census enumerator facetiously remarked: "Tally one for Mrs. Gray," that good lady exclaimed: "You tally thirty-seven, and don't you forget it!"

Twelve young ladies of Indianapolis, employed in stores and offices, have rented a suite of twelve rooms and are living on the Beliamy plan. Each pays into the treasury \$3 per week, and a cook is employed to prepare meals. In addition, each is assessed 25 cents for a contingent fund, which is held to meet unusual expenses. The young ladies room in couples, and each week two of them are appointed purveyors. The only time they are all together is at supper, but they are contented and enjoy their way of living.

A letter says: The beginnings of co-education at Ann Arbor were viewed with alarm by many, partly because it was feared that if women were admitted the standard would be lowered, partly because it was anticipated that youthful follies would multiply. Both forebodings have been happily dispelled by the facts. It has been found that young ladies choose the harder courses in preference, and do their work with a conscientiousness that well might be taken as a model by the majority of young men; and certainly they exercise a restraint upon the conduct of young men alike wholesome and decided.

Mme. Modjeska says she cannot afford to get angry, for the reason that to lose one's temper is to lose one's beauty. Husbands who have scolding wives may do themselves a good turn by cutting this out and pasting in on the looking glass.

## JUDGE DAILEY'S THIRD LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR: We stopped a night in Manchester to pay a visit to Dr. William and Emma Hardinge Britten. These valued friends we had the pleasure of entertaining when they were last in America, and our call was a genuine surprise to them, and one of much pleasure to ourselves. All lovers of spiritual truth, are, or ought to be interested in hearing from these people, and something of their home life. Mrs. Britten can never find time to rest. She is one of the oldest lecturers upon the platform, and has carried aloft the torch of truth through England, Scotland, America and Australia. Her publications have been numerous and extensively read. One never tires in reading her writings. She is logical and forcible, and if the occasion requires it, her pen can drop words that burn like fire. They have crossed the Atlantic ocean so often, and have been upon the water so much, that our journey seemed like a small undertaking to them. They have a beautiful little home in a quiet part of the city, where Mrs. Britten, during the week does the editorial work for her paper *The Two Worlds*, while Dr. Britten amuses himself with a conservatory attached to his house. Sundays, Mrs. Britten is still lecturing. She keeps well posted as to American matters, and held up her hands in disgust, when speaking of the effects of the recent exposures of the "materializers" in our country. I have the satisfaction of knowing that my efforts to secure legislation against materializing frauds in the state of New York, were approved by Mrs. Britten and others here, who desire if possible to stop these practices so damaging to the movement. I chanced when in Liverpool to see in a copy of the *Banner of Light*, a communication from Prof. Kiddle informing the readers of the *Banner*, that with more wisdom than was shown in having the bill to punish frauds in materialization introduced into the legislature of the state of New York, the legislature had decided to take no action in the matter, and while deprecating all efforts to legislate in such matters, he advised mediums to give no occasion for such legislation. I certainly can find no fault with his advice, but as the exposure in Brooklyn came immediately upon the heels of the Professor's publication, it is evident that his advice is sneered at by the heartless creatures who traffic in bogus ghosts at the expense of the most sacred of causes and the most tender ties of human hearts. The difference in our views is wide and radical. In so far as I understand his position upon these matters his course up to the present time has been such as would naturally encourage crime in bad-hearted persons claiming to be mediums, or being mediums, who pervert their gifts, lest by efforts to punish them some person, possibly innocent, might suffer, or if legislation is once invoked, it might be more sweeping than desired. Well, of two evils we must choose the least, and of two dangers choose the course least hazardous.

These suggestions lead us to a consideration of the situation in England. We have been delightfully entertained by "Mr. A. M. (Oxen)" the editor of *Light*. The level-headedness of this gentleman is shown in the increased influence and circulation of his paper. *Light* is circulated among and read by the most scholarly people in England. I am not at liberty to give names, but was surprised and gratified to find that men ripe with years, of great literary attainments, of world wide renown peruse every page of this journal, which is singularly free from nauseating matter which in vain seeks access to its columns. Mr. Oxen is delighted with the new form of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and the excellent matter it contains, and commissioned me to say to its editor "God speed you in your great work." He kindly furnished me with a little pamphlet containing a synopsis of the adjudications in England. No one can read this pamphlet without indignation at the injustice of the interpretations of the law as against mediums, and yet, and I say this for myself only. I consider the movement in England in a far healthier condition than it is in the United States. Mediums understand the penalties, and public exposures are very rare. The practice of mediumship for money getting is not common nor safe. The fair compensation for the honest exer-

cise of mediumship, should be permitted everywhere, and its fraudulent practice for any purpose should be punished. I hope and believe the time is near when these powers will be scientifically recognized, and when that is established, the argument that judges and jurors are incompetent to determine the questions arising in the practice of mediumship, will be fully overcome. I must here leave other matters of interest to my next communication.

Fraternally yours,

A. H. DAILEY.

ANTWERP, BELGIUM, June 20.

## INTELLIGENT SPIRITUALISM.

TO THE EDITOR: In reflecting upon certain remarks, of yours in answer to the position taken by the *Unitarian Review*, I am led to ask the question: why if evil spirits alone are allowed to mix in mundane affairs, is it that any good can come to us? If none but evil spirits visit us, whence the desire that exalts us into that calm happiness which brings exceeding peace? If we can not have the company of angelic beings I can not understand how it is that we sustain this conflict with evil, and where the support comes from that enables us to rise above temptation. It is a wicked proposition that dares invite the curbing of the intelligence of men; there is nothing in the arcana of science or religion that I may not know—no heights to which I may not aspire and no depths to which I may not descend. It is my privilege to revel in the entire cosmography of intelligence. But the trouble with objectors is that true intelligence casts away all unreasonable dogmas and accepts those impressions that are palpably true. There is a rare gift that comes to men enabling them to look into the mysteries of life. We know that this gift is from beyond and bringeth wisdom. God's favors are free and plentiful, and his love embraces all. When Christ was on the earth the established religionists of that day accused him of casting out devils through the power of the prince of devils—and we hear reiterated that same old story now. But it is not good for the soul to remember longer these spirits of evil who see only evil through their own evil eyes. We love to think of the high pleasure our souls have known in the companionship, here on the earth, of those we have embraced in the long ago and who have passed on to their new home in the sky. We love to think that by a natural law they may visit us in our home, and cheer us with whispers of sweet peace. We know that in the progression of the stages of life from the monad up to the present active energy of human thought, there is a story of an unfinished conception. We know that a life higher than the animal is in us and that it leaps to its own home, above the warfare with evil that cramps its purpose here. The materialist finds no basis for the continuation of the soul life; nevertheless the sublimated material of the heavens above is of unending extent and fruitfulness; and the very material that ministered to his youthful joys may have preceded him to meet again his most ardent desires. The loves of life die not, but vibrate in the great anthem of nature.

The boon of life is a glorious gift to the Spiritualist who knows that it ends not here. All isms have their days and serve the purposes of those who enslave the thoughts of men, but the bright light begins to shine, and the enslavement of man shall cease.

M. O. NICHOLS.

CLYDE, Ohio.

## FACTS VS. FANCY.

TO THE EDITOR: Taking it as proven that we live beyond the grave, and this as rational individuals, many suggestions and substantial inquiries arise pertaining to that future existence. Certainly the realm that we migrate to after death—whether in this world's atmosphere, in the sky farther away, or on distant suns or planets—is not a realm of vagaries. That the spiritual world (Heaven) is "everywhere" through boundless space, is a broad and beautiful conception, but to the substantial inquirer it is altogether too indefinite. Nations, (or, throwing aside national distinctions,) the human race, after death as before, suggests locality. A spirit requires space to inhabit, room for the exercise of its independent identity—the same as physical man, or the suns and planets do. If an angel be as big as Goliath or smaller than a canary bird, that angel must have what we would determine in worldly phrase, "elbow room"; and unnumbered multitudes of spirit forms would require celestial territory proportionately large. Of course the universe is big enough, and Heaven does not suggest tenement houses;



but the idea necessitates some general location, the same as we point to Europe or Asia, or to the Sun, Mars, or Saturn. If heaven, (or hell—whichever the soul's country is called) be boundless space, then let our Spiritual Columboes say this; and if there be metropolitan centers, populated by the departed—as we have London, New York and Chicago on our little globe—who does not want to know it?

The fact is that inhabitants of this world long for facts (of the other), not for fancies. What is George Washington doing and how big is he? Where is Jesus Christ, and is he preaching yet? What of Humboldt, Napoleon, Paine, Beecher, Greeley. What are they doing, how do they look, and where are they? Have they great and glorious castles, or only air and golden clouds as abiding places? Surely the billions that have gone on before us are not celestial tramps, being nowhere and everywhere, and all at the same time; a floating, flying scattered legion, without formal association, headquarters or government. But if so, what mediumistic Columbus knows that world and can tell us all about it?

There are plenty of mystified, theological and philosophical linguists and poets in our ranks, like Swedenborg and Davis; but the popular demand is for Stanleys, who can give us vigorous facts about the "heavenly continent" and its inhabitants. Navigators and surveyors are wanted, not bards and visionists. We are pained with discourse of the other world as muddy or frothy as orthodox literature explaining the Trinity and other Bible mysteries.

When we ask if men and women after death are still "men and women," we mean to enquire plainly if there be sex in heaven. Do the angels eat, drink and sleep? or is immortality an eternal fact? Do spirits have the ordinary vocal organs—and is that the way they talk? How do they travel—fly, ride or walk? Do they wear garments? And how about angel infants growing to full size—spiritual manhood or womanhood maturity? Are there avocations, scientific discoveries and religious services in heaven? Days and nights, and sleep and labor? Houses and homes (no matter what material made of); capitol, kings or presidents, and any sort of ownership—say a family roof, or ten feet square of God's etherial blue to huddle in?

Nobody can believe that Daniel Webster and Charles Sumner, (if alive) are floating about like thistle-down in the skies, or that they at all resemble lightning bugs; and if man retains his earthly image, should he not walk or ride, sit down or lie down on some heavenly terra firma? Or is it all on the water or in the air? Are all the arts and sciences and the literature and oratory of the world lost to the dead? Are telegraphy and photography gone? Are there no presidents and congresses, churches or theaters in heaven? No dining halls or dormitories, birds or flowers, bugles or pianos? Who knows, or has heard or seen any such upper glories? Or is the Spirit-world a boundless realm, of voluptuous idleness—in a spiritual sense?

Revelations bearing upon the above are what the world wants, whether they come from inspired lips or some mystic, telegraphic process. Fortune telling, so-much-an-hour legerdemain slate writing, cabinet fifty cent shows, and brazen impositions—of these the philosophical world has had enough. We clamor for more facts and less fancy.

FARMER REYNOLDS.

#### SWEDENBORG ON MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR: Your last number has a very interesting article on "Mental Telegraphy," by R. S. Lillie. I have had much experience all tending to prove that mental telepathy can be carried on in a state of complete wakefulness with spirits in or out of the body and that telepathy exists with some while asleep or dreaming. In this state, I have had communications with persons still living and at different times have been apprised of important business matters by persons living a long way off. I think your readers may receive some valuable instruction by reading on this subject the experience of the great seer, Swedenborg. On page 215 of the "Spiritual Diary," volume 4, which has been published only lately for the first time in English, will be found the following:

"4821. It happened, once on a time, when I spake with a certain spirit and wished to signify it by the affection of love, that he said he hears me speaking many things; but I said that I have not thought or uttered a word, or had any idea. He said that I spake many things concerning that matter, and that he heard this expressed sonorously with words. Afterwards when I put my hand to the temples

for the purpose of chafing them, it was said from heaven, that also was heard in heaven as speech, according to every affection that was at that time in me; and this was after that repeated in another manner, and confirmed. The reason was, because, in the third heaven, they think and speak by means of ideas, or ideas made words; because also, in the third heaven, they speak by means of affections, in an inexpressible manner, and this sonorously. I was thence instructed that all the affections of a good man are heard in heaven as loud cries. This was also attested by the fact, which was told me, that tacit thought, when from good and truth, is better heard in heaven as sonorous speech than thought speaking aloud.

"4822. It is the reverse as regards the affections of the evil and the false; these are not heard in heaven but in hell, and as loud cries when they are ardent; and they are not heard in heaven, save as they penetrate to the good, and afflict or oppress them; then are they heard by those in heaven, who immediately render assistance, and thus evil is thence repressed. That the matter is so, comes from the circumstances that good thought and affection is received by all in heaven, and so diffuses itself around for there is a perpetual communication of such things in heaven. Hence it is that they are heard as loud cries. The reverse holds in hell; there thoughts and affections of evil and the false are received, like water by sponges, and diffused around. Hence the loud cries there, when the hells are in order, and opposed to heaven; and hence the diffusion of such things there."

A.

SPOKANE FALLS, WASH., June 10th.

#### A LATE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR: I was in New York ten days in May, and for a week had sought in vain for such a publisher as suited me for a new book, my "Upward Steps of Seventy Years." On Friday, at about four in the afternoon, I reached the house of Mr. Underhill, where I was stopping, and sat down near the window where Mrs. Underhill was sewing with her workbasket on a small stand near by. I had told him of my publishing plan, and he had told me very briefly, so that it was but half understood or in her mind. I had concluded that further effort there was useless and I would go to Boston. Soon the raps came on the table and Mrs. Underhill said: "That may be for you, I will see," and began to get a message by alphabet. I writing the letter as rapped out as follows:

"Dear friend:—Do not be discouraged about your excellent book. It will come out right. William Lloyd Garrison." Before the name was written I said: "I can't imagine who this is from," and she remarked: "I do not know what it means." The whole was a splendid surprise, and to me, indicated success elsewhere, but not in New York. The next morning I went down into the city center, some three miles, and thought I would see one more publisher but on the way I was so undecided as to stop on the sidewalk near Broadway and debate the matter in my own mind for five minutes, not even thinking of the message of the day before. Finally I thought, as the way was partly travelled, I would go on, and did so, waiting for a half hour before Mr. Lovell could be seen, introducing myself, an entire stranger, telling my errand, and in fifteen minutes, greatly to my surprise, he said: "We will publish your book next September." Then came to my mind the thought of that message with my valued friend's name.

Here are the facts. To me the signature told from whom that word came. Others can conclude for themselves.

G. B. STEBBINS.

DETROIT, MICH., July 30, 1890.

#### SOCIOLOGIC PRINCIPLES.

TO THE EDITOR: The command "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is convertible into, "Thou shalt make thy neighbor's interests identical with thine own." The observance of this law is essential to human development. As the human family is one, its interests are correlated. The unity of mankind manifests itself in the fact that whatever permanently impairs the well being of one part of the social state impairs the well being of the whole. Hence in order to promote the growth of society, we must promote the growth of all its elements; this can only be accomplished by the application of principles of justice to all the relations of life, and by the possessors of morality and education working with and for the less fortunately endowed.

The law of justice demands that the rate of distribution of profits, between labor and capital, should be in proportion to their

individual productiveness; and that the productiveness of capital should be estimated upon the extent to which by its use the efficiency of labor is increased, or in other words there should be a moral equilibrium between production and distribution. All wealth is accumulated labor, and labor is a physical, social, and moral necessity. Whenever wealth is monopolized by one part of mankind, and no equivalent in labor is rendered by its possessor, and labor is restricted to another part without a just participation in its products, then disturbance of all the functions of the social organism must ensue. The sociologic need is to bring labor and capital into harmonious relations, by a more complete interchange of their forces, so that labor will not bear too heavily on one part of mankind leaving no room for mental and spiritual development; and wealth will not be restricted to a few, and thus undermine, weaken, and destroy social institutions.

Only by co-operation can there be an equitable distribution of the proceeds of labor, and only by such equitable distribution can the evils of social life be remedied, and the race raised to a higher level. Competition has, with the development of civilization, reached a point at which it begins to exercise a retarding influence upon the progress of the race; it tends to aggravate class distinctions, to make the rich richer, the poor, poorer. It tends toward the pauperization of the working classes, and is diametrically opposed to the higher law of love to our neighbor, of which co-operation is representative. The chief characteristic of civilization is the law of associated action. Further progress renders necessary an extension and application of this principle, and a restriction of competition. Social development is contingent upon individual development; individual development is through intellectual and moral activity, and these in turn rest upon a physical basis which demands, in order that life shall be properly sustained, a just compensation for labor. The starting point, therefore, of social reformation, is the relation of capital and labor. The basis of social life must be the moral law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," which economically expressed is "Thou shalt make thy neighbor's interests identical with thine own."

IMOGENE C. FALES.

YORK HARBOR, ME.

#### HE SEEMED TO SEE HIS MOTHER'S FACE.

TO THE EDITOR: A young man tells me this experience. He was at the seaside in France, in his hotel, reclining on his bed, day dreaming, not sleeping. He seemed to see his mother's face close to his own and hear her give him a kind message. His sensibilities were on the alert in a moment. The next news from his American home was that his mother's death occurred on the day he saw her face. His family are not explorers in spirit fields. How and why did he see her was his query?

MARY A. BRINDLE.

DETROIT, MICH.

The *Reno Journal* gives an account of manifestations that led to the discovery of a horrible crime:

It appears that the body of Miles Faucett, the victim of the Pottses, was discovered—or at least the discovery was led to—by remarkable phenomena in the house where he came to his death. After the tragedy and the disappearance of the Pottses, George Brewer of Lamolite valley rented and moved into the house with his family. Mrs. Brewer used to write sometimes for the *Elko Free Press* over the nom de plume of "Busy Bee." Soon after moving into the house the following was embodied in a letter sent to that paper by its lady correspondent:

CARLIN, Jan. 5, 1889.—*Editor Press:* I have been intending to write to you for several weeks, but you know when one moves to a new place one naturally is kept very busy for a while, and in addition to other matters of interest it is a little exciting when one has the good luck to move into a veritable haunted house. Not many persons have such a thing to happen to them these days. So far the ghost hasn't scared any of us, but he is here just the same. Sometimes he taps on the headboards of the bed, other times he stalks across the kitchen floor, and anon he hammers away at the door, but nobody's there. But the gayest capers of all are cut up in the cellar. There he holds high revel, and upsets the pickles and carries on generally. BUSY BEE.

This incident, together with the continued noises, finally led Mr. Brewer to investigate, and about two weeks after the

above letter was written he went down into the cellar to see what was up. After probing about with an iron rod he found a soft spot under where some shelves had been erected in the cellar. Further investigation led to the discovery of the remains of a human being that had been covered up in a hole at the side of the cellar. The remains were all cut to pieces, the head, charred and fleshless, having been chopped up and burned. The legs, arms, and body were in small pieces and beyond recognition. The only thing that remained to tell the tale was a half-burned pocket of the murdered man's, in which was found an old knife. This was recognized as belonging to Miles Faucett.

#### TREACHERY OF TYPE.

The fear of typographical blunders is always present in the mind of the newspaper man. If he holds a responsible position his feelings are at any time liable to receive a rude shock; and even the "new reporter" is not fond of seeing his early efforts mangled and marred when they appear in print. Some of the errors are so outrageous and idiotic as to suggest collusion of mendacity between the compositor and proof-reader, it being almost incredible that they could have originated otherwise than in a most diabolical and deliberate ingenuity. This theory, however, is not borne out by facts. Nobody in a newspaper office "makes mistakes on purpose." They are more frequently attributable to blind manuscript than to any other cause, but of some the origin can never be traced.

A correspondent sent in a report of a high school exhibition. One of the essays was on "Potential Energy." The essayist had the pleasure of seeing himself reported as having delivered a disquisition on "Oat meal Energy." Bad copy was primarily responsible for the error, but the proof-reader was "called down." His explanation was that the copy looked as much like "oatmeal" as "potential," and he supposed the essayist was perhaps treating, in a humorous way, some phases of the Scotch character.

One day a patent medicine "reading notice" got mixed up with the proceedings of congress. This was the fault of the foreman who "made up the forms." The result was that the debate in the house of representatives was reported as having taken the following remarkable course: "Mr. Smith of Ohio moved to amend by striking out the fourth section. He said the measure in its present shape was open to constitutional objection." "Mr. Jones of Kentucky seconded the motion and said the criticism was well taken."

"Mr. Dusenberry of New Jersey writes: 'My wife suffered with the itch for seventeen years and was finally cured by using strawberry ointment.'

"The amendment, after discussion, was adopted without division."

A literary editor on a prominent daily once wrote an elaborate review of a historical work. It was careful and scholarly throughout, and ended with the Latin words "ilium fuit." The writer had put fourth his best efforts and looked forward with considerable pride to the appearance of his article. But the remorseless types got in their fiendish work. The review proceeded smoothly enough to the end, when, instead of *ilium fuit*, appeared these remarkable and mysterious words:—"Thumbs first."

The author of the book must have been considerably astonished at this close of an article that was on a somewhat lofty plane of thought and treatment, while it is quite conceivable that the writer of the review was for a time plunged into gloomy and hopeless views of the question of whether life is worth living.

A lamentable case of misfit occurred when a patent medicine notice became attached to the obituary of an estimable lady. The result was that after the fact of the death had been stated, together with some remarks of an eulogistic character, the article proceeded as follows: "For I have descended into the vale of tears, she said, but what care I as long as Salvation Oil is only twenty-five cents a bottle?"

Another obituary notice in the same paper solemnly announced that "the king of Tunis had invaded the household."

There seemed to be no excuse for either the compositor or proof-reader, when a paper of high standing was made to refer to the "Tichborn claimant" as the "Irish born clam out." Equally without palliation was the description of a sick person as appearing very much "emacipated" (instead of "emaciated.") It is not gratifying to have the types make an editor refer to the "superintendent of public destruction," when he writes "instruction;" and I remember a journalist who fairly gnashed



his teeth when in an article on Easter he was made to say "Death is the miserable end of all"—having written "inevitable" instead of "miserable."

A curious case of "false relation" occurred when the foreman mismatched two pages of copy on subjects foreign to each other. The result was that the following editorial paragraph puzzled those who perused it: "An exchange says: 'It is reported the prince of Wales has a presentiment that he will not live to be king. Either death or republicanism might prevent his ascension to the throne. He has led a fast life, and when a man travels with such rapidity he is apt to precede his more moderate and virtuous neighbors in reaching the Spirit-world. Sinful pleasures entail certain consequences.' The male is a beautiful but ephemeral insect. He bears upon his brow two beautiful plumes nearly as long as his body, and is altogether elegant while he lives, but is not rapacious like the female, and dies young. Indeed, the male mosquito is altogether harmless. His mission is to be pretty so as to attract the female."

A curious feature of this affair was that everybody on the "staff" supposed some subtle piece of humor was intended, and forbore making any comments, for fear of offending the supposed author of the mysterious joke by intimating that its point was obscure. Finally, however, an explanation was made, and there was some loud laughter when the whole situation was understood.

Ungraciousness is wholly opposed to all our ideas of good breeding. Its possessor will never come up to our standard of a true gentleman or gentlewoman, although, possibly, well born and well educated. The sensation of insecurity and of being on the lookout for some ill-judged speech dissipates that safe and calm atmosphere which surrounds the truly refined. There is always a nervous dread of what may come next; and a feeling of constraint is generated. Persons who are much in the society of the ungracious foster insensibly a guarded carefulness as to topics likely to call forth a show of ungraciousness, and a cautious manner of feeling their way on a subject, so to speak, very trying to those having to practice it. Yet, with every care taken, the failing will appear, and almost always when least expected, and on occasions seemingly the least calling for it.

The mysteries of time and space are hard for little minds to grasp and the questions of children on these subjects are natural, although they often sound odd enough. Little Rose, whose fourth birthday came around not long ago, could not get her small mind clear about the extent to which that anniversary extended.

"Mamma," she said, "this is truly my birthday, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"But is it my birthday all over the world?"

"Yes."

"Then does everybody in the whole world know that it is my birthday?"

"Why, no; I am afraid, my dear, that there are very few people who know it."

"Then," Rose said, with an air of conviction, "you may think, mamma, that it is my birthday all over the world, but you must be mistaken or folks would have to know it."—*Boston Courier.*

Mr. John Robinson, President of the New Orleans Association of Spiritualists writes: Such an able paper as THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL should be read by all those interested in and investigating the spiritual philosophy; it would drive many frauds to the necessity of getting a living by some other means.

Mrs. N. Davis, Warsaw, Ind., says: "A reliable inspirational and test medium would do well by visiting Warsaw, which is 109 miles east of Chicago on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago R. R."

Mrs. Lena Bible of Grand Rapids, Mich., has been lecturing in Indiana with success. She held two meetings in Hartford City which were received with approval.

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed, under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

**Hypnotism: Its History and Present Development.** By Fredrik Björnström, M. D., Head Physician of the Stockholm Hospital, Professor of Psychiatry, late Royal Swedish Medical Councillor. Authorized translation from the second Swedish edition by Baron Nils Posse, M. G., Director of the Boston School of Gymnastics. New York: The Humboldt Publishing Co., 28 La Fayette Place, pp. 126, paper, 10 cents. This translation of Björnström's "Hypnotism" meets the popular demand for a small, comprehensive, and easily understood work at a price bringing it within the reach of all who are interested in the subject. The book treats of hypnotism in its historical aspects, going as far back as ancient Egypt and India, gives the means and methods of inducing the conditions and points out the physical and psychical effects of hypnotism, illustrating forcibly the injurious effects that may come from abuse of it, as well as its therapeutic value and its use in the moral education of both young and old. A chapter is devoted to "Hypnotism and the Law." It is shown that the hypnotized can be physically and mentally injured by hypnotism, that the hypnotized may fall victim to crime and that one hypnotized may be used in the service of crime as a ready tool without a will. "Though such a person should be considered as perfectly irresponsible as a natural somnambulist for the actions he executes on account of suggestion, yet if he knew of the danger to which he exposed himself in being hypnotized, and if he submitted to it voluntarily, he has fallen into mental derangement by his own action, and is then responsible according to the Swedish law.... which accords impunity only to such persons as without any fault of his has become mentally deranged, so that he does not know what he is doing." But the one most to blame is the hypnotizer. Dr. Björnström is astonished that hypnotizing in public is not prohibited in all civilized countries where the sale of poisons is regulated by law. He thinks only licensed physicians should be allowed to practise hypnotism, ignoring the past attitude of the medical profession in relation to it, and the general ignorance of the profession respecting it at present. The chapter on the "Misuses and Dangers of Hypnotism" is especially valuable. "Many a time," says the author, "it has happened that an ignorant magnetizer has been able to hypnotize but not to dehypnotize; thus the nervous system may suffer irremediable injury. By a few hypnoses many women who previously had only a slumbering disposition to hysteria, have had this disease brought to full activity with violent hysterical attacks." The more information is spread abroad on this subject the less liable will be the misuse of hypnotism be of frequent occurrence and the more general will be its intelligent use for beneficent purposes.

**Practical Sanitary and Economic Cooking.** Adapted to persons of moderate and small means, by Mrs. Mary Hinnman Abel. The Lomb Prize Essay. Inscription: "The Five Food Principles Illustrated by Practical Recipes." 1890. pp. 190. Published by the American Public Health Association. Address Essay Department, P. O. Drawer 289, Rochester, N. Y. The aim of this essay is to better the condition of the home, and to make happier the family circle, by the gentleman whose generosity receives no pecuniary return for his constant expenditure in distributing it. It would be of great practical use in many families in this country, if it could be so placed. While the economic character of the essay is especially adapted to persons of small means it would prove useful in every household, helpful even to experienced housekeepers, it is especially adapted to those who are without much knowledge or experience in domestic life and duties. To this essay was awarded the first prize among seventy competitors. It is full of information in regard to foods of every kind and how to prepare almost every dish that can be thought of.

**Philosophy in Homeopathy.** Addressed to the medical profession and to the general reader. By Charles S. Mack, M. D., professor Materia Medica and Therapeutics in the Homeopathic Medical College of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Chicago: Gross & Delbridge, 1890. pp. 174. In this little work is discussed the relation between patient and physician, between the state and the medical profession, philosophy and medicine,

the curative value of homeopathy, the treatment of criminals, etc. The inquiry into the *Similia Similibus Curantur* as a law of cure, is conducted chiefly from a metaphysical standpoint and it is urged that it has points of analogy with some of the means afforded organic beings for their growth in strength. The reasoning is addressed to thinkers of and outside the medical profession. The work is clear in style and candid in its manner of treating the subject. Prof. Mack is a thoroughly spiritual thinker.

At the time of General Frémont's death he was engaged upon the manuscript of a paper for the *Century's* forthcoming series on the California Gold Hunters. It was to be entitled "Finding Paths to California," and was not only to deal with the several exploring expeditions, but to narrate the writer's intimate connection with the events which led to the conquest and occupation of that territory. The work will be promptly continued by Mrs. Frémont. A first draft of the article had been made, and the subject had been so recently and closely discussed by General and Mrs. Frémont that she will have no trouble in completing the manuscript, for which she has already written an introduction, as well as a supplement describing her life at Monterey in 1849. A fine portrait of General Frémont from a daguerreotype of '49 or '50 will appear in the September number of the *Century*, along with portraits of Commodore Sloat and Stockton, "Duke" Gwin, and Governor Burnett, in an article giving account of "How California Came into the Union."

**Knowledge** is a weekly magazine, published by John B. Alden, 393 Pearl street, N. Y., which aims to answer the multitude of questions upon which readers consult a cyclopedia, and when it is not up to date, fail to find the desired information. **Knowledge** supplements all the cyclopedias. Capri succeeds Bismarck as chancellor of Germany. Who is Capri? The cyclopedias do not answer. **Knowledge** will put its readers in possession of the latest information on all subjects of current interest. Price, \$1.00 a year; six months, sixty cents; three months thirty-five cents.

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## PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

Mr. Henry Putnam, of Hutchinson, Minn., passed to spirit life, June 28, 1890, aged 84 years. Mr. Putnam was a Spiritualist of many years' standing and a subscriber to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. The Rev. W. H. Harrington officiated at the funeral and he dwelt at length upon the striking combination found in Mr. Putnam's character, his fierceness in maintaining his opinions, yet remarkable tenderness; but all the vehemence of his nature was directed against sin—it never extended to the sinner; his justice was always tempered with mercy, and if he erred at all in this respect it was in being too indulgent and forgiving.

## The Secret of Health

is the power to eat, digest and assimilate a proper quantity of wholesome food. This can never be the case while impurities exist in the system. The blood must be purified; it is the vital principle, ramifying through every part of the body. Dr. Tutt's Pills expel all impurities and vitalize the whole system.

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## The Three Sevens.

This is a book by Dr. W. P. and Mrs. Phelon, treating of the "Silence of the Invisible." "This story is," in the language of the authors, "a parable, teaching as twenty-one years bring us to the adult physical life; so also may 'the sevens' of years bring adult spiritual growth. The attempt is to portray the trials, temptations, sufferings, growth and attainments of the spirit during earth-life." The marvels in the story are alleged to be not greater than those well attested by psychical researchers.

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A. L. MAXWELL, Agent, the Portland, Portland, Oregon.

## Kansas Camp Meeting.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Delphos, Kansas, will hold their 11th Annual Camp Meeting at Delphos, Kansas, commencing August 9th and continuing 17 days. Reduced rates can be obtained on roads within the state, at one and one-third fare.

Able speakers have been engaged, among them Mrs. E. P. Brown, of Portland, Oregon, Test and Independent slate writing medium.

Rev. James De Buchanne, of Bonne Terre, Mo., will be a prominent speaker, also Hon. R. A. Dague, of Phillipsburg, Kansas, has promised to deliver a series of lectures. Everything will be done to make it pleasant for visitors. A cordial invitation is extended to all to visit the camp.

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An effort is made to show that the Science of the Soul and the Science of the Stars are the twin mysteries which comprise THE ONE GRAND SCIENCE OF LIFE.

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"A careful reading of THE LIGHT OF EGYPT discovers the beginning of a new sect in Occultism, which will oppose the grafting on Western Occultists the subtle delusive dogmas of Karma and Reincarnation."—New York Times.

"It is a volume likely to attract wide attention from that class of scholars interested in mystical science and occult forces. But it is written in such plain and simple style as to be within the easy comprehension..... of any cultivated scholarly reader."—The Chicago Daily Inter Ocean.

"However recondite his book the author certainly presents a theory of first causes which is well fitted to challenge the thoughtful reader's attention and to excite much reflection."—Hartford Daily Times.

"Considered as an exposition of Occultism, or the philosophy of the Orient from a Western standpoint, this is a remarkable production..... The philosophy of the book is, perhaps, as profound as any yet attempted, and so far reaching in its scope as to take in about all that relates to the divine ego-man in its manifold relations to time and eternity—the past, present and future."—The Daily Tribune (Salt Lake City).

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A sweet child angel straying, smiled,  
And nestled in your loving arms;  
Its presence woke the tenderness  
That cherishes from all earth's harms.

Rare happiness to all it brought,  
This dainty darling, rosy, warm:  
It did not seem a thing of earth,  
So beautiful the perfect form.

Like floweret fed on mountain dew,  
It flourished, growing still more dear,  
Until affection fondly dreamed,  
'Twas native to earth's atmosphere.

But cherub angels softly called,  
Enticingly, in accents sweet,  
And mother love was powerless  
To stay the tiny, straying feet.

In mortal arms it fell asleep  
To waken in its native air;  
'Tis safe within the heavenly home,  
To stray no more from angel care.

'Twas lent to earth a little while,  
A sacred mission to fulfill;  
Its gentle spirit, undefiled,  
In sweet aroma lingers still.

And ever in your hearts and home  
Will dwell a welcome angel guest,  
A holy presence, breathing balm,  
Like benedictions of the blest.

## PAIN.

I am a mystery that walks the earth  
Since man began to be;  
Sorrow and sin stood sponsors at my birth,  
And terror christened me.

More pitiless than death, who gathereth  
His victims day by day,  
I doom man daily to desire death,  
And still forbear to slay.

More merciless than time, I leave man youth  
And suck life's sweetness out;  
More cruel than despair, I show man truth  
And leave him strength to doubt.

I bind the freest in my subtle band;  
I blanch the boldest cheek;  
I hold the hearts of poets in my hand,  
And wring them ere they speak.

I walk in darkness over souls that bleed;  
I shape each as I go  
To something different; I drop the seed  
Whence grapes or thistles grow.

No two that dream me dream the self same face;  
No two name me alike,  
A horror without form, I fill all space—  
Across all time I strike.

Man cries and cringes to mine unseen rod;  
Kings own my sovereignty;  
Seers may but prove me as they prove a god—  
Yet none denieth me.

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Transcendental Physics, being an account of experimental investigation of Prof. Zollner with the medium, Henry Slade. This work has lately been reduced to 75 cents, and is extensively called for and read.

Spirit Workers in the Home Circle is an autobiographical narrative of psychic phenomena in daily family life, extending over a period of twenty years, by Morell Theobald, F. C. A. Price, \$1.50, postage 10 cents.

Prof. Alfred R. Wallace's pamphlets, If a man die, shall he live again? A lecture delivered in San Francisco, June, 1887; price, 5 cents; and A Defense of Modern Spiritualism, price 25 cents, are in great demand. Prof. Wallace believes that a superior intelligence is necessary to account for man, and anything from his pen on this subject is always interesting.

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## I. O. O. F. EXCURSION.

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By J. L. McCREERY.

There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore;  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain or mellow fruit  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize  
To feed the hungry moss they bear;  
The forest leaves drink daily life  
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,  
The flowers fade and pass away—  
They only wait through wintry hours  
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;  
He bears our best beloved things away,  
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;  
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers—  
Transplanted into bliss they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones  
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,  
Sings now her everlasting song  
Amid the Tree of Life.

And when He sees a smile too bright  
Or heart too pure for taint of vice,  
He bears it to that world of light,  
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,  
They leave us but to come again;  
With joy we welcome them—the same,  
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear, immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless universe  
Is Life—there are no Dead!

## CHILDREN'S WIT.

The *Chautauquan* for August is full of good things. From an article with the above title by Margaret Preston the following original anecdotes are taken:

A little relative of mine came up to his mother one morning, with the question: "Mamma, does God take care of me at night as well as in the daytime?"

"Yes, my dear," was the mother's reply. "God watches over you all the time,—the Bible says 'He neither slumbers or sleeps.' So he takes care of you through the darkness as well as through the light."

"Well, anyhow," rejoined the little three-year-old critic of Providence, "anyhow he let a rat run over my bed last night!"

When we remember how difficult it is even for the adult mind to attempt to grasp the conception of God, we need not wonder that children are utterly puzzled over it. Ruskin says that when he was a child, he had a very reverend conception of God, as a grave old man, with a long white beard, clothed in a flowered dressing-gown; which conception, no doubt, had come to him from some old Romish picture. A friend was telling me of a little fellow who said:

"Mamma, do you believe that God can see every thing?"

His mother assured him that God was omniscient, explaining to him what the term meant.

"But I know, mamma, there is something God cannot see."

The mother, naturally, was shocked at the little skeptic's asseveration.

"But I know he can't see every thing!"

"What can't he see?"

"Why, mamma, He can't see the top of his own head!"

A little neighbor of mine, the son of a clergyman, used to be bidden by his mother to say grace, in the absence of his father. One morning, when the breakfast happened to be of a very simple character, consisting of rice, eggs, etc., but no meat, the little boy, proceeded to say grace, and his petition ran thus:

"Oh Lord, we thank thee for what breakfast we have; but the next time, pray send us, Oh Lord, a nice beef-steak."

"Amen!"

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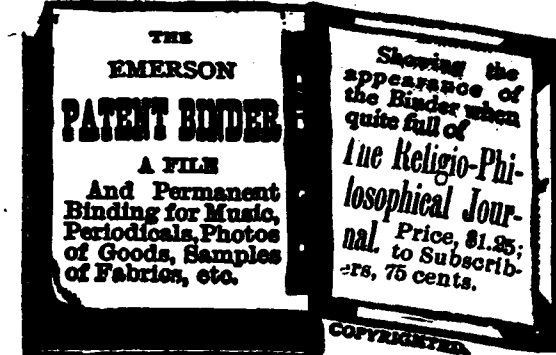
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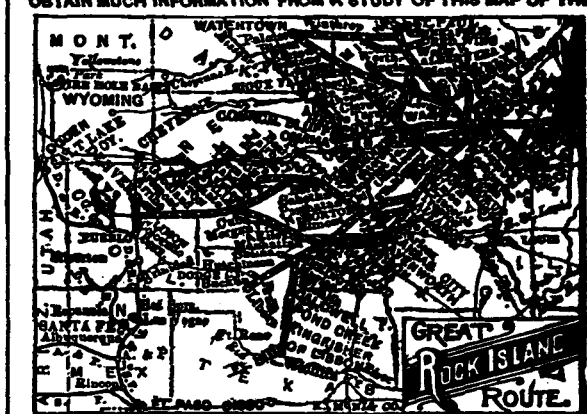


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Every reader who desires to preserve his paper and to know where to find it when wanted should procure a binder. The "Emerson" is the best one I know of; and a size suitable for THE JOURNAL in full cloth with the side stamped with the name of the paper in full gilt, will be furnished subscribers for *seventy-five cents*, which is fifty cents less than retail price. They will be supplied to none but subscribers at the reduced price. At the end of the year the numbers can be removed, if desired, and the binder is ready for the next year, and as good as new; or the volumes can be left in the covers and put upon the library shelf, and another binder procured. Every number has articles of permanent value—as good years hence as during the week of issue.

## OPENING AT LAKE PLEASANT.

The seventeenth annual session of the N. E. S. Camp Meeting opened at Lake Pleasant, Mass., last Sunday under auspicious circumstances. The weather was pleasant and the attendance large.

The work of THE JOURNAL during the past year in advocating the organization of a modern church, The Church of the Spirit, received its first practical endorsement on a large scale from the oldest and strongest Spiritualist camp meeting in the world, an endorsement so complete that no formal resolutions could strengthen it. Here in this great camp of Spiritualists on its opening day a Spiritualist, a Universalist, and a Unitarian were the speakers. Except for the work done by THE JOURNAL in the past ten years, this had been an impossibility. Sunday morning the camp was formally opened by a unique address in rhyme from President Beals, formerly an efficient superintendent of an orthodox Sunday school, but for many years a Spiritualist. Dr. Beals was followed by Rev. J. W. Chadwick, the popular pastor of a Unitarian church in Brooklyn. The afternoon address was by Rev. E. L. Rexford of Boston, formerly pastor of the Universalist church at Detroit, and well known in the west as an able and eloquent preacher. Verily the worlds move, both worlds! People of generous faiths are growing nearer and learning to love and respect one another more and more. The great, throbbing cry of church and unchurched liberals for a closer union, as voiced through THE JOURNAL, both editorially and most ably by correspondents, and existing everywhere though less forcibly expressed, is being answered. Most fit and proper it is that the new departure should be inaugurated at this Spiritualist camp.

The usual accessories of a splendid brass band, electric lights, excursion trains, etc., it is needless to mention, are being utilized to make the camp attractive. There is much that might be improved, much that must be radically changed before this camp will be a model, but it is to be hoped all this will now come rapidly.

## WELCOME TO LAKE PLEASANT CAMPERS.

BY PRESIDENT BEALS.

My friends, in this welcome I extend you to-day, Cordial greetings go with it, we hope you'll all stay, And make every one happy by kind words and greeting;  
This will help to insure a splendid camp meeting.  
'Tis seventeen years, in sunshine or shower, We've held our camp meetings here, under this bower, And the fame of this camp has spread far and wide, So let us be careful, that nothing betide To take from its glory or good reputation;  
Let's all strive to keep it, the first in this nation.  
New faces are here, but we welcome the stranger, And hope they'll discover the child in the manger, For the child has been born, 'tis a re-incarnation, And has already worked a great reformation.  
'Tis forty-two years since, by vigorous rapping, He made himself known and has not been found napping.  
The wise men of the nation called it toe-joint power, But it spread through the world, has been heard in this bower,  
Proving true the sentiment in holy writ found; From the mouths of the children, the truth shall resound.  
These sounds proved, there was intelligence, striving, To convince poor mortals their "dead" friends were living.  
This thought to many was so awfully shocking, They called it in derision the "Rochester knocking." But, this fact was established, beyond the dark portal, Is Life! Life for each one of us? Life immortal? 'Tis the re-incarnation of spiritual truth.  
You remember Samuel, while yet quite a youth, Was endowed with the blessed gift of clairaudience, He was startled but listened, yet could not tell whence  
Came that sweet voice, calling "Samuel! Samuel!" He went to old Eli, the priest, then all was well. Eli said, 'Tis the Lord! enquire what is wanted. The voice came the third time, and, somewhat daunted,  
He answered "Speak, Lord, for thy servant will listen," Then the voice went on fulfilling its mission.  
'Twas a spirit that called him, a message was given, For old Eli, the priest, which he said came from heaven.  
These gifts followed Samuel, and increased as he grew, He foretold many events, which proved to be true.

He was called Man of God, Prophet, and Seer. And to-day, we have many, quite like him, right here, Yes, surely, he's born, to enlighten the mortal, And take from us all fear when we enter death's portal.  
Death's, did I say! I am surely mistaken. It is only a sleep, a glorious awakening, To those who have done their whole duty while here; No one who has knowledge should be troubled with fear.  
For, "There is no death, what seems so is transition," Let us all take good care, and perform our whole mission.  
You have come from the North, the South, the East, and West, To hear from the friends in the land of the blessed. And hundreds that come are made glad every year, For they learn that right living takes away every fear.  
We soon learn the fact, our own sins we must bear, For no Jesus can do it, hence, all must beware. And make such a record, when called to retrace it, We'll not be ashamed, but fearlessly face it, We learn this great lesson, 'tis old yet ever new, Do not unto others, what you don't want done to you. But this rule, to my mind, is equally clear, Do right, because it is right, regardless of fear. These lessons were taught by the world's great reformers.  
When we practice them, we become world adorners, In youth, we were taught, by the priest and our sires, That death was next door to the endless hell fires. Many thanks to our friends, who have passed the new birth.  
They've found no such hell fires on planets or earth. Still more thanks to these friends who have passed on before, They have learned this great truth, there's a wide open door.  
They've learned the great fact, that old Jacob in dreaming, Foreshadowed a truth of grand spiritual meaning. That there is a bright pathway twixt our life and theirs,  
To which all mankind are most surely the heirs. And the hell everlasting is one of the myths, That was preached in past ages, but won't do for this; And the dark river of death which frightened us so Has dwindled right down to the rivulet's soft flow. And our spirit friends cross it in crowds every hour, Ever ready to help us with might and with power, That we may be worthy when the death angel comes, And go with rejoicing to our spiritual homes.  
They are building our homes in the spiritual sphere, From all of our deeds, good and bad, we've done here, Oh! let us be careful that our good deeds are plenty, Or else we may find they could build but a shanty. Let us strive by good words, and deeds, kindly done, To furnish good works for a most beautiful home. We welcome old friends, whom we've met year after year,  
But we miss many others whose faces were dear. Their forms only, have left us, their spirits are here, To encourage and help us when trials are dear. They, also, are welcome, may they ever draw near. To impress us with wisdom, and help us to cheer, Each one of earth's children who have troubles to bear.  
That we may encounter while journeying here, Let us ever be ready to do what we can, Ever ready to lend a warm helping hand, Then, we may look forward with hope ever bright, To our homes that are builded just out of our sight. And feel sure of a welcome by these friends gone before, When we at last land on that ever bright shore.

## ONSET NOTES.

TO THE EDITOR: During the past week the regular camp life has been enjoyed, with lectures, conference meetings, boating and fishing in the bay, social gatherings, and friendly calls.

Sunday, the 13th, was another of the beautiful days at Old Onset, and the people had gathered in large numbers to listen to fine music and lectures that were to be given. The Middleboro Band gave a fine open air concert in the morning from half past nine to half past ten o'clock. Chairman Fairchild then called the meeting to order, and after singing, Mrs. C. M. Nickerson of New Bedford, gave a logical lecture, taking for her subject "The Philosophy of Life." Edgar W. Emerson followed with platform tests, reporting many names.

In the afternoon there was another grand musicale by the band, after which the meeting was called to order and Mrs. C. M. Nickerson made an invocation. As Miss Hagan stepped forward after a two years' absence she was greeted with wild applause, and when it had subsided, in her modest way she thanked the friends for the kind reception, and also for a beautiful crystal basket of roses that was presented to her by a few of her friends. The subject of her lecture was "The Evolution of Thought." The thought presented called forth bursts of applause. She concluded with an impromptu poem, suggested by the subject. Mr. Emerson followed with an exercise in mediumship.

Next Sunday, August 3d, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes and Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock of Boston, will be the regular speakers.

W. W. CURRIER.

ONSET, MASS., July, 1890.

## QUEEN CITY PARK CAMP.

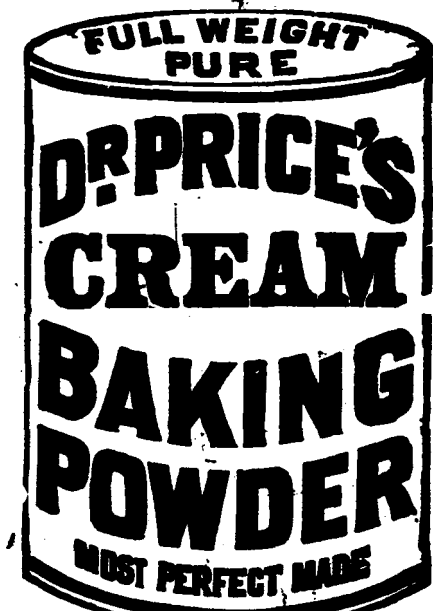
The announcement of the Ninth Annual Assembly of the Queen City Park Camp Meeting is at hand. This camp as most of our readers will remember is located on the shores of Lake Champlain at Burlington, Vermont. This year's announcement offers as a whole the most attractive and the ablest list of speakers of any year since the opening of the camp. It is an excellent sign that the intellectual standard is rising on the rostrums of these camps; as well as that greater care is used in the announcements of mediums, as may be seen in at least several of the camp circulars. Than Queen City Park no more beautiful spot nor one better adapted for the purposes to which it is dedicated could well be found. It has all the accessories of scenery, transportation facilities, pure air and water, perfect drainage and ample accommodations to make it a desirable place to visit. Once visited it will ever remain a pleasant remembrance, and each year will arise the wish to go again. It is easily reached from all parts of the country. Visitors from the west can take in Saratoga en route if they wish. The meeting opens Sunday August 3rd, with a lecture by Hon. A. E. Stanley of Leicester, than whom no man in Vermont is more respected; and closes on Sunday Sept. 14th, with a lecture by J. Clegg Wright whose abilities as a speaker are well known. Among the speakers we notice the names of Mrs. A. W. Crossett, Mr. G. W. Walrond, Rev. E. L. Rexford (Universalist), R. H. Kneeshaw of Montreal, Rev. M. J. Savage, Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Rev. S. A. Parker, Mrs. Emma Paul, Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, A. E. Tisdale, Rev. J. K. Applebee, J. Frank Baxter, Mrs. Twing and many others. Those desiring full particulars should send for the announcement to the president, Dr. E. A. Smith, Brandon, Vt., or to Hon. A. E. Stanley, Leicester, Vermont.

Fox Lake, (Wis.) Representative, June 6.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL comes to us this week enlarged in quarto form of 16 pages, and much improved in typographical excellence. THE JOURNAL was started in 1865 and has been a power in social and religious reform and progress. It is a paper we can cordially commend to liberal minds everywhere.

Winchester, (Ind.) Herald, June 4.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, published at Chicago, comes to our table, this week, in a new dress, and other beneficial improvements. THE JOURNAL is a strong advocate of the science of Spiritualism, is ably edited, and has a corps of contributors equal to those of any other scientific periodical published.



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# RELIGIO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, AUG. 9 1890.

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For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

According to a letter from Buenos Ayres there are twenty-three daily papers published in that city—a greater number in proportion to its size than is possessed by any other city in the world. Two are in the English language. The editor of one is an Englishman and of the other an American; the prices are five and three cents each. Newspaper utterance is just as free as in the United States, but the papers themselves do not compare very favorably; about two-thirds of each issue is given up to advertisements and the rest usually consists of a column of telegrams, two of editorial "notes," and perhaps a letter from some foreign correspondent. Of enterprise in seeking news, reporters, or interviews they know nothing.

Against the oppression of the Armenian Christians by Mohammedan subjects of the Sublime Porte, Russia and England should unite in a remonstrance to the Sultan. Both these powers are morally pledged to see that the Turkish government grant those rights of conscience and of politics with which repeated treaties between Turkey and other European powers endow the Armenians. There can be no doubt that the Armenian Christians are victims of Turkish intolerance and cruelty. The resignation of the Armenian Patriarch of Constantinople shows that the condition of affairs was such that he could not perform those offices which his position made it compulsory upon him to perform. Neither British jingoism nor British hatred of Russia should prevent British sympathy with the Armenian Christians.

Pasteur might have been the richest man in the world if he had cared for the commercial value of his discoveries and protected them by patents. In addition to his discoveries in the prevention of hydrophobia, he discovered the cause of a mysterious disease among silkworms, which threatened to destroy the silkworm industry in France and applied a remedy. The wine growers of France and Italy complained of their vines being slow to mature and the grapes to turn sour. Pasteur's investigations of the yeast germs taught the grower how these evils could be cured. He discovered the microbe which propagates disease in sheep, and suggested a remedy. These discoveries represent a gain to the community of many millions of dollars, but the great scientist has made no effort to profit personally from any of them.

One of the American Baptist periodicals finds fault with the free and easy conduct of ministers when enjoying their vacations. It says that when they take off their usual black coat and stiff collar and put on the flannel shirt and the felt hat they often put on manners which would astonish their best friends. But, on the other hand, remarks the *Toronto Mail*, may it not be said that many ministers might advantageously banish their formal conventionalities by which they endeavor to show that they are different from the ordinary run of humanity? It is not without reason that a number of ministers in the old country have dropped the title of "Rev." and are now only known among men by their plain names. No sensible

person would object to take spiritual guidance from a man because his manners were simple and natural and because he wore a flannel shirt and a felt wide-awake.

A remarkable surgical operation has been performed at Paris by Dr. Lannelongue, an eminent specialist in the children's hospital. A little girl four years old had a deformed head, only about one-third the size of an ordinary little one of her age. She never smiled, never took notice of anything, and she could neither walk nor stand. The doctor became convinced that the condition of the little creature was due to the abnormal narrowness of the head, which hindered the natural growth of the brain. About the middle of May last he made a long and narrow incision in the center of the skull and cut a portion out of the left side of it without injuring the dura mater. The result of this operation was something astounding. In less than a month the child began to walk. Now she smiles, interests herself in everything around her, and plays with a doll. A tolerably bright little child has taken place of the idiot.

Mr. D. M. Grissom, of Kirkwood, Mo., in a letter to the *Springfield Republican*, after mentioning that three methods of solving the race problem in the United States suggest themselves, viz.: the deportation of the blacks to a foreign land, the segregation of them in a district, or districts in this country, and the intermixture of the two races, declares in favor of the second, as the only practical method of treating the difficulty. Segregation, he argues, means the surrender of a certain district or certain districts in the South to the blacks, and the organization of them into exclusively negro states where they may do as they please to, subject only to the federal constitution and laws. This is the negro's solution of it as indicated by his instinctive choice of the districts, and the steady precipitation of the black masses in them; and, Mr. Grissom claims, if it is a solution not agreeable to the white man, it remains for the white man to show how it is possible to thwart it, and present a better one in its stead.

Petitions have been signed by thousands in Switzerland in favor of the expulsion of Mormons from that republic and the Swiss federal council has, it is stated, about decided to expel them. The Mormon missionaries have been making numerous converts and their doctrines are too offensive to the mass of the religious people to be tolerated. In several instances the missionaries have been subjected to personal violence. In spite of all obstacles these zealots persist in their missionary work with success. They have been quite successful in their propaganda in New Zealand, where they have lately held a convention. There are 3,000 Mormons in the colony, 500 converts being made during the last year. Coming nearer home, Mormon missionaries have been working with considerable success lately in western Pennsylvania. They are as well behaved as any other religious people, but their obnoxious views cause them to be suspected of all kinds of criminal designs and practices.

Reports of another plot to assassinate the Czar of Russia appear in the daily papers. These conspiracies against his life are the work of those who see no way of securing release from their terrible position except

by causing his death, hoping that the person who succeeds him will be their friend. The Czar is afraid of his shadow as every tyrant is. If he continues in his present course of cruelty long enough, his apprehensions will probably be realized and his life end with a tragedy. But a few days ago the cable brought news that the Russian government had decided to expel 1,000,000 Hebrews from their homes, compelling them to give up all that they had grown to love and start anew among strangers. In addition if they remove to the few provinces left open to them they are to be barred from practicing medicine, the law, or other professions for which they may be fitted. If the Czar would show his subjects that he had their welfare at heart and would act the part of a man and not a despot, it is probable that he could sleep at night without dreaming of assassination.

In *Unity*, which has been much improved of late, "C. P. W.," one of the editors, has an excellent article on "Tendencies of Thought Inspired by Evolution." But in one respect it conveys a wrong impression. It says: "Evolution is the name of a new, all-embracing principle, which makes the date of its discovery of no importance to no other. Herbert Spencer is not so much the discoverer, since that fame must be shared with Darwin and others, as the formulator and chief expositor of this principle. Through the industrious study of a lifetime he has applied it to the elucidation of the entire world of physical and mental phenomena. The author of 'First Principles' thus justly holds his place among the great thought leaders of the race. It is to him, more than to its discoverer, even, that we owe our present knowledge of the principle of evolution, a principle that has revolutionized thought and given new impulse to the practical activities of men." Neither Darwin nor Spencer are entitled to any credit for the discovery of evolution. It was taught by the author of the "vestiges," by Darwin's grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, by the French naturalist Lamarck, by Goethe, and, to skip over many centuries, by Greek philosophers, hundreds of years before the Christian era. Darwin's fame will rest on his discovery, with Wallace, of natural selection—one of the methods of evolution—and on his accumulation of proofs in support of evolution. But before the publication of "The Origin of Species," Spencer, in "The Principles of Psychology," which appeared in 1855—thirty-five years ago—used the expression "the survival of the fittest," and assumed the truth of organic evolution as the basis of his reasonings in the support of mental evolution. Herbert Spencer was not a discoverer of evolution but he was the first to show that evolution is a universal process, applicable alike to the growth of worlds, life, species, mind, language, government, art, science, civilization, and to the conception of evolution itself. Spencer is further entitled to the credit of having, shown by reasoning never surpassed for its profound analytic and synthetic character, that evolution fuses into a synthesis and forever reconciles the experiential and intuitional philosophies, which in the days of Kant and Locke were thought to be hopelessly antagonistic. It is gratifying to see that the Unitarian papers are beginning to recognize the great work of Spencer and the worth of his thought, of which until recently they have shown but little appreciation.

## MIND AND FAITH CURE.

"Mind cure," "faith cure," "Christian science," "metaphysical healing," etc., are terms used to designate methods of treating disease in which there is evidently an essential truth and a common principle. As to the benefit received from such treatment, much of the testimony is of a character that entitles it to consideration. True, claims are made by the practitioners, who are interested parties, and by their patients, who are persons generally unaccustomed to regard exactitude of thought or precision of statement as of much importance, which fail the moment careful examination is made; and the wonderful cures proclaimed, when the truth is known, are at once divested of all that made them appear miraculous, or exceptional even. Yet, after making allowance for exaggeration and misrepresentation, wilful or unintentional, there remains a residuum of truth sufficient to prove that, underlying all the methods which give prominence to the power of the mind in the alleviation and cure of disease, is an undeniable and important principle, a better understanding of which may yet lead to most beneficent results.

Many of the theories and speculations of the mind curers are wild and crude, and belong to primitive rather than to modern thought. Others have connected with their method in a way, in some cases to make most incongruous and grotesque theories, portions of the great philosophical systems which have long been discussed by thinkers. They are so contradictory and often so superficial and undigested as to give rise to the presumption at once that between them and the essential principle observed in producing the practical results there is only an assumed and imaginary connection.

For instance, Dr. W. F. Evans, author of "Healing by Faith," adopting the theory of pure idealism, says: "The world and all things that it contains, including the body of man, having no thought in themselves, do not exist in and for themselves, but exist only in us, and, as Schopenhauer has truly said, are to us only what we think and believe them to be. As thought and existence are identical, a change of thought must necessarily modify our existence. . . . Disease, having existed only in the mind on a sensuous plane, is so far, like all our sense perceptions, a fallacious appearance, and not the reality we suppose it to be. . . . But you will ask me if the corn on your toe is not as real as the toe itself. To this, the answer is that neither of them have any real existence, except as a thought on the lower range of the mind, and a false belief; and neither of them is any part of the real Ego, or self. . . . When I raise my arm, the reality of the movement is a modification of the mind." Scripture is freely quoted by Mr. Evans to sustain this theory. On the other hand, Sarah Elizabeth Titcomb, who has given much attention to the subject, is satisfied that there is but one substance, and that this is not primarily mind, but matter; and she cites numerous passages from the Hebrew and Christian scriptures, to prove the materiality of the mind. Dr. Ahrens, author of "Old Theology in its Application to the Healing of the Sick," has another theory. "The soul," he says, "is the reflection of the highest thought of God, and is similar to it in outline, although opposite to it in quality. . . . Matter is the visible appearance or coarser fabric of the soul, and is not known or recognized by God." The soul sprung from God. In the soul arose "mental or material thought"; and, "through this changeable material thought, the soul produced a changeable material fruit, which is the absence of spirit, and which the soul realized as matter substance, and thus it became a living creature,—soul and body,—and called itself 'Adam.'" All these theories are supported by appeals to the scriptures.

Others claim that we are surrounded by invisible intelligences, by spirits, and that it is by their intervention and aid that are affected most of the cures ascribed to faith and prayer and to other influences by Christian scientists and metaphysical healers.

LaRoy Sunderland, for several years a Methodist preacher, famous for his powers as a revivalist, who, after leaving the ministry, attracted still wider attention by his lectures and experiments who was hon-

ored by election to membership in the London Society of Science, Literature and Art, wrote: "When I experimented upon my 'converts,' I found that, ignoring Christianity and using my own idea, the same phenomena appeared; and never since have I for one moment doubted that the human mind is always controlled by ideas,—true or false, it is the same. . . . It was during my twenty years in Methodist revivals that I became convinced of what all will find true by and by, and it was this: namely, that no God, no Jesus, no Holy Ghost, no miracle worker, ancient or modern, has or can have any power over the sick, save and excepting that power by which the miracle worker is invested by the faith and confidence of the patient (Matt. 9: 21, 22)."

Dr. Sunderland, whose recorded cures are as remarkable as any we hear of to-day by the mind or faith curers, laid the greatest stress on the feelings and ideas induced in the minds of the patients, either directly by the operator or by any influence that attracts the attention and awakens an idea in the mind of the susceptible subject.

The common fact is, whatever else be true, that whether the patient bows at the shrine of a saint, or sits with a mind curer, or takes "bread pills" from a regular physician, the mind is impressed with an idea, has more or less faith in the means employed, and that the mental condition of the patient exercises marked influence over the body—a fact which has not been sufficiently regarded by physicians generally, who attribute to poisonous drugs a curative value which they do not possess while undervaluing too often the importance of bringing to bear upon certain classes of disease real or imaginary mental influences, instead of relying so much on the efficacy of pills and powders.

## A STORY OF PRESENTIMENT.

On July 8th, at Norwich, Conn., Carl Hildebrand, eleven years old, son of John Hildebrand, of that city went in bathing with the other boys in the afternoon and was drowned at 3:30 o'clock. The father was working on a farm at Brewsters Neck, three miles south of Norwich. During the forenoon of the day on which the boy was drowned, the father, a stout German laborer who speaks English brokenly, felt strangely. He said, "I feel mighty funny; I don't know what's the matter with me. There is something wrong." He trembled as though suffering from an attack of ague. The other workmen told him that he must be affected by the heat and advised him to go to the house near by where he was boarding and to lie down. "No, no, no," positively declared Hildebrand, "I am not sick, I feel all right; I feel funny, I never felt so before in my life. I am well, but there is something wrong." He went to the house, but soon returned and resumed work. At intervals he stopped, leaned on his farm implement, trembled and said repeatedly, "I can't see what this means. It's a very funny feeling," but in each instance he resolutely declared that, as to health, he never felt better in his life. He worked vigorously, but at times trembled as though something frightful was approaching and near at hand. The day wore away with these intermittent experiences.

At three o'clock Hildebrand's excitement visibly increased, and the strong man shuddered. At about half past three he suddenly stopped working as though smitten by a blow and he shook like a poplar leaf in the wind. Then he straightened himself up, called to his companion in the field, faced the north toward Norwich and apparently in a state of exaltation, while gazing searchingly into the air, exclaimed: "Over yonder," pointing in the same direction above the green billows of forest verdure misty in the white glare of quivering heat. "Something," he cried "came to me from over yonder, over yonder, and it hit me here," striking his left breast with his clenched hand. Soon Mr. Gottschalk, owner of the farm, came from the city and said to his wife that he had bad news for Hildebrand.

"Well, that is singular," interposed Mrs. Gottschalk, "he has been feeling strange all day—said he felt funny, and couldn't account for it;" and then, without

waiting to hear Gottschalk's tale of bad news, she related all Hildebrand's experiences of the day. At the end of the story Gottschalk commented: "Well, here is the meaning of it all; his boy was drowned at 3:30 this afternoon."

Then, according to this narrative, which is condensed from a long statement in the *New York Sun*, the sad news was communicated to Hildebrand immediately, but the great shock of the affliction had been felt in the afternoon and the stout laborer evinced little surprise. He changed his clothes and started for Norwich at once and found the body of his boy laid out in the little parlor of his home which is 18 High street. This story is declared by the writer of the article in the *Sun* to be "exactly true in every particular, whatever may be the plausible explanation of the incident."

Assuming this narrative to be true, it is only one of a multitude of cases which show that minds under favorable conditions, receive premonitions and impressions of scenes and events beyond the range of the physical senses and independently of the ordinary means of communication. These impressions are of all degrees of vividness and intensity. They may be but a vague feeling that something is wrong, faint, or violent and culminating in a shock like that received by the Norwich father when the son was drowning, or it may be clear and definite, the whole scene or occurrence appearing to the mind with lifelike distinctness. When the import of facts like these shall be understood, the crude materialistic interpretation of mental phenomena so satisfactory to many for a while after they have broken away from their old theological moorings, will be seen to be without any basis whatever. The Society for Psychical Research by investigating such narratives as the one given above, and collecting facts verified and established, to be used as data on which to base scientific conclusion, is doing as valuable a work for mental science, as the British and American Scientific Associations are doing for physical science. The investigation needs to be conducted with great care, with rigid impartiality and with that religious love of truth, whether it makes for or against preconceived theories, which inspires the true man of science.

## REFLECTIONS ON CAMP MEETINGS.

In the mountains, by sea and lake, and in country resorts where there is a combination of wood and water, where there are flowers and the songs of birds, and the quiet and naturalness of rural life, man gets near to nature. He approaches conditions in which his ancestors lived and the influences of which are woven in the constitution of his race. He renews acquaintance with natural objects contact with which gives pleasure because they were associated with the life of his ancestors whose experiences have come to him by inheritance as predisposition and innate tastes and tendencies. These are deep in his nature and will assert themselves whenever conditions similar to those that produced them are but partially present.

It is said, "The groves were God's first temples." In ancient times instruction was conveyed verbally for the most part, and in the beautiful groves of antiquity not only did people meet to worship, but students of philosophy came together to hear discourses by the great masters of thought.

The desire to get back to nature, to primitive condition, is associated with the spirit of worship, the subjective basis of which reverence finds satisfaction in contemplating whatever is regarded as sacred. With the masses that is sacred which is old; that which is connected with the early history of man. Some of the articles used by the Hebrews in their worship belonged to the Stone age, and their altar had to be of unhewn stone. The workmanship of man divested it, in the popular estimation, of its sacredness. In like manner the Hebrews met once a year in tents—the meeting was called the "feast of the tabernacles"—in order to commemorate the manner in which Abraham, Isaac and Jacob lived. That which was once worldly and common, by disuse may become sacred as a religious object or observance. And the association of the spirit in



of worship with the unconventional, primitive conditions doubtless has a reason in the popular longings for the old—that with which the heart of man is most familiar, and which no veneering of culture can wholly suppress.

The old fashioned camp meeting fortunately is about obsolete—indeed quite so except among very illiterate and fanatical people. Much better, higher in character and more instructive are the encampments such as those that are held to-day by orthodox and unorthodox people at Ocean Grove, Asbury Park and Chautauqua, at Lake Pleasant, Onset Bay and other favorite summer resorts for those who wish to combine religion, or religion and philosophy with renewal of acquaintances, rest and recreation. For the more cultured, aristocratic or æsthetic kind of people, for those whose intellects will not allow their hearts to take them so far back to primitive conditions as is involved in company with a large crowd, and who must have select intellectual entertainment, the Concord school and the Farmington school have provided just what is desired.

What is needed to make Spiritualist camp meetings permanently successful and useful educationally, spiritually and morally, is set forth in this number of *THE JOURNAL* by several well known representatives of Spiritualism, whose words deserve and are sure to command careful consideration.

#### TOLSTOI'S VIEWS.

Some years ago Tolstoi told George Kennan that he regarded Darwinism as a great deception. "I do not pretend," he said, "to be well informed upon the subject of development; but I am told that a Russian scientist named Danilefski, has written a book which will completely demolish the Darwinian theory." It was evident, Kennan says, that Tolstoi had no adequate conception of the cumulative strength of the mass of evidence which now supports the theory of development. "He rejects," says Kennan, "the whole doctrinal framework of the Christian scheme of redemption, including original sin, atonement, the triune personality of God, and the divinity of Christ, and has very little faith in the immortality of the soul. His religion is a religion of this world, and it is based almost wholly upon terrestrial considerations. If he refers frequently to the teachings of Christ, and accepts Christ's precepts as the rules which should govern human conduct, it is not because he believes that Christ was God, but because he regards those precepts as a formal embodiment of the highest and noblest philosophy of life, and as a revelation, in a certain sense, of the Divine will and character. He insists, however, that Christ's precepts shall be understood—and that they were intended to be understood—literally and in their most obvious sense. He will not recognize nor tolerate any softening or modification of a hard commandment by subtle and plausible interpretation. If Christ said, 'Resist not evil,' he meant resist not evil. He did not mean resist not evil if you can help it, nor resist not evil unless it is unbearable; he meant resist not at all. How unflinchingly Count Tolstoi faces the logical results of his system of belief I have tried to show." It is stated that it was with difficulty that his family a few years ago dissuaded him from giving all his property to his countrymen.

Isabel F. Hapgood, translator of several of Tolstoi's works into English, writes in the *Nation*: "Count Tolstoi one day praised the Shakers in this manner before a table full of people. I was afraid to ask him his meaning lest he should explain in detail, so I questioned his wife in private as to whether this new departure was not somewhat inconsistent with his previously advocated views on woman's vocation. She replied, 'Probably it is inconsistent; but my husband changes his opinions every two years you know.' Practically Tolstoi is not much of a Shaker, having a family which consists of a wife and nine children, the oldest twenty-eight years of age and the youngest a baby in the crib. Miss Hapgood thus explains why she did not translate the 'Kreutzer Sonata.' 'Why, then, do I not translate a work from the famous and much-admired Russian author? Because, in spite of due gratitude to Count Tolstoi for favoring me with

the first copy, and in spite of my faith in his conviction that such treatment of such a subject is needed and will do good, I cannot agree with him. It recalls the fable of his countryman, Kriloff, anent the man who borrowed his neighbor's water cask, used it for wine, and returned it impregnated with vinous fumes to such a degree that the unfortunate lender was obliged to throw it away, after using every possible means, during the space of two years, to expel the taint so that the water should be pure once more."

Although some of the views of Tolstoi are both absurd and impracticable, and the relation of the sexes is treated very frankly and boldly, sometimes even coarsely, yet the intent of his works is moral beyond doubt, and they all denounce abuses and evils and enforce truths which the people need to understand. Nothing can surpass the official folly of the postal authorities that have excluded the 'Kreutzer Sonata' from the mails under the law which denies the privilege of mail service to "obscene lewd or lascivious" matter. The book is not obscene in any proper sense of the word, and it is hoped that Mr. Wananaker will rescue his department from the disgrace of such literary censorship as the exclusion of Tolstoi's 'Kreutzer Sonata' from the mails implies. Meanwhile the demand for the book now will be enormous.

The desire in man is so strong to prolong his stay on earth that the art of living beyond the usual age interests many who would be willing to endure all the evils of an indefinitely prolonged old age: One of the perpetual secretaries of the Academy of Sciences has written a volume, says *La Science Illustrée*, to prove that man should consider himself young up to eighty years of age. A noble Venetian named Cornaro spent twenty years in a scale pan in order to ascertain what alimentary regimen was best adapted to him. We have known old men who, having learned that Mr. Chevreul had never drunk anything but water, took the resolution to abstain wholly from wine, hoping in this way to exceed a hundred years. Fortunately, a rag gatherer, who reached the same age as the celebrated academician, spared them this sacrifice by informing his confrere in longevity that he had never drunk anything but wine. But of all these whimsical tentatives, there doubtless is none more worthy of exciting our risibilities than the one to which the Society of Hygiene, of Vienna, is now devoting itself. In fact, this association has just started an extensive investigation in order to determine what it is necessary to do in order scientifically to prolong life beyond the ordinary limits and to rival the patriarchs of the scriptures, as compared with whom Mr. Chevreul himself was but a child. The Society of Hygiene has therefore drawn up a circular which it has sent to all the old men of Germany and Austria-Hungary occupying a certain position in the world, and which contains a multitude of questions about their regimen, their habits, the duration of their intellectual work, the nature of their recreation, their manner of clothing themselves, etc. The good Viennese hope in this way to get up a practical manual designed for those who wish some day to double the formidable cape of eighty years.

Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood, writing from Munich in regard to the Passion Play, says: As for Josef Meyer, who plays the part (nay indeed, the expression is a poor one), who is for the moment the Christus, he is one of those beautiful men, endowed by nature with a grace, a dignity and a godlike resemblance to the Leonardo da Vinci conception of our blessed Lord, which reminds one of the old Pope Gregory's so-called irreverent remark that "Our Lord when on earth was a gentleman." The type of beauty of this tall peasant of Bavaria is that which, for want of a better word, we call "aristocratic." He is six feet two or three inches tall, of the greyhound type, and gifted both by nature and art with the proudest, most noble carriage of the body, a walk which is of itself a gift, a grace which is at once tender and a self-respecting, imitable. Draped in long gray gown, with a red drapery over it, his serene face, his long black hair, as fine as silk, with his well-shaped exquisite head, his delicate

hands, his soft silken beard, he presents a study for the old masters. In the celebration of the Lord's supper there were few dry eyes, as he blessed the sacred elements and put the bread in their mouths with his long, slender fingers; and when he stooped to wash his disciples' feet it was more than we could stand. The beloved disciple, that fortunate John who has come down to us all as "the one whom Jesus loved," sat next him, as in the picture, and when he dropped his head on his breast, Jesus stooped and kissed it, in a manner so natural, so loving, so touching that I could but think this man is a greater actor than Talma, than Garrick, than Salvini, than Booth, for he has made us believe he is the Christ!

"M.A. (Oxon.)" in *Light*: It is the grave misfortune—or shall I say the happy fate?—of Spiritualism that it has fallen into the hands of certain people who have apparently no power to understand what its true signification is. Some err in excess and some in defect. Fortunately, however, there is a small remnant that is not infected by this craze for what are called facts. . . . What we know is little—very little. What we gather from what we think we know is a great deal. And every year's experience enables us to throw over very much of it as worthless. And so we are the better. But it seems to me that the present want is that people should not speak so largely about what they are not quite sure of. For example, Spiritualists have put down all phenomena produced before them to the action of departed spirits. Can they prove that as matter of fact? And, again, Theosophists have told us much about Mahatmas, and have referred the phenomena to the action of Elemental and Elementary Spirits. Can they adduce any evidence of these contentions? I do not wish to be contentious, but when I am told that I am unfair in my treatment of certain alleged facts, I put out my counter statements. And though it is said to be impossible to prove a negative, if my critics will put down in plain terms what they know—not what they are told—of the future world I will endeavor to look at and criticize what they say. Perhaps I may be able to do what is said to be impossible.

A train behind time on the Massachusetts Central railroad was running at the rate of fifty miles an hour, on a down grade. One of the connecting rods snapped in two and a fragment began to pound wildly into the cab, putting the engineer, William Gore, in momentary peril of his life. But he stood by his post for a whole mile and succeeded in stopping the train and preventing a terrible disaster. Change the name and one or two details and it might serve for any one of many similar tales with which the public is familiar. The *New York Press* referring to this case remarks: Just because such tales are common they are typical. What William Gore did scores, hundreds of other railroad men have done. Like things are done every day on land and sea. The captain is the last to leave his sinking ship. The foreman of the mines sees the explosion impending and drives his men out before him, instead of flying and calling on them to follow. The fireman scales the burning wall to rescue inmates of the doomed dwelling, though he sees those walls already tottering. We have a right to believe, unless our hearts are hard and our heads soft, we must believe, that what hundreds do when occasion calls millions would do if occasion were to call. In spite of egotist and pessimist, in spite of Pharisee and Sadducee, this old world is a pretty good world.

The views of Mr. David Jones as set forth in this issue may seem somewhat too pronounced by many, but it should be borne in mind that he has been for many years one of the directors of the largest Spiritualist camp meetings in the world, and furthermore that he is a highly developed medium. In his paper he reflects the opinion of spirits whose wisdom and love for the cause he has tested for twenty years. As an experienced editor, camp director and medium what he says is entitled to weight. He does not mean, we take it, that mediumship is to be repressed or discouraged at camps, but that it should be regulated and made to promote rather than hinder the main purpose of these great gatherings.

## SPIRITUAL CAMP MEETINGS, WHAT THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY SHOULD BE.

BY DAVID JONES.

It has grown into a custom among Spiritualists to set apart the month of August of each year for the purpose of holding their yearly conventions or camp meetings as they are called. A number of places have been selected possessing not only the requisite conveniences as to railroad travel, but they are places where the brain racked with the business affairs of life can find needed rest. These camping grounds have become the temporary homes of thousands during the heated term. Nature has done her part in making these temporary homes all that can be desired. It remains for those congregated there to add to their natural beauties by making them places where the laws of nature can be studied and the spiritual part of man refreshed and the journey of life made more attractive.

There is no question but what Spiritualists as a class have it within their power to mold the religious thought of the world.

For countless ages mankind have been earnestly striving for knowledge respecting the future of the race, the present is no exception to the past. To-day thousands would give their all to know that beyond the veil of mortality they will know as they are known on this side of life—that when they are called hence those of their kindred who have passed on before will be there to welcome them as they step upon the shores of their world immortal.

Many anxious souls look to these yearly gatherings in hope of realizing in part their expectations. They visit the various camp meetings, and what do they find? Instead of schools of instruction they no sooner get a place where they can rest for the night when they are set upon by a class of hungry sharks and importuned to visit this medium or to attend that circle where for the paltry sum of fifty cents or less, the pearly gates of the new Jerusalem will be thrown wide open and they placed in communication with the inhabitants of the Spirit-world.

The next step in this region of wonders is the marvelous materializer who for a like sum of money, more or less, will bring the inhabitants of the celestial sphere back to earth again to masquerade for a few seconds before a crowd of wonder seekers and without even a shadow of recognition betake themselves to their homes which they have so often told us were the embodiment of all that was beautiful and sublime. During intervals one's ears are pierced with the discordant notes of a consumptive accordion or a worn-out violin, and one listens for the ten-thousandth time to "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave, but his spirit is marching on to glory," or "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."

These catch-penny shows have acquired a complete monopoly over the more intellectual exercises provided by the managers of the camp meeting and visitors are given to understand that the medium's quarters are the camp meeting. The rostrum with the the best talent that can be secured is only the tail to the kite, a something to fill in between acts.

It must appear to a stranger visiting one of these camps for the first time that the chief aim of the management is to furnish opportunities for a pack of hungry wolves to feed and fatten financially upon the innocent lambs who have been drawn thither under the impression that there was the place above all others to learn what there is in this spiritual philosophy worthy of study and reflection.

It is a well attested fact, and known by all managers of camp meetings that the parties referred to who reap the largest harvest, contribute the least to their support. It is not their business to help make the camps financially successful but to get all they can out of them, and I am credibly informed that many of

them make enough during the season to live comfortably upon until the camping season rolls around again.

To eliminate these undesirable features is a matter that demands the serious consideration of all who have the control and management of these camp meetings. Spiritualism is not a plaything to be treated in a light and frivolous manner; it is a grand truth or a stupendous humbug; and it is a burning shame to see the best efforts of men and women, who know of its reality and beauty, defeated by a class of beings whose only object is how much they can put in their pockets.

The tone of camp rostrums must be elevated if we would command the respect of men and women of intelligence. Instead of making large appropriations for music and a mere pittance doled out for speakers, the opposite should be the rule; far better is it to feed the mind than to educate the feet. I do not object to certain kinds of entertainments; there is a time to dance and there is a time to sing, but these things are only temporary. A mind educated lives on eternally. Various methods have been suggested how best to get rid of the leeches who sap the life of our camp meetings and bring the cause into disrepute. My experience teaches me the necessity of educating the public to a full realization of the worthlessness of nine-tenths of all so-called phenomena. Educate the people to keep away from these side shows. If they have anything to contribute, let it be in support of the rostrum. Bring before the people the best talent we have; make the lecture course so interesting that there will be no desire to patronize the hangers-on after the lecture is over.

One other matter that will contribute to the dignity of our camp meetings is to make them self sustaining. Have the business of the camp conducted so systematically that everyone who attends shall contribute to the support of the place. It requires money to conduct a camp meeting. Compressed air won't pay lecturers and music, and it always makes a person feel out of place to be treated as a pauper. Some of our camp meetings have found to their cost that they have been carrying too heavy a load and that the only way out of the dilemma is to make every one contribute to the general fund. The whole question resolves itself into these propositions:

- 1st. Elevate the standard of the rostrum.
- 2d. Make the camp self sustaining.
- 3d. Get rid of the side shows.

UTICA, N. Y.

## THE SPIRITUALIST CAMP MEETING.

BY HENRY KIDDLE.

You invite remarks and suggestions on camp meetings. These gatherings are of very great importance at the present time, since they have become the only occasions on which Spiritualists from different sections of the country can congregate for the expression of their peculiar views, and for the dissemination of the truths of which they are the special exponents. They, moreover, afford an opportunity for mediumistic demonstration which can be so copiously and effectively given in no other way. Here people can go, and witness a great many phases of such phenomena, and thus obtain a pretty full enlightenment of this kind—an enlightenment that almost alone forms the basis of spiritualistic conviction or belief.

It is in this respect that the camp meeting is so much superior to the convention, and it is this feature that renders it so popular, for the great mass of Spiritualists are, and must continue to be for some time, eager to witness phenomena, to strengthen their convictions by additional sensuous evidence, to get what they call "tests."

Besides, it is to the camp meeting that the unconverted and the almost persuaded flock, because of the ready accessibility of mediumistic instruments; and here are made many converts, among them sometimes men of distinction. The camp meetings are thronged with a vast heterogeneous multitude, of every grade of culture, or of no culture, of every cast of mind and peculiarity of taste; and the instruments of exemplification are there (or should be) to give them the proof they desire or need.

This feature is, probably, of greater importance than the speech-making department, especially as, at times, arranged. A large part of what is presented from the platform, is but little calculated to do any good to the spiritual movement. It is too discursive, too abstract and speculative, and too remote from the topics specially relating to Spiritualism.

The spiritual movement does not take in, as some seem to think, all kinds of notions on every conceivable subject, religious, ethical, scientific, metaphysical, socialistic, and political. It has its own special truths to establish and explain. It has certain facts, of great importance to the world, to present in such a way as to overcome the present strong prejudices against them, and to show their evidential basis to intelligent minds so as to win their acceptance of them. This is the greatest object of the spiritualistic propaganda of which, I have come to believe, the camp meeting is the most valuable instrument if rightly conducted—so conducted as to win the respect (and the support would follow) of the refined, the intelligent, the thoughtful, and the respectable amongst crowds of visitors. Much has to be done and many things avoided to consummate this result.

NEW YORK.

## OUR SPIRITUAL CAMP MEETINGS.

BY J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

Strictly speaking the camp meeting is an institution which dates no further back than the middle of the last century. The people who instituted it were called *Ranters*, a name applied in contempt because of the extravagant demonstrations of conviction which they made. Sometimes the camp meetings were disgraced by uproarious proceedings, exclamations, and loud singing. They were attended by people of an ardent and emotional temperament, mostly of the humbler class, and despised by the more pious and orderly Christian churches.

The American camp meeting is an original and unique institution. It comes with the certain regularity of the approach of autumn. Christians and non-Christians have their annual camp meetings. Some of these corporations have acquired quite a large amount of property and extended fame as organic centers of religious propaganda and education. About sixteen years ago a spiritualistic camp meeting was organized at Lake Pleasant. It is now thoroughly established and likely to live as long as the republic. Its officers have been so long in the work that the work each year is done with method and precision, the result of attentive habit and their intercourse with new visitors, so perfect that hardly is a word of complaint ever heard anywhere. Anything which hungry people want to eat is provided; also good sleeping rooms, and if searchers after truth do not eat and sleep well it is not the fault of the officers. I am not writing of Lake Pleasant or any other camp meeting in particular, but I referred only to it because it is the best managed and attended camp meeting of Spiritualists in the United States. Its influence is far-reaching and the educational worth of its rostrum considerable. The question is often put, "How can our camp meetings be made more profitable?" At present the platform is the means employed to expound the facts, phenomena, and philosophy of Spiritualism. This is a great and a worthy work, but needs at all times well doing, like all work.

The range of subjects presented by Spiritualism is very wide; as a science it embraces man and all his parts and belongings. As a religion it deals with the vital impulses of sentiment and emotion. As a philosophy it embraces all great ideas that have been built up by reason in the process of intellectual growth, inspiration, and the civilization of the race, and socially it enters into exalted definitions of justice and liberty in a manner more intense than ever before.

It seems to me that the camp meeting ought to be made purely an educational force—an institution where all the vital issues concerning man now in this his present condition and his more remote but not less important interests involved in a life which is to come. Lectures by competent men ought to be given every



year on man—his constitution, physical and spiritual relations. Psychical science in all its forms ought to be presented by the competent. Papers ought to be read on the progress of actual spiritual law and knowledge attained each year in all parts of the world. Societies of Spiritualists in each state should send annual reports of the number of members in good standing and the facts on which it relies for holding Spiritualism to be true. It should be a rule at all camp meetings to protect an innocent public from fraud, that strict scientific tests be applied to the production of phenomena through mediums. Lectures ought to be annually given on the importance of cultivating mediums, who will sit under test conditions only. Rigid investigation, under the closest tests alone, should be encouraged. There ought to be classes in mental physiology, an occasional lecture on logic, and a debating society in which all subjects can be discussed, presided over by some able scholar. In this class those who have something to say could say it. There ought to be lectures on history, ancient and modern, on literature ancient and modern, on the origin of religion, and lectures by great scholars on the comparative value of ancient and modern religions, lectures on Spiritualism, mediumship, clairvoyance, hypnotism, healing, medical law political economy, archaeology, arts and commerce. Poetry should be cultivated, singing taught, and painting and dancing, and dramatic performances ought not to be forgotten.

A strong hand should hold the helm, maintain order, and do justice. The ablest men should be secured to present these great subjects, each speaker in his own special department. The management should see that fraudulent mediums are excluded from the grounds. Young mediums should be educated—all mediums should be beloved as the channels through which come the proofs that we live beyond the grave. Young speakers of ability, integrity and promise should be encouraged to speak. Schools for children should be opened, but nothing should be made to tire. Athletic exercises, contests should be held; etc. The management should study and seek the education of the body and the mind, without making it work. All must be conceived and worked in utility and pleasure. Spiritual camp meetings then would be sought after by the wise and good in the community. Civilization would be advanced, and individual worth enhanced by them, and everything dear to human life would be presented, even our departed spirit friends.

In reference to what I may call the religious aspect of Spiritualism, this will grow in importance as knowledge lays down for it a broader basis; knowledge and true religion must go hand-in-hand, free from dogmatic creeds and systems of belief. The mainspring of the true religious life is ever to be aspiring to attain the most perfect state. Camp meetings can point toward the way, but their greater work will be done in the diffusion of knowledge and the presentation of necessary phenomena.

#### HOW TO HAVE GOOD CAMP MEETINGS.

By G. B. STEBBINS.

From an old-time Methodist camp meeting, with groans and shouts around the platform and rowdy vice in dark corners at the verge of the crowd, to Bay View at Petosky, with its sermons quietly earnest, its seasons of reading and song, its scientific lectures, with the great auditorium amidst pleasant cottages and tents, and no liquor on the grounds, is a long step. Our orthodox friends are not perfect but they move on. Shall we move in the lead?

A high and true aim, an earnest desire and effort for spiritual culture and personal improvement—for "growth in grace," to use a phrase which has deep meaning—must permeate the very air of a camp meeting, ennobling and purifying social life and amusements, holding them in fit place to help but not supplant the one great leading idea. With such an atmosphere all good things are possible, without it all effort is vain.

Sanitary arrangements for scrupulous cleanliness, pure air and pure water must be made. Hours for opening and closing, all noise of labor or talk, the closing of all exercises or amusements, all social meet-

ings in circles at some reasonable hour, say 10 p. m., must be strictly kept. Fail in this and feverish excitement, ruinous disorder and weariness to body and spirit surely come. This I know from long observation. Keep these rules and rest and growth are realized.

Character, something good to say and the saying it in a way to interest and instruct, should mark the platform speakers. Sacrifice sense to sensationalism and all spiritual life dies. Speakers should be such as move along spiritual lines; not those who serve up a chowder of spiritualistic facts, materialistic negations and agnostic doubts, or purport to be controlled by spirits coming back to teach atheistic materialism. Orderly conference will be open to all.

Scientific lectures and practical talks are good and needed, and able persons, fair and fraternal if not Spiritualists, may well have occasional hearing.

Good and devoted mediums should meet fit esteem and respect; those not good and devoted can be let severely alone. The Chautauqua reading circles take in hundreds of thousands. Like circles, for reading of spiritual literature, psychic science, and the best thought of rational and liberal religion, might and surely should be started by the great camp meetings.

To pay more for brass bands and violins than for speakers is to be more absurd than the fashionable churches with their costly choirs which are so freely ridiculed by some radicals. To have a good time for a fortnight at a camp meeting and then go home to do nothing for a whole year is thoughtless selfishness. Are camp meetings to kill out home work? It costs from \$40 to \$100 to get up a grove meeting, from \$100 to \$1,000 to make a camp meeting succeed. That sort of people who squeeze out a dime or a quarter from among the dollars in their purses to put into an old hat toward expenses, it is well known always feel very uncomfortable. If they put in, or pledge, their dollars instead they will feel so much richer and better. Let them try it and be happy. Camp meetings of Spiritualists, with less police force, often none, have quite as good order as any like orthodox gatherings.

Thus much after attending scores of such meetings, and briefly said that others might say more.

#### SPIRITUAL CAMP MEETING.

By WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

In view of the steady growth of the camp-meeting system among the Spiritualists in America, the question arises as to how we may best conserve the good and eliminate the evil incident to these meetings, as well as elevate these great gatherings to a high intellectual and spiritual plane. Two things strike me as essential to this desirable end, namely: the speakers selected for the camps, whether normal or inspirational, should be those only who are known to be sound in principles and sentiment, and of untarnished moral character; while the utmost care should be taken as regards the mediums permitted to prosecute their profession upon the camping grounds, upon the public platform of the camp as well as in the private tents and cottages.

The character of the oratory should be, in many cases, elevated, as well as the character of the mediums, real and pretended, allowed to hold séances at the camps. Speakers who are of the "crank" order, or who are known to advocate outré, wild, or fanciful ideas, together with those whose record is not in all respects clear, should be rigidly excluded from the camp platform. Good and attractive speakers, of course, should be secured; but in all cases they should be such as will reflect credit on the cause they claim to represent; or when they are not Spiritualists, they ought to be men or women of reputation and ability, worthy representatives of the advanced thought and of the sterling reforms of the day. The best spiritualistic speakers should be primarily secured, and they should be supplemented with a selection from the many other lecturers working more or less upon similar lines of thought—progressive, rationalistic, elevating, reformatory.

No medium concerning whom there is just cause for suspicion of his or her being a practitioner of fraud should be permitted to carry on the business of medi-

umship on the grounds of the camp. Great laxity in this regard has obtained at the camps generally; and, in my opinion, the most important reform in the conduct of camps, is that of greater strictness as to the character of the alleged mediums to whom is accorded the privileges of their calling upon the camping grounds. One of the most noted of the spiritual camp meetings is a veritable Mecca of fraudulent mediums, while, even at Lake Pleasant, where there seems to be more discrimination in the matter than the other camps, I have noticed that year after year its grounds have been disgraced by the presence—in the successful practice of his bogus marvels—of one of the boldest and most pretentious frauds in America. These things should not be; they call loudly for practical reform; and until careful discrimination is observed both as to the character of the oratory upon the platform and of the mediumship in the tents and cottages, our camp meetings can never hope to attain that lofty eminence in the illustration and exemplification of the sublime moral and spiritual verities of the philosophy and phenomena of modern Spiritualism, to which all such gatherings should earnestly and hopefully aspire.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

#### CAMP MEETINGS.

By W. W. CURRIER.

Whatever I may say of the good that has been accomplished or not accomplished through the camp meetings in the United States during the past quarter of a century, and of the causes why no more beneficial results have followed our earnest endeavors for good during these many years, I want first of all to say that I am a firm believer in Spiritual phenomena, that our friends who have preceded us to the world of mind or thought realm can and do communicate with us under favorable conditions, that they have shown themselves and can show themselves again under favorable conditions. I say this much from my own experiences and for the good of the cause, that my friends may feel that I have not taken one step backward.

During the more than twenty years that I have been connected with camp meetings, from the first camp meeting held in this state at Pierpont Grove in Malden, to Lake Walden, Silver Lake, Lake Pleasant, and back to Onset fourteen years ago, there has been a steady losing sight of the great object of building up for truth's sake, placing upon our platforms only the best talent, capable of commanding a hearing at all times, in such a manner as to command the attention of thoughtful investigators, rather than curiosity seekers. In my opinion the spiritual cause must suffer until a class of men and women come to the front who are willing to stand up and be counted on the side of a pure Spiritualism to the end that we may rid ourselves of all that works abomination. I honestly believe that Spiritualists must in order to protect themselves from the curse of the commercial Spiritualist gamblers, deceivers, and black magic vendors associate themselves together under the protection of religious state laws, form camp meeting associations, build good and comfortable auditoriums, wall them securely round about, and say to the workers of black magic, "We have no room for you within these walls." Then we want a class of platform speakers who are capable of teaching the people spiritual philosophy upon an advertised question, so that people may go there expecting to hear the subject announced intelligently elucidated, and when the subject has been fairly elucidated let the people have an opportunity to digest the thought presented for at least one short hour. Now my good test mediums, do not begin to feel bad, for I told you at the start that I believed in your phenomena, but I do not believe in your following right on the heels of a first-class lecture. I do not believe the best good of the cause demands that course of procedure. I do believe in a time and place for all things, and the time for that class phenomena is when it is appointed for that especial purpose—a full session—and I will be as ready to listen as any other person. Until spiritual camp meetings can be divested of this army of thieves and robbers whose only

object is to obtain money at the expense of principle, I see but little hope of any real good. I am aware that some advise letting the tares and wheat grow together until the harvest, but I say get all the tares out that you can; there will be enough left.

Camp meeting associations need a séance room as well as a lecture hall where they can at all times have full control, and then countenance no person as a medium that will not stand the test of the management knowing just what is being done. The time has arrived for us to know and not to guess what is done. One fledgling said upon the platform at Onset this season, in announcing his slate writing, that he demanded his own conditions and would have them. "Deliver me," said he, "from a forty-year-old Spiritualist." This is the way phenomena are being handed out to the credulous at the present day at camp meetings. Onset is not the only place by any means, and yet if you want to see some of the spirits in human form that are ripening for Dante's Inferno, spend a short season here. The management at this camp is doing about all that it can under the surrounding conditions to have a quiet and profitable meeting, spending about \$2,000 annually for camp meetings, the good results of which are largely neutralized by the barnacles of Spiritualism that infest the camp and the lack of proper organization and rooms to hold meetings in with absolute control. To place camp meetings upon a plane where the highest and best aspects of Spiritualism can be taught with profit to the masses, there should be

1. Organization under state law.
2. Auditoriums that can be controlled, and séance halls expressly for phenomena.
3. A board of management that knows what is needed to be taught upon the platform and that has the moral courage to engage only such speakers as can be advertised to speak upon special questions backed up by a constituency that will defend them.
4. Have a time and place for phenomena in the séance hall. Until some such arrangements are perfected and adopted by all camp meetings of this country I despair of any lasting spiritual growth from the camp meeting system. These, briefly, are my views upon this subject.

ONSET, Mass.

#### JUSTICE, THE BEACON LIGHT OF HUMANITY.

BY AMBER.

With no specific standard toward which advance may be made in civilization, in science, in philosophy, in art, in morals or religion, there can be no real permanent progress. It were like an army without commanders, without plan, and without purpose. It is sometimes asked whether a perfect standard in any thing is possible. In the nature of things, yes. The standard for all things is truth. But, it is asked, is it attainable? Yes, or otherwise we are abortions, and the universe is a fraud. In the present undeveloped condition of the human—the highest race, we have not reached this standard, nor yet have we even dimly perceived it in its wholeness, we do know however, that it must have been from the beginning, it must be now; it must remain intact, while by slow approaches we climb toward it. "Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect" is an inspiration that commends itself to every toiler after supreme good. For its practical uses, the term justice may be made the synonym for truth in the life of man among his fellows. Justice in its fullest, and simplest meaning. Far as it stretches above the humid atmosphere of earth, it stands a beacon light for the guidance of humanity. Toward it all sails must be set, toward it all prows turned, and while turbulent seas must be over-riden, while opposing winds, tides and currents may turn aside, and often temporarily defeat, the steady shining of the light is the beckoning encouragement. With steady purpose, and willing mind each life barque will one day anchor under the brilliancy of this heaven-born illumination, and all shall know that as there is a Father, and a Father's house, this lamp of life justice, has guided thither.

In the practicalizations of life what is justice? Sim-

ply according to every human being his inalienable God-given rights, simply accepting, each for himself, these rights and using them under the immutable law of his being. It can be nothing more; it can be nothing less. This attained, nothing is lacking for the completed harmony of the universe; nothing in the individual to complete that perfection which is the perfection of the Father, in whose image we are, whose nature we inherit. To this end we can direct our efforts; justice the standard, perfectness the result. The standard of the Brahmin is total self-abnegation, total self-loss. The standard of justice is reached by the true Spiritualist, through the development of that part of his being which alone can entitle him to the name. The complex spiritual being, involving as it does all, but the mechanism of the physical body, is in all its parts to be developed along the lines indicated by the laws of that being, in truth and equity. If we have a Father to whose moral stature we are to grow, then are we children, and legitimate inheritors not only of his kingdom, but of his nature. The child is not the man, nor is the child, as such, necessarily the counterpart of the parent; but the possibility of the same manhood and the same womanhood is latent in the child, and it is only through growth that the perfect stature is attained.

The characteristic of infinite spirit, of which we are but individualized parts, and which ramifies and marks the whole of this infinitude, is justice, making it the glory of the universe—justice, the even balance of all things, each in its place, each performing its functions, without interference, with perfect precision, and with infinite persistence. Justice is only a shorter name for all the cardinal virtues, for it involves them all. Love is but a phase of justice, mercy is impossible without justice. Surely then they who "look for a better country," they who have hope of that country, and who also assume to have credible knowledge thereof, must have a standard which will lead them thither. Despite differences in unimportant details, real Spiritualists must march shoulder to shoulder along the highway which leads to that better land, in which dwelleth rightness and toward which the finger of justice points the way. Individual opinions may not interfere with the working principle. The standard must be kept in view, as a goal for practical effort. Long detours are often made before even a glimpse of this country is gained, because the mirage so common in the mental, and spiritual atmosphere which lies along the horizon of human life, is so often mistaken for the boundaries of that country. The inexperienced might mistake the reflection of trees, and flowers along the margin of a placid stream, for substantial forms, and might be greatly discouraged by their disappointment, when realizing the intangibility of these reflections, but the actual is then seen when the illusory vanishes. The mistake was in looking in the wrong direction for the substance. Many experiences are sometimes necessary to dispel illusions, but we may comfort ourselves with the assurance that there is no shadow without the substance and that by seeking we shall find the reality. It is when we stand with our backs to the light that we are chasing shadows. We need, many times, to turn sharp around to find the substance instead of the shadows. So, while we are chasing shadows the light remains, for without it and the substance, there were no shadows for us to chase. Even the shadows of justice, fleeing before us, giving us no satisfaction because we cannot overtake and appropriate them, are not altogether fallacious, since behind them all is the true, the genuine, of which the shadow gives evident token. The fault, as well as the disappointment is ours, and will be until we will squarely face the reality that casts the shadow.

Why waste time then in seeking only the reflections which become so often distorted by the mediums through which we see them. The stick half buried in the water is always crooked to our eye, because of the denser medium through which a part of it is seen. A more or less rarified atmosphere will produce effects more or less apparently changed from the normal. This is the law, why not understand the law instead of wasting our time in quarreling over appearances. Why not discriminate between fact and fancy, between

substance and shadow by the application of law, and let justice reign—i. e., let a true freedom of individual right take the place of selfish usurpation? Why not see eye to eye in fundamental principles, and with one accord resent as fictitious, and worse than useless all the shams of life, the shadows distorted and misleading; seeking the safe, sure substance along the lines of justice and everlasting truth.

#### LOW-GRADE HUMANITY.

BY W. WHITWORTH.

A number of years ago when I saw a gang of Hungarians and Bohemians seated on their work benches with a loaf of black bread in one hand and a piece of garlic to use in place of butter in the other, I knew that American workmen would have a hard row to hoe in the battle of life between them. With their filthy hands they clutched the bread and garlic, smearing the latter across each intended bite, and washed down the sickening mess with each a pint of beer. A loaf for the day six cents, garlic two cents, and fifteen cents worth of beer made the total cost for a day's living twenty-three cents. Twenty of them pigged together at night in one room in bunks ranged tier above tier against the wall. Shavings and old bags formed the beds, not a cent was spent for soap; indeed, soap was an unknown quantity. On a dollar a day they could save two hundred dollars a year.

Recently I have discovered a new phase of beastliness in the same direction that entirely discounts the opium intoxication of the Chinese. First smoking a villainous brand of tobacco until the dregs are sodden into black nicotine in the bowl of the pipe, they scoop out this foul poison as a precious morsel and chew it until they smell fouler than a buzzard roost. And so keen is their hunger for this horrible stuff, that if by chance they discover a stray pipe in the desired condition of foulness, the blackness will be seized to the last crumb with all the avidity of a wild beast pouncing down upon its most toothsome prey.

The taint on the atmosphere surrounding the men addicted to this habit is utterly indescribable. There is one old fellow who has indulged for so many years and to such inordinate extent that although of stalwart frame he has become emaciated till he can barely limp around, and his skin brought to the color of dirty leather. When he enters a street car no matter how crowded, he is soon given a seat with ample room all around. Cleanly people push themselves away with noses turned aside as from a pestilence. A fouler specimen of decaying humanity it would be impossible to find.

That this nicotine chewing habit is widely developed in the country where these men belong is shown from the fact that pipes especially constructed for the quick accumulation of the black mess are in universal demand. They are imported for like purpose amongst those who have made their homes here. To a well constituted American there is something almost inconceivably repulsive in such low grade human beastliness. Given a full supply of nicotine the chief delight is in swilling beer or whisky, and the one ambition of the chewer's life, to set up a cheap saloon. It will take a fearful long stretch of moral evolution to lift such men to a decent grade of being. Not one in ten ever looks into a book or newspaper; not a glimmer of elevated thought finds its way to their blurred minds, never a moment is spent in discussion of the social problems that underlie humanity's advancement.

For this who or what is chiefly to blame? It is summed up in long centuries of aristocratic and priestly oppression. For hundreds and hundreds of years the ancestors of these poor wretches have been held to slavish toil for the barest pittance, kept with souls in darkest ignorance, that a few lordly rulers and church dignitaries might roll in unearned luxury. Is it any wonder that their evolution has been constantly downward, and that the only gleam of relief from the miseries of their existence has been found in the numbing intoxication of ruinous stimulants?

God speed the time when every down-trodden brother shall be lifted into the sunlight of well-conditioned manhood.



## PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCES.

By L. W. W.

To the article under the above heading by E. in THE JOURNAL of July 19th, I desire to add some similar experiences of my own. In the article, E. says: "Occasionally I see a person accompanied by a symbol." This phenomenon is so familiar to me that I am accustomed to call it the "coat of arms," indicative, to myself at least, of the character or temperament of the person whom it accompanies. The symbol is usually a member of the animal kingdom; and is seen with the same distinctness as any other natural object, although, as in E.'s case, my sight is defective and I use glasses to correct it.

In one case the symbol takes the form of a playful, hopping bird; in another, of a slimy, coiling snake, and in still another, of a noble Newfoundland dog—a life saver. This faculty has been exercised since my girlhood, and is still my possession at fifty years of age, and seems as natural as the use of the sense of sight. I look for the symbol as I would look for any other natural object—with my eyes, and find it to be as realistic as any other object.

I see such objects at any time and under all circumstances; but with more precision when my attention is fixed on their perception.

I do not attempt to explain the process; but send this to assist in establishing the fact, so that a suggestion as to "the law in the case" may follow in due course.

BALTIMORE, MD.

## A DEFENSE OF PHANTASMS OF THE DEAD.

By F. W. H. MYERS.

The following cases of evident spirit communication are taken from the appendix to "The Phantasms of the Dead" by F. W. H. Myers, printed in the two preceding numbers of THE JOURNAL.

[Communicated by Fraülein Schneller, sister-in-law of the percipient, and known to F. W. H. M., January, 1890.]

About a year ago there died in a neighboring village a brewer, called Wünscher, with whom I stood in friendly relations. His death ensued after a short illness, and as I seldom had an opportunity of visiting him, I knew nothing of his illness nor of his death. On the day of his death I went to bed at nine o'clock, tired with the labors which my calling as a farmer demands of me. Here I must observe that my diet is of the frugal kind; beer and wine are rare things in my house, and water, as usual, had been my drink that night. Being of a very healthy constitution I fell asleep as soon as I lay down. In my dream I heard the deceased call out with a loud voice, "Boy, make haste and give me my boots." This woke me, and I noticed that, for the sake of our child, my wife had left the light burning. I pondered with pleasure over my dream, thinking in my mind how Wünscher, who was a good-natured humorous man, would laugh when I told him of this dream. Still thinking on it I hear Wünscher's voice scolding outside, just under my window. I sit up in my bed at once and listen, but cannot understand his words. What can the brewer want? I thought, and I know for certain that I was much vexed with him, that he should make a disturbance in the night, as I felt convinced that his affairs might surely have waited till the morrow. Suddenly he comes into the room from behind the linen press, steps with long strides past the bed of my wife and the child's bed; wildly gesticulating with his arms all the time, as his habit was, he called out, "What do you say to this, Herr Oberamtman?" This afternoon at five o'clock I have died." Startled by this information, I exclaim, "Oh, that is not true!" He replied: "Truly, as I tell you; and, what do you think? They want to bury me already on Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock," accentuating his assertions all the while by his gesticulations. During this long speech of my visitor, I examined myself as to whether I was really awake and not dreaming.

I asked myself: Is this a hallucination? Is my mind in full possession of its faculties? Yes, there is the light, there the jug, this is the mirror and this the brewer;—and I came to the conclusion: I am awake. Then the thought occurred to me, What will my wife think if she awakes and sees the brewer in our bedroom? In this fear of her waking up I turn round to my wife and to my great relief I see from her face, which is turned towards me, that she is still asleep; but she looks very pale. I say to the brewer, "Herr Wünscher, we will speak softly, so that my wife may not wake up, it would be very disagreeable to her to find you here." To which Wünscher answered in a lower and calmer tone. "Don't be afraid, I will do no harm to your wife." Things do happen indeed for which we find no explanation—I thought to myself, and said to Wünscher: "If this be true, that you have died, I am sincerely sorry for it; I will look after your children." Wünscher stepped towards me, stretched out his arms and moved his lips as though he would embrace me, therefore I said in a threatening tone, and looking steadfastly at him with frowning brow: "Don't come so near, it is disagreeable to me," and lifted my right arm to

ward him off, but before my arm reached him the apparition had vanished. My first look was to my wife to see if she were still asleep. She was. I got up and looked at my watch, it was seven minutes past twelve. My wife woke up and asked me: "To whom did you speak so loud just now?" "Have you understood anything?" I said. "No," she answered and went to sleep again.

I impart this experience to the Society for Psychical Research, in the belief that it may serve as a new proof for the real existence of telepathy. I must further remark, that the brewer had died that afternoon at five o'clock and was buried on the following Tuesday at two. With great respect,

Dober and Pause,  
Schlesien,  
Landed Proprietor.

December 12, 1889.

The usual time for burial in Germany, adds Fraülein Schneller, is three days after death. This time may be prolonged, however, on application. There are no special hours fixed.

In conversation Fraülein S. described her brother-in-law as a man of strong practical sense and of extremely active habits.

We have received the "Sterbeurkunde" from the "Standesbeamte" Siegismund, Kreis Sagan, certifying that Karl Wünscher died Saturday, September 15, 1888, at 4:30 p. m., and was buried Tuesday, September 18, 1888, at 2 p. m.

Herr Dignowity writes again, January 18, 1890:—

"Frau Wünscher told me that the time of the burial was settled in the death room immediately after Wünscher's death, because relations at a distance had to be summoned by telegram. Wünscher had suffered from inflammation of the lungs, which ended in spasm of the heart. During his illness his thoughts had been much occupied with me, and he often wondered what I should say if I knew how ill he was."

Finally, Frau Dignowity (born Schneller) writes from Pause, January 18, 1890:—

"I confirm that my husband told me on the morning of September 16, 1888, that the brewer Wünscher had given him intimation of his death."

A case is given, with the testimonies from *Psychische Studien* of February 1889, the points of which are summed up in the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" as follows:

Duvanel dies by his own hand in a Swiss village, where he lives alone, having no relations except a brother living at a distance, whom Mdle. Stramm had never seen (as M. Kaigorodoff informs us in a letter of May 1890.)

Mdle. Stramm's father does not hear of Duvanel's death till two days later.

Five hours after Duvanel's death an automatic message announcing it is written at Wilna in Russia, by Mdle. Stramm, who had certainly received no news of the event.

From what mind are we to suppose that this information came?

Thought transference from survivors seems here out of the question;—unless it be in the form suggested above, of a kind of impersonal thought transference,—a leaking out of any fact known to any living mind in such a way that any other mind may become aware of it.

Leaving aside this extreme view, we may next attempt to account for Mdle. Stramm's message on the theory of latency. We may suppose that the telepathic message came from the dying man, but did not rise into consciousness until an opportunity was afforded by Mdle. Stramm's sitting down to write automatically.

But to this interpretation there is an objection of a very curious kind. The message written by Mdle. Stramm was not precisely accurate. Instead of ascribing Duvanel's death to suicide it ascribed it to a stoppage of blood, "un engorgement de sang."

And when M. Stramm, three days after the death, wrote to his daughter in Russia to tell her of it, he also used the same expression, "un engorgement de sang," thus disguising the actual truth in order to spare the feelings of his daughter, who had formerly refused to marry Duvanel, and who (as her father feared) might receive a painful shock if she learnt the tragic nature of his end. There was, therefore, a singular coincidence between the automatic and the normally-written message as to the death; a coincidence which looks as though the same mind had been at work in each instance. But that mind cannot have been M. Stramm's, as he was not aware of Duvanel's death at the time when the first message was written.

And here we must consider the explanation of the coincidence given by the intelligence which controlled the automatic writing. That intelligence asserted itself to be a brother of Mdle. Stramm's, who died some years before. And this "Louis" further asserted that he had himself influenced M. Stramm to make use of the same euphemistic phrase, with the object of avoiding a shock to Mdle. Stramm; for which purpose it was needful that the two messages should agree in ascribing the death to the same form of sudden illness.

Now if this be true, and the message did indeed come from the deceased "Louis," we have an indication of continued existence and continued knowledge of earthly affairs, on the part of a person long dead.

But if we consider that the case, as presented to us, contains no proof of "Louis" identity,—so that "Louis" may be merely one of those arbitrary names which the automatist's sub-conscious intelligence seems so prone to assume; then we must suppose that Duvanel was actually operative on two occasions after death,—first inspiring in Mdle. Stramm the automatic message, and then modifying in M. Stramm the message which the father might otherwise have sent.

*Psychische Studien*, December, 1889 (pp. 572-577).

From one of a series of articles by the editor, the Hon. Alexander Aksakof.

The sub-title of the section from which the following is extracted being: "The identity of the personality of the deceased confirmed by the imparting of facts known only to the deceased, or which could only have been communicated by him."

I now return to my subject, and conclude this section with a case which I have received at first hand. It belongs not to the category of facts which are known only to the deceased, but to the category of those which could only be imparted by the deceased, for it relates to a political secret concerning a living person, which was revealed by an intimate friend of that living person for the purpose of saving him. I shall set forth this case in all possible detail, because I consider it a most convincing one in support of the Spiritualistic hypothesis. I will even express myself still more strongly. I consider that it affords as absolute a proof of identity as it is possible for evidence of this kind to present.

My readers are already acquainted with my sister-in-law, Mrs. A. von Wiesler, from the part she took in the family séances held with me in the years 1880-1883, after the decease of my wife. She has an only daughter, Sophie, who at the time of those séances was completing her studies. She had taken no part, either at our séances or at any others, and she had not read anything about Spiritualism. Her mother also had not joined in any séances except our own. One evening in October, 1884, during the visit of a distant relative, the conversation turned upon Spiritualism, and in order to please him a trial with the table was arranged. The séance, however, gave no satisfactory result. It only showed that the two ladies were able to get something. On Tuesday evening, January 1st, 1885, Mrs. von Wiesler being alone with her daughter, in order to divert her mind from some matters which made her anxious, proposed to hold a little séance. An alphabet was written out on a sheet of paper, a saucer with a black line as pointer served as a planchette, and, behold, the name Andreas was indicated. This was quite natural, for Andreas was the name of Sophie's father, the deceased husband of Mrs. von Wiesler. The communication presented nothing remarkable, but it was nevertheless resolved to continue the séances once a week, on every Tuesday. For three weeks the character of the communications remained unchanged. The name Andreas was continually repeated.

But on the fourth Tuesday—January 22d—in place of the customary name Andreas, the name "Schura" was spelt out to the great astonishment of both sitters. Then, by quick and precise movements of the pointer, these words were added:

"It is given to thee to save Nikolaus."

"What does this mean?" asked the astonished ladies."

"He is compromised as Micheal was, and will like him go to ruin. A band of good-for-nothing fellows are leading him astray."

"What can be done to counteract it?"

"Thou must go to the Technological Institute before 3 o'clock, let Nikolaus be called out, and make an appointment with him at his house."

This being all addressed to the young lady, Sophie, she replied that it would be difficult for her to carry out these directions on account of the slight acquaintanceship which existed between her and Nikolaus's family.

"Absurd ideas of propriety!" was "Schura's" indignant reply.

"But in what way shall I be able to influence him?" asked Sophie.

"Thou wilt speak to him in my name."

"Then your convictions no longer remain the same?"

"Revolted error!" was the reply.

I must now explain the meaning of this mysterious communication. "Schura" is the Russian pet name for Alexandrine. Nikolaus and Michael were her cousins. Michael quite a young man, had unfortunately allowed himself to become entangled by the revolutionary ideas of our Anarchists or Socialists. He was arrested, and condemned to imprisonment at a distance from St. Petersburg, where he lost his life in an attempt to escape. "Schura" loved him dearly, and fully sympathized with his political convictions, making no secret of it. After his death, which occurred in September, 1884, she was discouraged in her revolutionary aspirations, and ended her life by poison, at the age of 17, on the 15th of January, 1885, just one week before the séance above described. Nikolaus, Michael's brother, was then a student at the Technological Institute.

Mrs. von Wiesler and her daughter were aware of these circumstances, for they had long been acquainted with "Schura's" parents, and with those of her cousins, who belong to the best society of St. Petersburg. It will be obvious that I can not publish the names of these families. I have also changed those of the young people. The acquaintanceship was, however, far from being intimate. They saw each other occasionally, but nothing more. Later I will give further details. We will now continue our narrative.

Naturally, neither Mrs. von Wiesler nor her daughter knew anything as to the views or secret conduct of Nikolaus. The communication was just as unexpected as it was important. It involved a great responsibility. Sophie's position was a very difficult one. The literal carrying out of "Schura's" demands was, for a young lady, simply impossible, merely from considerations of social propriety. What right could she have, on the ground of simple acquaintanceship, to interfere in family affairs of so delicate a character? Besides, it might not be true; or, quite simply and most probably Nikolaus might deny it. What position would she then find herself in? Mrs. von Wiesler knew only too well from the séances she had taken part in with me, how little dependence can be placed on Spiritualistic communications. She counselled her daughter, in the first place, to convince herself of "Schura's" identity. This advice was followed without any hesitation as one way out of the difficulty.

On the following Tuesday "Schura" manifested at



once, and Sophie asked for a proof of her identity, to which "Schura" forthwith replied:

"Invite Nikolaus, arrange a seance, and I will come." It will be seen from this reply that "Schura," who during her life had learned to despise the conventionalities of society, as is the custom among the Socialists, remained true to her character, and again demanded what was an impossibility. Nikolaus had never been in Mrs. von Wiesler's house. Sophie then asked for another proof of her identity, without Nikolaus being brought in at all, and requested that it might be a convincing one.

"I will appear to thee," was the reply.

"How?"

"Thou wilt see."

A few days later Sophie was returning home from a soiree; it was nearly 4 a. m. She was just returning, and was at the door between her bedroom and the dining room, there being no lights in the latter, when she saw on the wall of the dining room, in sight of the door at which she stood, a luminous round spot, with, as it were, shoulders. This lasted for two or three seconds, and disappeared, ascending towards the ceiling. Sophie immediately assured herself that it was not the reflection of any light coming from the street.

At the seance on the following Tuesday, an explanation of this appearance being asked for, "Schura" replied:

"It was the outline of a head with shoulders, I can not appear more distinctly. I am still weak."

Many other details, which I have passed over, tended to convince Sophie of the reality of "Schura's" identity, yet she could not bring herself to carry out that which "Schura" desired her to do. She therefore proposed as a suitable compromise that she should acquaint Nikolaus's parents with what had occurred.

This proposal aroused "Schura's" strongest displeasure, expressed by violent movements of the saucer, and by the sentence:

"That will lead to nothing," after which disparaging epithets followed, impossible to repeat here, especially applicable to persons of weak and irresolute character, with whom the energetic and decisive "Schura" had no patience—epithets which are not found in dictionaries, but which were expressions used by "Schura" in her life time, and characteristic of her. This was confirmed in the sequel.

Nevertheless Sophie continued to hesitate, and at each successive seance "Schura" insisted more and more imperatively that Sophie must act at once. This is very important to notice, as we shall see later. This want of resolution on the part of Sophie was ascribed by "Schura" to the influence of Mrs. von Wiesler. From the beginning "Schura" had seemed to bear a grudge against Mrs. von Wiesler. From the first seance she addressed Sophie only. She never permitted Mrs. von Wiesler to ask a question. Whenever she attempted to do so, she met with—"Be silent—be silent!" Whereas in addressing Sophie she overcame her with the tenderest expressions.

How great was the astonishment and consternation of the ladies, when at the seance on the 26th of February the first words were:

"It is too late. Thou wilt repent it bitterly. The pangs of remorse will follow thee. Expect his arrest!"

These were "Schura's" last words. From this time she was silent. A seance was attempted on the following Tuesday, but there was no result. The seances of Mrs. von Wiesler and her daughter were from that time entirely given up.

While these seances were being held, Mrs. von Wiesler naturally kept me informed of what transpired, and consulted with me as to what was to be done in view of the extraordinary character of "Schura's" requests. Some time after they had ceased, Mrs. von Wiesler, to satisfy her own conscience and to comfort her daughter, resolved to communicate the whole episode to the parents of Nikolaus. They paid no attention to it. Nothing was elicited that any fault could be found with. The family were quite satisfied in regard to Nikolaus's conduct. But it is important to bear in mind the fact that these Spiritualistic communications were made known to the parents before the final issue. When during the remainder of the year everything went on happily, Sophie became fully convinced that all the communications were only lies, and formed a resolution that she would never again occupy herself with spiritualistic seances.

Another year passed without any special event. But on the 9th of March, 1887, the secret police suddenly searched Nikolaus's rooms. He was arrested in his own house, and within 24 hours was exiled from St. Petersburg. It came out later that his crime was taking part in anarchical assemblies—assemblies which were held in the months of January and February, 1885, exactly corresponding with the time when "Schura" was insisting that steps should then be taken to dissuade Nikolaus from taking part in such meetings. Only now were the communications of "Schura" estimated at their true value. The notes which Mrs. von Wiesler had made were read again and again by the families both of "Schura" and of Nikolaus. "Schura's" identity in all those manifestations was recognized as incontestably demonstrated, in the first place, by the main fact in relation to Nikolaus, by other intimate particulars, and also by the totality of the features which characterized her personality. This mournful occurrence fell like a fresh thunderclap on Nikolaus's family, and they had only to thank God that the errors of the young man were not followed by more fatal results.

In order to estimate this incident aright it is of great importance to establish the relations which existed between the two young ladies. I have requested Madame and Mlle. von Wiesler to give me on this, as on the previous points, a written memorandum in full detail; and from that memorandum I extract what follows [somewhat abridged here]:—

"In December, 1880, Madame von Wiesler and her daughter paid a Christmas visit to Schura's grandfather, Senator N., where Sophie saw Schura for the first time.

Sophie was then about 13 years old, and Schura even younger. Sophie was astonished to see Schura's writing table covered with books [and had a talk with her about favorite authors]. The two girls often saw each other at a distance in the recreation room of their school during the winter, but Schura was soon transferred to another school. [They met once at a country house without exchanging a word, and saw each other once across a theatre. Sophie, in fact, had had one childish talk with Schura; Madame von Wiesler had never had any real talk with her.] Hence it is clear that the relations of these ladies with Schura were of the most distant kind, and that they could not know anything of her political secrets.

From *Psychische Studien*, March, 1889 (p. 131).

An extract from an article by the editor (the Hon. Alexander Aksakof).

"I am personally acquainted with the following case:—My friend and fellow student at the Lyceum, Privy Councillor (Geheimrath) Baron Konstantin K., told me, twenty years ago, that at the time of the death of his uncle, Baron Paul K., at Warschau, his will could not be found, though it was thoroughly searched for; and that it was discovered in a secret drawer (Fache), entirely in consequence of a communication received by Prince Emile Wittgenstein, in which the place was described."

In *Psychische Studien* for December, 1889 (pp. 568-9), M. Aksakof gives further particulars as follows:—

"Since the previous notice of this case, I have made the acquaintance of Paul von Korf, a son of Baron von Korf, who resides in the Port-strasse, St. Petersburg. He has given me the following account of the circumstances:—

"His father, General Paul von Korf, died at Warschau on April 7, 1867. It was known that he had made a will, but after his death it could not be found. In the month of July, 1867, his sister, the Baroness Charlotte von Wrangel, was living with her sister-in-law, Madame D. von Obuchow, in the town of Plock (pronounced Plozk), not far from Warschau. Her mother, the widow of General von Korf, was traveling abroad; and in her mother's absence she was entrusted with the opening of her correspondence. Among the letters thus received and opened was one from Prince Emile von Wittgenstein (also abroad) addressed to the widow of General von Korf, in which he informed her that a spiritualistic communication had been received by him in the name of her deceased husband, indicating the place where his will would be found. The Baroness von Wrangel, who knew how much trouble the absence of this will had given to her elder brother [Baron Joseph Korf] who was engaged in the administration of the property, and who was at that time in Warschau, went at once, with her sister-in-law, to Warschau, to inform him of the important contents of the letter of Prince von Wittgenstein. Her brother's first words were that he had just found the will; and when the letter of Prince von Wittgenstein was read, it was apparent, to the astonishment of those present, that the place indicated in the spiritualistic communication where the will would be found was precisely that in which the Baron had at last found it.

"Baron Paul von Korf promised me that he would look for this letter of Prince von Wittgenstein's, which he had in his hand less than two years ago, when arranging the family papers. But up to the present time he has not been able again to find it. He fears it may have been unintentionally destroyed with useless correspondence."

In a letter dated St. Petersburg, February 26, 1890, M. Aksakof adds the following particulars, with two letters, of which translations are here given:—

I. Original letter from Baron Paul Korf (son of the Baron Korf whose will is concerned) to M. Aksakof, countersigned by Baron Paul's sister, Baroness Charlotte Wrangel, and testifying to the exactness of the fact as stated in *Psychische Studien*, 1888, p. 568.

"PETERSBURG, January, 29th, 1890.

"Sir,—I have read with great interest your communication, inserted in *Psychische Studien* (p. 568), concerning the will of my late father. The facts are there related with perfect accuracy. I am afraid that I burnt the letter of Prince Emile Wittgenstein about a year ago, when I was arranging the papers of my late father, which were at his country seat. Accept, etc.,

"(BARON) PAUL KORF."

"I add my signature to that of my brother, to confirm the contents of his letter.

"BARONESS C. WRANGEL, NEE BARONESS KORF."

II. Copy of a letter from Prince Emile de Sayn-Wittgenstein, published in the work, "Souvenirs et Correspondance du Prince Emile de Sayn-Wittgenstein-Berlebourg (Paris, 1889), Vol. II., p. 365.

"WARSAW, July 17, 1867.

"It seems an age, my dear parents, since I have had any news of you; my mother's last letter was dated June 5th. I have occupied myself much with Spiritualism of late, and my mediumistic faculties have developed themselves in an astonishing way. I write often with great facility in various kinds of writing; I have had direct communications from the spirit which haunts Berlebourg, a woman of our family who killed herself 102 years ago. I have, moreover, obtained a very singular result. One of my friends, Lieut.-General Baron de Korf, deceased some months since, manifested himself to me (without my having thought of him the least in the world), to enjoin upon me to indicate to his family the place where his will had been maliciously hidden; that is to say, in a chest of drawers in the house where he died. I did not know that the family were looking for this will, and had not found it. Well, they found it in the very place which the spirit had indicated to me. It is a document of great importance for the management of his property, and for the settlement of questions which will arise when his children attain their majority. Here are facts which can stand criticism.

"EMILE WITTGENSTEIN."

III. Prince Emile Wittgenstein died in 1878, at Tegernsee, in Bavaria.

IV. As to the date of the letter of Prince Sayn-Wittgenstein to the widow of Baron Korf. Here is what I have been able to learn in a last interview with his son, Baron Paul Korf. The marriage of his daughter, Baroness Charlotte Korf, with Baron Wrangel took place at Warsaw, June 17, 1867. A week after that event the Baroness Wrangel left, with her sister-in-law, Madame Obuchow, for the town of Plock, and her mother went abroad. At that date the will had not been found. And since the letter of Prince Emile Wittgenstein to his parents, in which he informs them of the finding of the will by spiritual communication, is dated July 17, 1867, it follows that the letter of Prince Emile Wittgenstein to the widow of Baron Korf, enclosing that communication, and consequently the communication itself must have been received between June 17 and July 17, 1867.

V. As to the place where the will was found. I asked Baron Paul Korf: "Is it a fact that the will was found in a chest of drawers (armoire) as was predicted in the communication?" He answered: "That is what both my sister and I heard."

VI. The elder son of Baron Korf who busied himself at Warsaw with the affairs of the inheritance was named Baron Joseph Korf, and has since died.

### THE TRANSIENCY OF INSTINCTS.

With the child, life is all play and fairy tales and learning the external properties of "things"; with the youth, it is bodily exercises of a more systematic sort, novels of the real world, boon fellowship and song, friendship and love, nature, travel and adventure, science and philosophy; with the man, ambition and policy, acquisitiveness, responsibility to others, and the selfish zest of the battle of life. If a boy grows up alone at the age of games and sports, and learns neither to play ball, nor row, nor sail, nor ride, nor skate, nor fish, nor shoot, probably he will be sedentary to the end of his days; and, though the best of opportunities be afforded him for learning these things later, it is a hundred to one but he will pass them by and shrink back from the effort of taking those necessary first steps the prospect of which, at an earlier age, would have filled him with eager delight. The sexual passion expires after a protracted reign; but it is well known that its peculiar manifestations in a given individual depend almost entirely on the habits he may form during the early period of its activity. Exposure to bad company then makes him a loose liver all his days; chastity kept at first makes the same easy later on. In all pedagogy the great thing is to strike the iron while hot, and to seize the wave of the pupil's interest in each successive subject before its ebb has come, so that knowledge may be got and a habit of skill acquired—a headway of interest, in short, secured, on which afterward the individual may float. There is a happy moment for fixing skill in drawing, for making boys collectors of natural history, and presently dissectors and botanists; then for initiating them into the harmonies of mechanics and the wonders of physical and chemical law. Later, introspective psychology and the metaphysical and religious mysteries take their turn; and, last of all, the drama of human affairs and worldly wisdom in the widest sense of the term. In each of us a saturation point is soon reached in all of these things; the impetus of our purely intellectual zeal expires, and unless the topic be one associated with some urgent personal need that keeps our wits constantly whetted about it, we settle into an equilibrium, and live on what we learned when our interest was fresh and instinctive, without adding to the store. Outside of their own business, the ideas gained by men before they are twenty-five are practically the only ideas they shall have in their lives. They cannot get anything new. Disinterested curiosity is past, the mental grooves and channels set, the power of assimilation gone. If by chance we ever do learn anything about some entirely new topic we are afflicted with a strange sense of insecurity, and we fear to advance a resolute opinion. But, the things learned in the plastic days of instinctive curiosity we never lose entirely our sense of being at home. There remains a kinship, a sentiment of intimate acquaintance, which, even when we know we have failed to keep abreast of the subject, flatters us with a sense of power over it, and makes us feel not altogether out of the pale.

Whatever individual exceptions might be cited to this are of the sort that "prove the rule."

To detect the moment of the instinctive readiness for the subject is, then, the first duty of every educator. As for the pupils, it would probably lead to a more earnest temper on the part of college students if they had less belief in their unlimited future intellectual potentialities, and could be brought to realize that whatever physics and political economy and philosophy they are now acquiring are, for better or worse, the physics and political economy and philosophy that will have to serve them to the end.

The natural conclusion to draw from this transiency of instincts is that most of them are implanted for the sake of giving rise to habits, and that, this purpose once accomplished, the instincts themselves, as such, have no *raison d'être* in the psychical economy, and consequently fade away.



## THE SONG OF THE WORLD.

At the foot of the Caucasus tipped with snows,  
Through the Cossacks' valley the Terek flows,  
And the Cossack on guard at the water's edge,  
As he watches each shadow of bush and sedge,  
Sings to himself a sweet love song:

"Douchinka, douchinka,  
The night is long,  
But my eye is bright and my rifle light,  
And I wait for the day that follows night."

Where the rippling Po through the valley wends,  
And the earth with the sea in harmony blends,  
Where life is in living and love never old,  
The shepherd keeps watch o'er the straggling fold,  
And sings, with the touch of a sigh:

"Anima mia  
Bright is thine eye,  
I long for the time when the church bells' chime  
Shall echo for thee like thy lover's rhyme."

The wild billows break o'er the rock-sheltered coast  
The spray in the moonlight is faint as a ghost,  
And the Brittany fisher before his shrine bows  
In prayer for his love, and a candle he vows,  
And whispers in solemn refrain:

"Bien almeé,  
I come again.  
The gulls sweeping by hear the lover's cry,  
And the winds call back the words with a sigh.

Through the Roman valley, by Caucasus snows,  
By the Icelandic shores the melody flows:  
It is ever the same that the lover sings:  
He is lost to the world and to mundane things.  
While wonderful visions are wrought:

"O Soul of mine,  
Thou art my thought!  
The days come and go, Time's sands slowly flow,  
But the Love that is planted forever will grow.  
—Flavel Scott Mines.

His knowledge of literature and in ability to express herself in good English the American girl, as a rule, is superior to the American boy enjoying the same advantages, says the *Chicago Times*. So decided is the preference of girls and women for literature as compared with boys and men that it is a generally recognized fact that the literary edition of daily papers has its closest readers and critics among the female sex, and the women contributors to current magazine literature and to the fiction of the day largely outnumber the men. This may be the inevitable result of conditions and the fact that upon men, devolve most of the great burdens and competition of life, but its causes probably lie deeper. English literary papers are more widely read, discussed, and quoted by Englishmen than American literary papers are read and commented upon by American men. In fact, America can hardly be said to possess a first-class literary paper, none having the wide range and general literary interest of such papers as the *Athenæum*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, and others. The reason for this state of affairs is largely due to the business ideals of the two countries. In England the ideal before the wealthier classes is cultivated leisure; in America the power derived from the possession of money is so alluring and the possibilities in business are so great that men rarely retire from business to enjoy a competence. A fortune that is numbered by millions represents the ideal of the successful business man here, and so long as that is unattained, and in many cases even after it is attained, acquisition, not enjoyment, is the goal of effort. This strain begins even in education, and young men, unless specially endowed with literary instincts, feel the force of business attraction, that draws them steadily away from the English ideal of cultivated leisure. With girls, however, it is different, and both training and circumstances give a different trend to their aspirations. Hence it is that instead of young men talking down to young ladies it worries the majority of them to talk up to them in literary matters. Even on subjects not distinctively literary the American girl holds her own. Thus a young lady of Springfield, Mo., won the prize offered by a certain paper for the best essay on "The Flag." Difference of ideals generally indicates difference of tastes and abilities, but on the whole we are still inclined to think the American young man can and will still hold his own in the field of literature. So far, at least, the eminent names of American literature are all names of men with possibly one or two exceptions, such as Harriet Beecher Stowe. The strong preference of young men for business instead of literary life has at least one good result. It requires a strong inclination to literature to overcome the business trend, and such in-

clination, while not conclusive, is at least indicative of the ability which can command success. The literary aptitude is less common than the business aptitude and is generally later developed, and to this fact may be due the poor showing American boys make in the literary contests of the day. As a rule it is not the prize essayist or the college valedictorian that sets the river on fire after entering upon the real contests of life.

No effort to better the condition of working girls in large cities can fail to receive the sympathy and support of all classes of citizens. Agencies for the amelioration of the condition of young men in cities have long been in operation and have been productive of much good. It is only within recent years that the philanthropists of our great centers of population have come to realize that organized efforts to succor the friendless working women who are engaged in the daily struggle for honest subsistence is a field of labor that has been neglected too long. The Working Woman's Home Association, which has opened a home for working girls at 189 East Huron street, Chicago, has done so in the belief that support from the charitably disposed will not be wanting when the objects of the association are fully investigated. It is a well known fact that many employers in this city prefer to employ only those working girls who live with their parents, as the wages paid are admittedly insufficient for self support. The self-dependent working girl, alone in a strange city, is thus handicapped at the outset, and it is to make her chances of securing employment better that the Working Woman's Home has been opened. A circular issued by the board of directors of this worthy institution, says: "Ladies who are the center of a prosperous home have little idea of the stern reality which faces the girl who finds herself in this busy city, amid the surging masses, and yet alone, without a friend, and often without a dollar. To such our home is a haven, indeed; here she finds the comfort which warmth, a well cooked meal, rest, and sympathy ever bring to one who is hungry, tired and discouraged. Our home is not intended as a charitable institution except in extreme cases, but it assists those who are trying to help themselves, making it possible for those who earn but little to live comfortably and respectably." In the multiplied charities of this great city it would be difficult to find one that appeals more forcibly to the spontaneous generosity of those who believe in giving the working girls a chance than the "Working Woman's Home."

The woman whose intellect has been trained will not be necessarily a pedantic bore or an overpowering force in the family; the better her training, the better her balance; the better her understanding of her household's needs, and her ability to meet them, the better she will know how to retain and increase the affection once secured, and make her home all that the ideal home should be. Beauty will still be beauty, charm will still be charm, and academical honors cannot strip women of either; and the love that is attracted by them when accompanied by thorough intellectual development is a love which will outlast that captured by the tricks and arts which kindle but a temporary flame, for the development of the mind develops and enlarges all the rest of the being, other things being equal. It is well known that there are no better mothers, nor more faithful wives, nor more accomplished housekeepers, nor more delightful guests, than can be found among our present cultured, learned, and literary women. All the education in the world will not eradicate from the feminine nature the household instincts or the love of home and children. Nowhere is real intellectual training found to weaken the feminine type; but, on the contrary, homes are finer, richer, more exalted, and happier under its power. It brings about a perception of mutual rights that does not come to the ignorant; it prevents encroachment; it renders due honor; and it knows how to produce comfort and joy, and puts the knowledge to use. When at last any wide number of women thus trained for generations have married—for if marriage is not to be the aim of these women, it is, at any rate, the destined end of these as of all others—and have married men who did not suffer themselves to be outstripped, it can only be a mighty race of men and women which will be born and reared, compared with whose achievement all that we have at present will seem rudimentary. —*Harper's Bazar*.

"It is remarkable," said a well known teacher in a natatorium, "how the women, especially the young ones, are developing

their ability and skill as swimmers. We have had this season nearly one-third more pupils than we had at this time last year, and many of them are turning out splendidly. I don't want any better scholar than a plucky girl who is not afraid of the water, and goes into it with the determination to learn how to swim. This class of learners are away up in the majority, and it is a rare thing to find a timid young woman, or one who wants to retreat after the first few lessons. As a rule they are as enthusiastic as they are vigorous, and they quickly take to all the various styles of swimming and floating. You must remember that a girl has, in proportion to her size, a larger expanse of chest than a man, which means in her case an increased buoyant capacity. They have come to know this, which perhaps accounts for their growing fearlessness in the water. Just teach a courageous girl the proper motion of the arms and legs and you have in her the making of a good swimmer."

## FOURTH LETTER FROM JUDGE DAILEY.

TO THE EDITOR: When we reflect that London comprises about 240 square miles of built up city, inhabited by about 5,000,000 people, with large and flourishing suburbs, all places of interest, the task of obtaining even a general knowledge of the city is enormous. There are certain places, however, generally visited by travelers in all cities, and London forms no exception. At the museums and galleries of art we were sure to meet familiar faces, and the "doing of London," a common expression among travelers, usually consists of hastily running through a certain list of places, so as to be able to say, "we went there," whereas, but little valuable information is thus obtained, but where one is limited in time it is all that can be done.

The first thing that impresses an American, is the fact, borne out by all that he sees that he is in the midst of an ancient civilization. He sees the work of antiquity on every hand. He is impressed with the durable nature of the work, which has been and is being done in the erection of walls, buildings and monuments, and particularly does he contrast the excellent pavements in the streets with the miserable work in every American city I have visited. The people in European cities are vying with one another for the possession of relics and take pleasure in informing visitors of the great antiquity of various buildings and articles for the seeing of which a fee is usually charged. Westminster Abby contains the bones of nearly all the kings and queens of England, and more of the bones of the great men who have helped to make English history are reposing here than in any other one place. The floors are of stone slabs, and wherever we walked we were informed by inscriptions under our feet that we were over the ashes of some distinguished personage. Westminster Abby, as may be briefly stated, is built upon a former site of a temple to Apollo, and was founded by the Anglo-Saxon King Albert, in 616, for the Benedictine monks, and was subsequently destroyed by the Danes; and rebuilt in 985 by Edgar, and enlarged by Edward the Confessor, in 1049, and also by Henry III. and Edward I. Henry VIII., he of the many wives, drove out the monks, but Queen Mary replaced them, and Elizabeth put them to flight, and from that time Catholic control of the place has been lost. Since the time of Harold, all the sovereigns of England have been here crowned, and the old chair in which so many monarchs have sat to receive the royal coronation is here to be seen, as well as the famous Stone of Scone under the seat of the chair, stolen from Scotland, where it was historical as having been the stone upon which the kings of Scotland were crowned from Fergus I. up to the period when Scotland was invaded by Edward I. who brought this stone away as a trophy of his conquest. At certain intervals in the day the curious collect at the doorway to the mausoleums of so much royalty, and a sleek looking clerically robed guide, after collecting the requisite fee, turns the key in the door and conducts the way, pointing out objects of special attraction from their antiquity and workmanship, or from their contents and representations. When he came with us to the aforesaid stone, he informed us that it was supposed to be the same stone that Jacob used as a pillow, when in his dreams he saw the ladder reaching to the heavens. As he turned away with a self-satisfied smile upon his face, I approached him near enough to know that the dark patches on his scalp were actually dirt, which I suppose was too royally precious to be desecrated with soap and water. Whatever may be the relations

of the souls of the distinguished personages to each other now that the battles on this plane of life are over their mortal remains here deposited at least seem to rest in peace. The bones of the haughty and hardhearted Protestant Elizabeth and those of her victim, Catholic Mary, Queen of Scots, rest quietly near to each other. The bones of Cromwell, the interloper, here also found a brief resting place, not, however, by any act of his, but of those interested in the collection of special attractions for this great dead house. Our guide informed us that they were surreptitiously removed and he did not know what had become of them. This incident is at least suggestive of cowardice, unless I greatly misinterpret the cause of their removal and secretion. Wherever I have travelled, each nation has bountifully commemorated the deeds of its great men, with few exceptions. Each has at great expense placed on canvas the pictures of great battles wherein it has been victorious; and I have seen few pictures in any national gallery which can not be looked upon with national pride. Revolutionists are not favored; the dignity of reposing among the kings and queens of Great Britain was too great for even the bones of Cromwell, and this pretext for emulating this great man was removed. The temptation was too great.

From Westminster Abbey to the Egyptian and Assyrian department of the British Museum is not far, and to that place we next repair. Who can look upon the vast collections of antiquities here to be examined and not be moved by thoughts which come crowding in upon him? How impressive are the lessons taught by this evidence of the thoughts, and religious beliefs of those great nations which in the most enduring forms have left these works to speak to mankind, when as nations and people they are gone from the earth forever? What a hold religion has taken upon the lives and actions of men! We may in this age, from other stand points, judge the religious thoughts of people in remote ages, but we surely can not doubt their great sincerity. If they had no revelation from the clouds of Sinai, they did not lack the means of forming grand conceptions of the Deity. The strange forms which they gave to their gods are only ludicrous to those ignorant of their significance. We can see in these mummied remains the origin of the Christian idea of a physical resurrection. Christian people born in this belief and having in these mummies the remains so carefully preserved for the future habitation of the departed souls of their owners, are grinding them up to be sold as medicines or transporting them to distant lands to be exhibited as curiosities to the eyes of wonder seekers. And who can say that a similar fate is not awaiting the bones of the kings and queens so carefully preserved at Westminster Abbey? History is ever repeating itself, and when one nation builds upon the ashes of another, it is sure to have little reverence for things sacred to those who are gone. The Christian idea of the certain resurrection of the body through the power of God, and as part of the divine purpose would warrant even cheaper funerals than are now usually given; but when we come to understand the belief of the Egyptians and remember that upon the ability of the soul to again find its own body might depend a future existence we can readily justify them in all that expense and pains in efforts to preserve bodies for future habitation. Some of the mausoleums of the dead were of the most expensive character. Of those seen in the British Museum, in addition to the wonderful system of embalming generally adapted. Some of the bodies are wound with papyrus, on which is contained the liturgy of the religion of the deceased, then a coffin suited to the form of the body within, with a carved portrait of the deceased in life, colored with very enduring paint; then the whole coffin is covered with sacred writings, some of which are in gilt letters; then the coffin was placed in a larger one hewn out of stone, and excepting the cover was of one piece of granite rock. I should judge that I saw some not less than four and one-half feet high by eight feet in length, some of these contained the remains of some of the Pharaohs of Egypt, and others personages of distinction. Some of the portraits as carved and colored are of ladies who in life were evidently of much personal beauty.

I hope what I have written will be of interest to some, if not all of the many readers of THE JOURNAL. I know that some of them have been at these places, and to them, these descriptions will not be new. But many have not been thus favored, and may value these descriptions, and I have desired to give them for the additional reason that the readers of THE JOUR-



NAL will likely more highly appreciate that knowledge which in these days has come to so many making life more endurable and homes more sacred.

Respectfully yours

A. H. DAILEY.

ANTWERP, July 30, 1890.



### THE FORCE IN THE COILED WATCH SPRING.

TO THE EDITOR: On the first page of No. 9, Vol. 1, New Series, of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, published July 26, 1890, appears a paragraph relating to the doctrine of the conservation of forces. A problem is offered, or better a statement is made which apparently contradicts the doctrine. The statement is as follows: "A wound-up watch spring immersed in a powerful acid, will, if kept there long enough, lose its elasticity. There is no force in the solution except such as is found in a similar solution in which an uncoiled spring has been subjected to the same treatment. Now the question is what has become of the force expended in coiling the watch spring. Is so much energy lost? If there is, however small the amount there must be a radical error in the doctrine of the persistence of force. Dr. Edmund Montgomery has been almost alone among men of science in claiming that there is such an error in the doctrine. Can it be shown that the force in the coiled watch spring is not lost? In this simple question are involved important scientific and philosophic problems." In the first place the question is pertinent, as in the well known case of the French king's question about the bucket of water and the live fish, is the statement really a fact? Granting that it is a very simple solution of the problem presents itself.

The coiled and uncoiled watch springs immersed in similar acid solutions do not present the same conditions. In the latter case the forces which may reside in the acid solution are not brought into active operation, in the former they are. In the uncoiled spring each of the component fibres may be considered as a practically straight, minute rod. When by the application of force the spring is coiled, these straight fibres are bent and tend to straighten out. If nothing operates to prevent, this tendency remains permanently and the force is stored up in the spring. It is, however, pressing certain molecules closer together and pulling others further apart and there is a tendency to molecular change. The acid solution may, and doubtless does, furnish just sufficient additional force, or offer the necessary conditions, to permit this molecular change. The particles re-arrange themselves and the resultant piece of metal when the force is expended in accomplishing this rearrangement will of course show no evidence of the original force employed in coiling it. It is not necessary to suppose the acid solution to play any other part than the part played by nitric acid in the manufacture of sulphuric acid, or by certain substances which, when present, permit of chemical action and combination not possible when these substances are absent, although they meanwhile remain absolutely unchanged.

The answer to the quasi problem would seem to be this. If the facts are as stated, the force expended in coiling the watch spring is, in the presence of the acid solution, used up in re-arranging the molecules of the metal until tension or pressure among them produced by the force is equalized. I have not had the time to more than generally state the proposition, but I fancy that any good physicist could readily show the exact method of accounting for the apparent disappearance of the force.

Very respectfully yours

LOUIS H. AYME.

### "WHO CAN TELL."

TO THE EDITOR: On Wednesday, Feb. 23, 1887, I had been about my usual work, and sat down to read a little while before going to bed, it being about 8 p. m. My husband said to me, "Just tell what my dream of last night means." I answered that I did not want to bother with a dream, and took up THE JOURNAL to read. But he told his dream, as follows: "I dreamed that you and I were over town, and there they told us that Tracy was dead, but was

buried alive, and you felt very bad and wanted me to go with you directly and take him up. And I said wait until evening and then I will go. So at evening we went and brought him home alive." Now at that time I had three sons, living in town four miles from my home—the oldest a married man, who was called by the nickname "Dock;" the second, a single man named Alberne, and the other a lad of fifteen named Tracy. The oldest and youngest had not been on very friendly terms for some time. Now while telling his dream this sensation came to me, a terrible pain in head, neck and throat. It seemed as if a pistol shot had gone through my throat and out the back of the neck.

I felt that I must fall over backwards, and asked my husband to hold me to prevent my falling, which he did. And then I began to talk in an unknown tongue. By the tone and gesture, we understood that something dreadful was going to take place. After a few minutes that influence left me. Then my husband said, "Now tell me what that influence means." And this is the answer, positive and plain: "Tracy is not going to die, but it is Dock." It frightened us very much. In the morning I wrote a letter to my daughter-in-law, relating what had come to us the night before, and requesting her to tell Alberne to see if Tracy carried a pistol, if so to get it away from him, if he could. And to tell "Dock" to be careful for something terrible was going to happen. My husband took the letter to her the same day. He went into the office to see my son, and found him sitting by the stove trying to get warm. He asked him what was the trouble. He said he had a very sore throat, and wished my husband to look at it and tell him what he thought about it. He did so, and told him it was diphtheria, and he had better go home and go to bed, which he did.

In just eight days he was carried out a corpse. The death wound was in the throat just as shown me, and when he died his nurse stood holding him from falling from his chair just as my husband had to hold me. Now let some one tell me what power it was that told us that fact.

MRS. E. D. A. ARNDT.

LAKE MILLS, WIS.

### A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR: (I send an account of an experience of my own which is worth recording.)

In the winter of 1887, I was sleeping alone, the only occupant of the lower story of the house, when toward morning I was awakened by something unaccountable. There seemed to be a pressure around me that caused me to become thoroughly awake and to feel a sense of wonder and strangeness. I was lying on my right side, and when I moved my left hand, it came in contact with what proved to be a small foot. Grasping it to see what it was I found it the perfectly formed foot of a child. After holding it a moment I concluded that my seven year old girl who was sleeping with her mother in the chamber above must have come down and got into bed with me. But on second thought I knew that such was not the case, the child being timid and had never done such a thing, and besides the foot was plumper, shorter and without the appearance of bone on the instep, which I knew could be felt when grasping my child's foot. And my next point of reasoning was that it must be a spirit foot only, because there was no mortal body in my bed beside myself, I felt as though I were compressed with air, or as though a wave was rolling over me. I was half stupefied with wonder, and as soon as I could speak said aloud, "Who are you?" and the audible reply came at once, "De Wolf," in a voice as loud as ordinary conversation. And then the foot was gone—did not withdraw from my hand but became as nothing. And now occurred an incident which is an isolated case in my life experience—the clock in our kitchen, the room adjoining, stopped ticking at this time. After the occurrence of this phenomenon I slept till morning. The clock was found to have stopped at ten minutes before three.

I have asked of many for information concerning any person by that name, but could gain no information on the point until it was rapped out through Mrs. Adda Woodcock two years after the occurrence, that a girl living in Athol, Mass., named Eva De Wolf, had died and manifested in that way to me. I have ascertained through a lady who was acquainted in Athol that such a girl had lived and died there, and when I asked at a circle where communications were being spelled out by raps, if such a spirit was present and could communicate, it was spelled out, myself calling over the alphabet, that Eva De Wolf was, and

had before been present, trying to say that she had materialized a foot in my bed, and signed her name.

C. C. DAVIS.

WINCHENDON, MASS.

### HIS FIRST STRONG IMPRESSION.

TO THE EDITOR: Many years ago in the early times of modern spirit phenomena, my attention was drawn to one of my children, a boy about twelve years old, who had shown a faculty of writing mediumship in a remarkable degree. Being at that time doubtful of its spiritual origin I attempted to test it in the following manner: I placed him at a table with paper and pencil before him in one corner of a room about twelve feet square, and seating myself at another table in the corner diagonally opposite to him, I said, "If a spirit can control the boy's hand to write, will he tell me what I have drawn on this paper before me?" (I had just made a small sketch of a rabbit not more than an inch in size). Before I had completed the question, the boy's hand wrote rapidly; I crossed the room to see, and found that he had written the word rabbit. We were entirely alone in the room. I then made several small sketches of animals and other objects, and with one exception, the result was the same. In this case I had rudely drawn what I intended to represent a military field piece or cannon, but the boy's hand wrote the words "A wagon."

I said, "You are wrong this time. It is not a mere wagon." Instantly he wrote, "It looks like a wagon." On looking at my sketch I found that I had faintly indicated the cannon, by a single pencil mark inclining at the proper angle between the wheels. Now as I knew that the boy could not see the small sketch at the distance of eighteen feet, I could not resist the conclusion that some invisible intelligence could see it, and influence the boy to write the words.

This, my first strong impression, followed by hundreds of equally good evidences in the course of nearly forty years, has convinced me of the truth of spirit return.

CAIRO, N. Y.

WM. H. MILLER.

### A CHURCH WITHOUT A CREED.

TO THE EDITOR: While reading your catechisms in July 12 I thought perhaps I might formulate a few thoughts into lines that would be of interest to you and your readers. I make no claims as a writer, but a child can speak the truth and that is what we want.

Several years ago a few of us Spiritualists in Battle Creek, Mich., were very anxious to build a church edifice so that we could have a place we could call our own in which to hold meetings. All our efforts seemed to be fruitless. After my anxiety had subsided a spirit said to me, "Sister be not anxious to have a church building, in a few years the churches will become so liberal and so spiritual that you can unite with some one of them. I am thankful I have lived here long enough to see that prophesy fulfilled. We now have in this city a church known as the Independent Congregational Church. It has no creed to sign and no questions to answer; no one is urged to join the church but every one is left to do what they feel to be his or her duty. There has been no special revival season but the good work has gone steadily on and about one hundred persons have united with this church the past twelve months. It defines religion as being a passion for righteousness. The pastor, Rev. J. W. Simons, who is a finely educated and a highly inspirational speaker preaches to us that God is our father and man our brother and that the Lord requires nothing more of us than to love mercy, do justly, and walk humbly and in the spirit and method of Jesus, our elder brother, to make the world better and happier. Is not this the church of the spirit, even though it bears another name. It seems so to me, and with this church my husband and myself have united, because the doctrines there promulgated are those that we have believed in for these many years.

A word for THE JOURNAL: We think it the best paper of the kind published as it treats on so many different forms of psychic phenomena; we feel we can not do without it. The binder which came in due season makes a nice ornament for our sitting room table, and is just the thing with which to preserve the paper nicely.

Yours for the truth,

MRS. A. A. WHITNEY.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

### THE SPIRITUAL CAMP.

TO THE EDITOR: Inasmuch as THE JOURNAL solicited short articles upon the subject in hand, I will briefly state my opinions. "The Spiritualist's Camp," like

everything else, is a factor for good or evil. It can be made a profitable resort for much knowledge.

The main features of a camp meeting are its out-door exercises. The spiritual auras are not hampered by being in close proximity to discordant conditions. The wide range of atmospheric changes renders mediumistic work more forcible. The flow of inspiration is much freer. There is, in the broad sunlight, an automatism of the spirit, an intercommunion of love and harmony. The trees and the green sward speak volumes to the spirit of man. One feels the strong impulse of life, as if the mighty loom of nature were in motion, weaving and blending the colors of spirituality. There is a divineness pervading the out-door camp meeting, a halo of wisdom filling the sanctuaries of the heart; it is the thrill of unpolluted life, the free, ambient spirit, untrammelled by wall or the confinement of egotistical doubt. I would make the rostrum free to all for the elucidation of knowledge. I would build an arch of welcome at the entrance to the grounds, and above it circumscribe the motto: "Peace on earth and good will to all mankind." I would guard with vigilance the sacredness of our mediums; only those who thirst should drink at the spiritual fountain. I would have the phenomena of Spiritualism as sacred as the philosophy and none but those who are clean and meek in spirit could bathe in its purity. I would make the camp a vast tabernacle where the souls of men and women could assemble and feast. I would make it a school of Platonic love, a Gethsemanic garden where Christ love might permeate the souls of mankind. I hold that the Spiritualists camp is the magnetic center of soul communion; the city of immortal and mortal spirits. It is the fountain head where loving hearts from the two spheres meet and slake their thirst in sweet communion.

I. N. RICHARDSON.

DELPHOS, KAS.

### CAMP MEETINGS.

TO THE EDITOR: You call for thoughts in relation to camp meetings—method of conducting them, etc. In our judgment more time should be given to "conference work." Let the people make short talks—tell their experience, why they became Spiritualists. Call for expressions of their desires giving forth happy thoughts on interblending of soul communion as in the class meetings of the good old times of the by gones, and also let all mediums have due consideration. Do not shake them down—a good test will set the people to thinking and give a desire for further investigating. THE JOURNAL has been a member of our family these many years and we much like its new form and make up—we like its firm adherence to principle and that it may prosper is our wish. And by the way we are to have a short camp meeting at South Haven beginning August 8th, to be held in a beautiful grove on the shores of Lake Michigan, and we hope to see many of the friends in attendance. Living is as cheap as in any town. May THE JOURNAL be on the ground to be seen and distributed.

Fraternally,

MR. AND MRS. LEVI WOOD.

SOUTH HAVEN.

### THE CAMP GROUNDS AND MEETINGS.

TO THE EDITOR: As you ask for items on our camp meetings and as no one except Dr. Richardson of Boston, is older or more experienced in them than myself, a few words may not be out of place from me. I attended and took part in the first two held at Walden Point near Boston, and the third, which was a grand success, at Silver Lake on the Old Colony road south of Boston, which was gotten up and conducted by Dr. H. F. Gardner and Dr. Richardson. I attended all others till I left for California at the end of the Centennial, in 1876, and since my return have visited all the camps in New England except the small one at Rindge, New Hampshire, and also attended the one at Clinton, Iowa. I consider Onset and Lake Pleasant in Massachusetts, and Temple Heights and Etna in Maine and Queen City in Vermont as choice localities for permanent improvements in the ratio as above. Physically, mentally and morally there has been a steady and substantial improvement in them all in New England, and yet there is room for improvement, although in all they are vastly ahead of the Methodists' camps where rowdies annually congregate for a good time.

The oldest and best located and established camp meetings are now able to secure talented speakers of liberal views and draw large crowds. I have seen and addressed audiences that reporters estimated



at ten and fifteen thousand, and I have never witnessed an arrest by an officer, nor a fight in any of the camp grounds; neither have I ever seen a person drunk, although, sometimes, young men, day visitors generally bring bottles of liquor in their pockets. Many of our best mediums visit these camps which hold their sessions from ten days to six weeks and give excellent evidences of spirit presence, many of which I have witnessed and always without any pay being asked or taken from me. Of course the frauds and tricksters also visit such places, and every one should rely on his or her, senses, reason and best judgment in visiting circles or sitting with strangers whatever may be the reputation. From present prospects our camp meetings promise to become permanent as the yearly and quarterly meetings of the Friends have, and to partake more of summer resorts.

WARREN CHASE.

COBDEN, ILL.

R. S. McCormick, Franklin, Pa.: Allow me to say that I know of no paper that I appreciate more than THE JOURNAL. I look forward for its arrival each week with the greatest interest. I often find a single number the full value of a whole year's subscription. I have in years that are past made the phenomenal field of Spiritualism a subject of much investigation, and am well satisfied from my personal experience of the genuineness of all the leading phases of its phenomena. But I am fully satisfied that unless the sensitive is fully unfolded in the higher moral and spiritual nature, so that this becomes the controlling force, so that all these lesser expressions of physical force are made subservient to the higher it is worse than useless. The higher truths to higher minds never can be established by physical phenomena by mere ocular demonstration. The fountain can never rise above its source. The higher spiritual truth, to the advanced spiritual mind is self convincing, self establishing by its own inherent symmetry and sweetness.

## A MOONLIGHT MAID.

We had wandered forth at eventide  
Through the blossoming lane for a stroll;  
I was young and shy, but ardent-eyed,  
And she was the queen of my soul.  
The moon shed silvery sympathy  
As we gazed into the sky of June,  
"Now, what would you do," said my love to me,  
"If you were the man in the moon?"

In her dimpled face I gave one glance,  
And hope leaped high in my breast;  
What lover could wish for a rarer chance  
To put his fate to a test?  
"If I were the man in the moon," said I,  
As I gazed in her face divine,  
"I'd scatter the envious clouds on high  
And for you alone I'd shine."

"I'd gather the stars in a buckle bright  
To gleam on your dainty shoe;  
To a comet I'd hitch my car to-night  
And wander through space with you.  
I'd snatch — "Now stop, that's enough,  
dear me!"

And gayly her laughter rung.  
"If you were the man in the moon," said she,  
"You'd admire me and hold your tongue."  
—SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

## HIS LAST WORDS.

The car was crowded to the doors,  
They hung on by the straps,  
And children sandwiched in the throng  
Sat on the women's laps.  
Still the wild conductor took them on,  
Till crushed down in the brunt  
E'en as he died his last words were,  
"Please move up there in front!"  
—Philadelphia Times.

## Dyspepsia

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed, under this head, are for sale, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

**The Finding of the Gnosis.** A solution of Life's Mystery. Boston: Occult Publishing Company, 66 Boylston St. 1890. pp. 74. Price, 50 cents. This work claims to be "an interior life drama wherein is sought to light the inmost secret of all veritable religions,—the mystery of the divine self." It is a unique poetical exhortation to an ideal life. A finding of the gnosis is a solution of life's divinest mystery, which can be known not by reasoning and only by the sensing power of the spiritual intellect. The work is in form, tone and action an oratorio—an oratorio in speech. It is not without sensuousness but this is subordinated to and made a means of illustrating the fact of the supersensuous, the transcendental, the divine. Many passages are obscure to the ordinary reader, for whom they can have no rational meaning; yet the work is replete with high thought, and lofty aspiration presented in a manner that shows refined, artistic and esthetic taste.

**Topical Index to Gospel Hymns**, consolidated; Gospel Hymns No. 5. Hymns new and old, and the Gospel Choir, to which is added a Christian Worker's Hand Book of Song Service and Bible Readings prepared by William B. Jones. Albany, N. Y., Brandow Printing Co. 1889. pp. 224. Cloth, by mail \$1.25. Mr. Jones has devoted much work to the preparation of this volume which is designed to be practically helpful to ministers, Sunday-school teachers, leaders of religious meetings and all who need suggestions and aid in bible readings. The topical classification of the hymns popularly used will be found useful to those who have to conduct religious song service. There are about three hundred bible readings and song services and numerous suggestive articles. The work is in the interests of evangelical Christianity.

**Heroes and Martyrs of Invention.** By George Makepeace Towle. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1890. pp. 202. Cloth, illustrated, price, \$1.00. S. A. Maxwell & Co., 134 and 140 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. This handsomely bound volume contains narratives as interesting as a novel,—more interesting than most novels. The following are the leading topics of the chapters: Early inventors; Laurence Coster, the discoverer of type printing; John Gutenberg, the inventor of the printing press; Palissy, the potter; William Lee, the inventor of the stocking frame; the builders of the Eddystone; the inventors of cotton machinery, continued; James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine; the Montgolfiers and the balloon; Humphrey Davy and the safety lamp; James Nasmyth and the steam hammer; George Stephenson, the inventor of the railway locomotive; Robert Stephenson, the great bridge builder; Robert Fulton and the steamboat; the struggles of Charles Goodyear; Elias Howe and the sewing machine; iron and its workers.

The *Theosophist* for July is at hand and contains much reading upon Theosophy, occultism and kindred subjects. Price, 50 cents. *Lucifer* for July is also received and contains a variety of articles. Price, 40 cents.

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## A GIRL WORTH HAVING.

A few weeks ago I read in your paper Mr. Moorehead's experience in the Plating Business, in which he cleared \$17.35 in a month; but I beat that if I am a girl. I sent as he directed and got a Plater, and cleared \$208.17 in one month. Can any of your readers beat this? You can get spoons, forks or jewelry to plate at every house. Send \$1 to W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, and they will send you a Plater, and you can make money enough in three hours to pay for it, or address them for circulars. There is plenty of work to do in both city and country, then why should any person be poor or out of employment with such an opportunity at hand. I hope my experience will help others as much as Mr. Moorehead's did me. LAURA B.

## "THE POMPEIA."

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## SONGS AGAINST DEATH.

Death lieth still in the way of life  
Like a stone in the way of a brook;  
I will sing against thee Death, as the brook does,  
I will make thee into music which does not die.

As the woodpecker taps in a spiral quest  
From the root to the top of the tree,  
Then flies to another tree,  
So have I bored into life to find what lay therein.  
And now it is time to die,  
And I will fly to another tree.

Look out, Death: I am coming.  
Art thou not glad? what talks we'll have.  
What memories of old battles.  
Come, bring the bowl, Death: I am thirsty.

He passed behind the disk of death,  
But yet no occultation knew.  
Nay, all more bright therethrough,  
As through a jet-black foil and frame  
Outshone his silver fame.

Leap through the Mystery of death as the  
circus rider leaps through the papered hoop  
..... will we find Life ambling along be-  
neath us on the Other Side? —THE CENTURY.

## CONSOLATION.

View not the passing days with saddened eyes.  
Strive not to stay the cruel march of time.  
Thy life's embittered when thou dost despair—  
And if thou grieve'st dost thou not repine?

Speak not the vanished days, of joyful hours  
In which no recollection comes of grief or pain?  
Why should we mourn for that we cannot help?  
The days are gliding by, the moon's upon the wane.

Must then this gloomy specter ever sit  
Unbidden, like one's shadow, at our side?  
Can we not turn the good right hand of fate?  
Must Clothes ever spin and never be denied?

If it be fixed that locks must bleach and lines  
must grow,  
Why should we fret at work this dainty artist  
does so fine?

I like these thickly growing locks of silver gray,  
For make they not a brilliant contrast, love, to  
thine?

Then let this crabb'd "saythe-bearer" draw his  
marks—

E'en though he made a map of our whole skin  
He'd fail to put a line upon our hearts,  
'Tis not the outward shell one bears that tells,  
but that within. —L. H. W.

## NO EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY.

A young Catholic priest, shortly after  
beginning his labors in his first parish, re-  
ceived a visit from one of the older fathers.  
Anxious to show the progress he had made,  
he called up a class in catechism for ques-  
tioning.

"Biddy Maloney," he began, "stand up."  
A slip of a girl, with blue eyes and  
brown freckles, arose in her place.

"What, Biddy," said the young father,  
"is meant by the howly state of matri-  
mony?"

"Shure," began Biddy, glibly, "'tis a say-  
son of torment upon which the soul inter-  
s to fit it for the blissid state to come."

"Och!" cried the questioner, angry and  
mortified; "to the foot of the class wid ye,  
Biddy Maloney. It's the maning of pur-  
gatory ye're afther givin'."

But here the old priest interposed, with  
a quizzical smile. "Not too fast, me  
young brother," he said restrainingly—  
"not too fast. Fer aught you and I know  
to the contrary, the gurrul may be per-  
fectly right."

Of the Summer girls of 1890, the Cincin-  
nati *Gazette* has this to say: "Among the  
belles of to-day the Lydia Langshishes  
would not stand a ghost of a show. The  
pale, interesting, and simpering beauty of  
the past, who wept copiously and fainted  
on the smallest provocation, has gone, let  
us hope, forever. The chosen and admired  
belle of to-day has bright eyes and rosy  
cheeks. She laughs, and dives, and swims,  
and rides, and is eager in open air sports  
as her brother, with privileges scarcely  
less than his, and her strong young heart  
beats with regular emphasis of health and  
happiness. Doubtless God might have  
made something sweeter than the summer  
girl of the season of 1890, but doubtless God  
never did, and the young man of the sea-  
son should be reverently thankful in his  
heart for the exalted privileges which is  
his of wooing and winning her.

*Pittsburg Bulletin*: Soon there will be  
no profession or trade left as a proud man's  
very own. Women have successfully mas-  
tered farming, doctoring, the law, tele-  
graphy, and many other pursuits, and now  
an Ohio woman has begun work on a rail-  
road building contract. A female captain  
cruises along the Atlantic coast in a neat  
schooner of her own, and a steamboat on  
the Mississippi possesses a woman engineer.

Mrs. Oliphant is making a tour of the  
Holy Land, and will write a book on the  
region, the material for which she is la-  
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stools per day. The doctors ordered a medi-  
cine that I was satisfied would be of no  
benefit to me. I did not take it, but per-  
suaded my nurse to get me some of Dr.  
Ayer's Pills. About two o'clock in the after-  
noon I took six of these pills, and by mid-  
night began to feel better. In the morning  
the doctors came again, and after deciding  
that my symptoms were more favorable, gave  
me a different medicine, which I did not use,  
but took four more of the pills instead. The  
next day the doctors came to see me, and  
thought I was doing nicely, (and so did I).  
I then took one pill a day for a week. At the  
end of that time, I considered myself cured  
and that Ayer's Pills had saved my life. I  
was then weak, but had no return of the  
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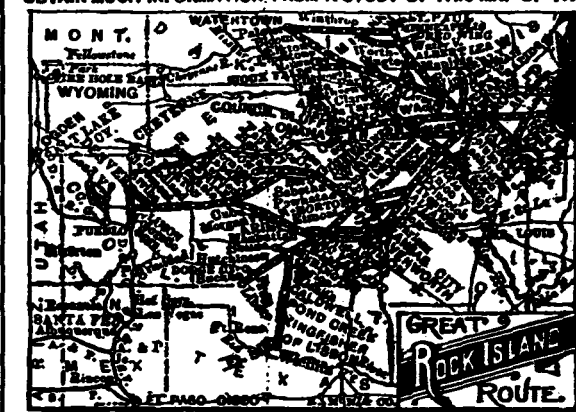
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Seventeen editorial contributors, from five different religious organizations. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

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## NOT THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

TO THE EDITOR: Not long ago I visited the house of a friend in the afternoon. The lady of the house was out shopping but soon came in and sat down by a window near me, talking pleasantly of common affairs. Soon she said to me, "I see a man standing by you wishing to be recognized," and went on to tell of a tall and singularly graceful figure, a finely delicate temperament, a character which led others to think of him as more a saint than a mortal, and then gave his name as that of one who had been in the Spirit-world a score of years or more. The description was a singularly fine one, as to both person and character of a man whom I knew well in my boyhood. She also described and named three others with equal correctness, I recognizing them all before the names were given and she being in a perfectly normal state throughout. The persons described she said she had never heard of, and they surely were not in my mind. All was unexpected to me.

Scientists talk of "thought transference"—the latest device, as "unconscious cerebration" is about worn out. Had these persons been strongly in my mind, hoped for and expected, such transference might be possible, but that a thought lying in my mind in such a dim way could come out in the mind of another with such vivid distinctness is, to me, absurd, and far-fetched.

These scientific gentlemen are royal doubters, but they yield, when compelled, and use the thing which they repudiated yesterday as a club to knock down what they would not have come up to-day. Hypnotism and clairvoyance they accept, and make clubs of to knock down the spirits with.

Go on gentlemen, your blows will be harmless. G. B. STEBBINS.

## CASSADAGA LAKE F. A.

The eleventh annual camp meeting of the Cassadaga Lake Free association is now in full progress. The receipts at the gate for the opening day and the first Sunday indicated unusual interest, being largely in excess of previous years. The following speakers were present and have taken part in the platform work: Hon. Sidney Dean, of Rhode Island; Lyman C. Howe, of Fredonia, N. Y.; Walter Howell and Miss Jennie B. Hagan, of Massachusetts. The Northwestern orchestra of Meadville, Pa., is engaged for the season, and John T. Lillie, of Boston, celebrated as a vocalist sings at each entertainment, giving piano accompaniment. Saturday and Sunday the Damon Family orchestra, of Corry, Pa., will be present and participate in the musical part of the entertainments. The platform work has been of a very high order and is worthy of cordial approval and commendation. Such is the general verdict of the auditors. The work has been constructive—to build up rather than to tear down—not an iconoclastic utterance has been heard in any of the lectures.

The grounds are in good condition. The cottages and hotel have been rapidly filling up with their accustomed occupants. Three pleasure steamers are running on the lake for the accommodation of visitors. Every phase of psychic phenomena is represented on the grounds. Better lectures, better music and better improvisations were never heard on this or any other platform. Lily Dale may well be proud of her platform entertainment thus far.

There are no sensations about startling phenomena. The marvelous has ceased to surprise. Investigators seem to be calm, quiet and self possessed. The management has manifested wise discretion in its choice of platform workers. And at the conference to-day one of the directors said if any medium should be proved to be a fraud he would help to expel such an one from the camp. ECHO.

## PRESS OPINIONS.

The Danville, (Va.) Times, June 5.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has come out in a new form. Instead of being a great big unwieldy sheet of eight pages, it has 16 small pages bound together. We greatly prefer the latter shape. Nobody who wants to keep up with the times ought to eschew what the Spiritualists have to say, and the aforesaid paper is their organ. We have been reading it for years; it is an able paper and we find much in it to interest and instruct us. But, we don't believe in spirits, never having seen one, nor heard one. If indeed disembodied spirits do visit this earth, they stay too short a time for a person to become acquainted with them.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is beautifully printed. Its motto is: "Truth wears no mask, bows at no shrine, seeks neither place nor applause, she only asks a hearing."

Delphi (Ind.) Journal, June 5.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, comes this week, with a new dress on. The appearance of the paper is greatly improved, and gives evidence of prosperity. No one can read this paper and not admire the candor and independence that characterizes its editorial utterances. Specimen copies of THE JOURNAL will be sent free to any address. The subscription price is \$2.50 per year.

Camp Point (Ill.) Journal, June 5.

We have received from the publisher and editor, Col. John C. Bundy, a copy of THE

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, devoted to a discussion of psychic questions which it does in an able, impartial manner. Col. Bundy is thoroughly equipped in this discussion, and has called to his assistance some of the ablest minds in America.

Sandwich (Ill.) Argus, June 7.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL has changed its dress and form. This JOURNAL has long stood in the front as an independent critique of beliefs, and with most decided opinion, joins an intense contempt for "shams" both in religious and secular life. The editor, Col. Bundy, is one of the most genial of gentlemen, so we have often wondered where he gets the vinegar he occasionally puts into his articles, but we are sure it never comes amiss. This paper is very much improved.

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FOR

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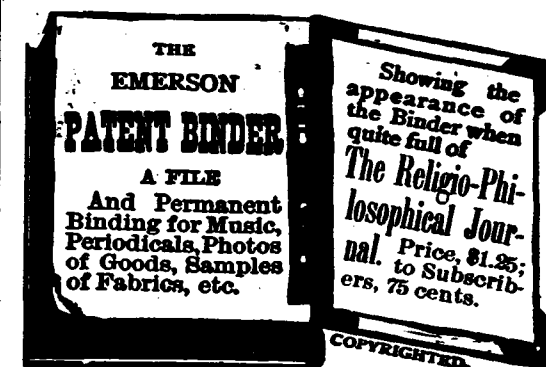
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— A —

CHAPTER OF EXPERIENCES.

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# RELIGIO THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, AUG. 16, 1890.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 12.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

English medical men want parliament to make the practice of hypnotism their exclusive privilege.

The Sunis and Shais, the two rival sects of Indian Mahometanism, are fiercely wrangling over the proper way to say "Amen" during worship. The one side would utter it softly and reverently and the other in tones of joyful triumph. A great convention to decide the question has been called at the Juma Musjid, and a lively time is expected.

Referring to Tolstoi's last novel a writer says: These intellectual dissections and fanciful ideas are about on a par with the ordinary revivalist preaching on round dances, producing therefrom prurient imaginings which existed in the minds of very few youths and maidens before these same starters of wrong ideas set the ball rolling. To the question: "Don't you think that statue indecent?" a wise man answered: "No, sir; but your question is."

The first installment of the profit sharing system, inaugurated by the Illinois Steel Company last winter, was paid July 28th, to the 960 employees who had been in continuous service for one year. The amount distributed was \$4,000, or 1 per cent of the salaries received. This distribution will take place every quarter at the increased rate of 1 per cent per year till it reaches 5 per cent., where it will remain. This only applies to the company's Joliet works. The plan takes well with the men.

W. T. Foster of Omaha says that the greatest August storms will occur from the 16th to the 24th. "During this period two storm waves will cross the continent. The first will be due to leave the Pacific coast about the 15th, and will cross the Mississippi Valley from the 16th to 18th, reaching the Atlantic coast about the 19th. It will be at its greatest force about the 19th in the Eastern States. The next storm wave of this period will be due to leave the Pacific coast about the 21st, cross the Mississippi Valley from the 22d to 24th, and reach the Atlantic coast about the 25th."

Some of Schweinfurth's "angels" without wings, have become mothers and another, Miss Weldon, will, it is expected, soon be a mother. The impostor and his dupes say that the children were conceived of the Holy Ghost. A manifesto, signed by Schweinfurth and all the members of his household, some forty, affirms belief in immaculate conception. There is a strong feeling of indignation against the pretended messiah, to allay which, it is thought, a license was applied for and obtained on the 8th inst. for his marriage to Miss Weldon. This is a practical admission of his relations with her, not exactly consistent with his divine pretensions, and it is not reparation to the other "angels" of his household whom he has wronged.

The Salvation Army still thrives wonderfully in England, its native home. The twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization was recently celebrated at the Crystal Palace near London. Besides crowds of spec-

tators it is said that 60,000 members of the body were present and representatives from thirty-three counties. Gen. Booth prophesied that in another quarter of a century the army would have a crystal palace of its own. The *Times* wonders at its triumphs, but surmises that they will prove only temporary. The same journal, after observing that the religious basis of the army is exceedingly wide, expresses its opinion that the really active salvationists are nearly all "chapel people." The general has opened a bank for his adherents, whose faith in him financially is boundless.

Many of the newspapers of the country have referred to the bungling, inefficient way in which the first execution by electricity was managed as a sufficient reason for returning in New York to the barbarity of the gallows. The blundering in the Auburn prison the other day was not as bad as occurs every year in executions by the old method of hanging. While the infliction of the death penalty, itself barbarous, must continue, let it be by electricity with the method perfected, or by any other means that will make death instantaneous, painless and free from the circumstances of a shocking exhibition. Meanwhile the opponents of capital punishment should make their influence more powerfully felt in strengthening public sentiment against dealing with criminals in a way utterly unworthy a civilized people.

On the morning of the 11th ultimo, at about 2 o'clock in the morning, J. C. Fender who keeps a restaurant in Kansas City, was awakened from a sleep by dreaming that friends had arrived to tell him of his mother's death. For years the old lady had been living at Schenectady, N. Y., but had lately been visiting friends in Illinois. The seeming reality of the awful news so impressed Fender that he was unable to sleep during the remainder of the night. When morning came he informed others at the restaurant of what he had dreamed, saying that he intended to telegraph to the little Illinois village and verify the truthfulness or falsity of the somber vision of the previous night. He did so. Soon the reply came—it was this: "Your mother died Saturday night and was buried Tuesday."

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore delivered the closing address at the National Universalist Association meeting at Weirs, N. H., on the 10th instant. Some of her opinions excited much interest, especially those relating to the resurrection of the dead. She said: "I believe that Jesus Christ rose from the dead. I believe that since then men have risen from the dead and that hereafter resurrections, will come more frequently. In my opinion the time will come when it will be a common thing for a person to say that he has seen such a one who has been dead perhaps fifty years. In that time the earth will see visions not now dreamed of, when the veil that separates us from the spiritual world will from time to time be removed and allow us glimpses of spiritual things. Nature gives us no function without an opportunity to use it."

In regard to clairvoyance the *Phrenological Journal* says: We are not able to explain clairvoyance on any other basis than that of a remarkable exaltation of the senses of a subject which enables him to absorb or obtain from the agent or person *en rapport* with

him, or from others, by a peculiar mental telegraphy, impressions new or old that have been made upon their minds. Then, too, it has a subjective form in which the person who shows the clairvoyant power or state, sees or hears impressions that have been made in the course of his life upon his own mind. According to incident circumstances these impressions are unconsciously revived. They may have been forgotten in the ever onward course of human experience. What you may see in the half-awake condition of returning consciousness after a night's sleep, has its origin in old and probably quite forgotten impressions. We are of opinion this singular state of the mind can be cultivated, and made available to scientific observation.

The decree of the Russian despot in regard to the Jews smacks decidedly of the age of Richard II., of Ferdinand and of the middle ages. The czar is the head of the Greek church and the spiritual pontiff as well as the temporal sovereign. He professes to be filled with zeal for religion and of those who deny the Christian Savior, he is determined to make an example, since they have no rights which a Christian monarch or a Christian people are bound to respect. The application of the edicts in 1882 against the Jews says the *American Israelite* "leaves to the millions of Israelites the alternatives, to be the most degraded and outlawed class of inhabitants in Russia, to be reduced to starvation, begging or stealing, to emigrate or to commit suicide, or—and this is the intended alternative—to plunge themselves blindly and desperately into the muddy sea of superstition called the Greek church, as those Israelites in Spain and Portugal did in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; to be renegades, hypocrites and liars in broad daylight, penitent, self-tormenting and lamenting Jews under the cover of night and darkness." The head of the Greek church proscribed not only the Jews but all who presume to offer any form of worship that is heretical.

The action of the post office department in excluding from the mails Tolstoi's novel, *The Kreutzer Sonata*, is, says the *Springfield Republican*, foolish, chiefly because it will create a factitious demand for the book, and it is perhaps unjust as condemning a very serious assertion of sincere beliefs advanced with a wholly moral purpose. These beliefs embody a radical assault on the marriage relation, as the foundation of the entire social organism, but so far from proposing any laxity of sexual morals, so far from inciting to or apologizing for vice, Tolstoi preaches a bitter and rigid asceticism, the utter crucifixion of the appetites, to the end that the human race may be utterly destroyed. Such a book can not be condemned with any show of reason if the liberty of speech and of the press is to be maintained, and it does not seem as if the officials can have read the book, but rather as if they had issued their mandate on common rumor, misconstruing the current criticism, justly severe on the revolting character of this strange and savage development of a warped and ruined intellect. The Russian censor should be left the monopoly of this method of meeting error. It is wholly out of place in our country, however it may accord with a despotism which "blacks" and tears out articles in magazines and newspapers.

## THE SUFFERINGS OF THE JEWS.

A resolution was last week introduced in the House of Representatives authorizing the President to send to Russia, through the proper channels, a respectful but earnest protest against the proposed enforcement, in that country, of the edicts of 1882 against the Jews. A preamble to the resolution recites that it has been reported through the public press by telegraph that the Russian government has ordered to be enforced the edicts of 1882 against the Jews, which edicts have hitherto been held in abeyance, under which the Jews dwelling in Russia must henceforth reside in certain towns only, and will not be permitted to own land or hire it for agricultural purposes, or hold shares in or work mines, or to enter the army, or practice medicine or law, or to be engineers or enter any of the learned professions, and excluding them from holding positions under the government. The resolution was referred to the committee on foreign affairs. This renewal of intolerance and cruel wrong by the Russian government, in the treatment of the Jews, brings to mind the great injustice and suffering they have experienced in Christian nations in the past.

During the middle ages they were objects of the most bitter and cruel persecution. They were separated from their fellow men, compelled to live in certain quarters and to wear a peculiar dress. They could not eat with Christians, no Christian could employ them as physicians, nor could he purchase drugs of them. Intermarriage with them was a terrible crime. Queen Joanna II., in 1347, in a statute regulating houses of ill-fame in Avignon, after providing fully and with great particularity for the accommodation of Christians, enacted that no Jew should be admitted under severe penalties. When they were executed the Jews were separated from other criminals and were hanged between dogs, head downwards. Every ecclesiastical revival, every accession of a new sovereign, was an occasion for fresh restrictions and renewed cruelties. The Christian clergy maintained that all the property the Jews possessed could be lawfully taken from them, and they incited the people to plunder and rob them. They were banished from England by Edward II. and from France by Charles VI. They sought refuge in Spain and contributed by their genius and learning to the greatness of that country. "But when," as Lecky says, "in an ill-omened hour the cross supplanted the crescent on the heights of Alhambra, this solitary refuge was denied them, and the expulsion of the Jews was determined on." The clergy were tireless in their efforts to secure their expulsion; and when Isabella issued the celebrated decree of banishment, she carried out the wishes of the priests and the people.

Various estimates have been made of the number of Jews whom the inquisition in that age drove from Spain, the lowest being one hundred and sixty thousand, and the highest eight hundred thousand. Among the number were Lord Beaconsfield's ancestors, who fled to Venice. The sufferings of the Spanish Jews caused by these measures are represented by an old historian as terrible as those of their ancestors during the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. The decree required that all Jews should leave Spanish soil in three months. They were forbidden to carry gold or silver from the country. "The wealth which they accumulated by trade," says Gibbon, "and the management of the finances invited the pious avarice of their masters, and they might be oppressed without danger as they had lost the use and remembrance of arms." The pirates that infested the coast robbed multitudes of their goods and then made them slaves. Tens of thousands died of famine and pestilence at the hands of the Bedouins. Eighty thousand took refuge in Portugal, having received from the King promise of protection. But the Spanish priests stirred up the Portuguese, for which purpose a mission was organized, and the king soon issued a decree more cruel than that of the Spanish queen. All adult Jews were included in the decree. All their children under fourteen years of age were taken from them to be educated in the Christian faith. The exiles went into the wildest paroxysms of despair. Some mothers flung their children into wells rather than give them

up to Christians. Ships were purposely detained beyond the allotted time for their departure and they were reduced to slavery and baptized by force. Rome intervened and most of the Jews regained their liberty, but their children were never restored to them. The shrieks of anguish that filled the land at length ceased and a peal of rejoicing proclaimed the triumph of the Spanish priests.

From the time here referred to down to the present, the treatment of the Jews by the people of Christian nations has steadily improved, though it has by no means been generous or just. In many of the European countries, civil disabilities have been removed; and in England but a few years ago, the world witnessed the elevation of a member of the despised race to the highest position to which a British subject can attain. In Germany and Russia there have been, of late years, manifestations of prejudice and hostility against the Jews. Sadly at variance with the principles of justice, liberality and religious liberty. It is not strange that they have received but little protection from Russia, for that is not a land of enlightened ideas or religious tolerance, and the Czar himself lives in daily fear of his life, but there is something anomalous and painful to contemplate in the unreasonable persecution of this people in a country like Germany. It is not ten years since, at a conference of "the Orthodox Evangelical Clergy," held at Berlin, a prominent clergyman said, "The rights already accorded to the Jews should be withdrawn;" and he recommended and the conference adopted resolutions calling for the subordination and humiliation of the Jews. Thus, in the closing quarter of the nineteenth century we see, as Carl Vogt has remarked, a manifestation of that deep-seated hatred and cruel spirit of persecution, exhibitions of which toward the Jews were once unrestrained throughout Christendom.

It is an important part of the work of the liberal reformer to discourage and condemn every effort to revive or strengthen prejudices and hatreds which had their origin in ages of fanatical superstition, on account of race or religion.

## HOW RELIGIOUS EVOLUTION PROCEEDS.

It is unavoidable in a period of transition like the present, when the foundations of much that is old are unsettled and those of much that is new are unestablished that men who substantially agree should dispute about terms, and that others who widely differ in their theoretical views should be in practical sympathy with one another. Many who have outgrown ancestral beliefs retain a reverent regard for the names and symbols of the past, while others who have been unable to cast aside speculative beliefs, the conditions of which came to them as a birthright and the germs of which were implanted in their minds in early youth, have nevertheless imbibed much of the liberal, catholic and cosmopolitan spirit of the age. Broad, generous, honest men, without belief in supernaturalism of any kind, are often found who yet insist on classing themselves among Christians, and are, in fact, largely dominated by the ecclesiastical methods and the doctrinal spirit of the system the name of which they repudiate. Thus we see that the past everywhere asserts itself. The influence of the so-called dead is greater than the influence of all the living.

Men cannot break away suddenly from their acquired beliefs and inherited tendencies, nor can they wholly resist the thought and tendency of their time. Thought that is new is partially assimilated and expressed in a phraseology that belongs to the past, while old thought is presented in language that is now carrying with it by implication of the words, meanings that could not have been understood in earlier times. Adherents of the old order of things are often shocked and those of the latest thought are often provoked by the inconsistencies involved in the transition.

The advanced leaders of organizations representing decaying beliefs endeavor to secure contact with modern thought by teaching as much of the new science as is prudent, while organizations which are outgrowths of modern thought maintain their connection

with the past by welcoming to their platform representatives of the old faith who are known to be largely in sympathy with the liberal philosophy and spirit of the day.

The result is that old organizations through their organs and representatives give expression to a large amount of the most advanced thought, while it must be confessed that the new organizations through their exponents encourage much of the thought and method which are closely allied to and indeed are a part of the superstition of the past.

He who looks for evidences of growth and progress only in radical organizations makes a great mistake. Evolution is along the line of the existing order of things which includes the churches and popular religious belief. Progress in the churches sometimes doubtless seems slow, but it is as rapid as is consistent with the adjustment of the popular mind to the changes involved.

## THE CHURCH AND REFORM.

Said a Christian paper sometime ago, "She [the church] is losing her hold on the masses. Socialist and infidel writers and speakers are gaining a hearing where Christian teachers have practically no influence. To win the working classes, we must interest ourselves in the things which interest them. The frequent struggles against the tyranny of great corporations, the endeavor to retain manhood in a system which has so divided and sub-divided labor that it is hard for a man to be more than an animated machine, the aspiration to secure better homes and a fairer portion of the fruits of industry;—these things call for Christian counsel, Christian sympathy, and Christian coöperation. If the working classes have lost confidence in the churches, the first duty of the churches is by sincere words and works to seek a renewal of that confidence."

"Socialist and infidel writers and speakers are gaining a hearing where Christian teachers have practically no influence," because the former have and the latter have not, to the same extent at least, been with the people in their struggles against injustice and wrong. And now since the church is losing her hold on the masses, something must be done to secure a renewal of that confidence which she has lost by her indifference to the people's worldly interests. Very good; but if the church has divine truth in her possession, why has she fallen behind the "socialist and infidel" writers in matters of vital interest involving the "aspiration to secure better homes and a fairer portion of the fruits of industry"?

Similar complaint is made by theological writers in Europe. A few years ago Rev. George Gilfillan confessed that "for a wise and moderate extension of the right of voting, or any other boons to the lower orders she [the church] never asked and probably never will. All this," he added, "shows the weakness of our present Christianity; its want of vital force, its incapacity to cope with the age and the uncertainty of its prospects as to the future, if not favored by supernatural aid."

The same in effect, although different in spirit is the testimony of Rev. J. W. Carter who said a few years ago: "The republican and infidel walk hand in hand, sowing broadcast the seeds of their pernicious doctrines. Some in high places openly advocate republican principles and sneer at the theory of constitutional monarchy in this liberal enlightened nineteenth century as an anachronism. Privileged classes, they advise, should be abolished, and the power of the government delegated to the people."

This is true. The free thinkers of England, France, Italy and other European countries have been untiring in their efforts to extend the right of suffrage and to better the condition of the masses. Their reward has been not unfrequently imprisonment, fine or exile. Some of them, happily, have lived to witness the partial triumph of the reform which they initiated, or for which they labored and suffered, and to hear the clergy claim them as an outgrowth of their absurd theological dogmas. "It is not" as Col. T. W. Higginson says, "that there were worse men inside the church, but they were preoccupied with saving the



souls of men by some doctrine or ritual, and so left it to unbelievers and secular men to look after the bodies."

"The first nation in Europe," to quote again the words of Higginson "that abolished slavery in the colonies—France, in 1793—did in the same session abolish Christianity; and when Christianity was restored slavery came back also." Freethinkers were prominent in the anti-slavery movement in this country long before it became popular, when eminent orthodox divines like Moses Stuart of Andover and Alexander Campbell were quoting scripture in its favor, when Christian missionaries were slave holders, when Christian churches owned slaves and paid the minister's salary from the profits of their labor, when African missionary societies had property in slaves and forbade teaching slaves to read and write. When no pulpit in Boston was open to "infidel" Garrison for an anti-slavery lecture, Abner Kneeland, who was imprisoned in Boston two months for blasphemy, opened his hall to the great Abolitionist, and told him to occupy his desk. His idea was that expressed by the oldest of Greek poets, "To speak his thoughts is every freeman's right." The cause of woman's rights was cradled in heresy. Francis Wright and Ernestine L. Rose, fearless pioneers of the movement, with a few others, were pointing out the disadvantages and disabilities under which women labored when the orthodox clergy were everywhere quoting Moses and St. Paul to show that woman's submission was a duty and that the measures advocated by the persons named were "infidel" in their character and degrading in their influence.

During the last quarter of a century the teachings of the church have become somewhat rationalized, and its more sagacious and advanced representatives have honestly endeavored to bring it in harmony with the thought and spirit of the age, but it is still true to-day as it was thirty years ago, that liberals, to quote from the *Independent* of that time "are the pioneers beckoning to a sluggish church to follow in the rear." The whole influence of the church to-day is in favor of Puritanical Sunday laws. Every effort made to banish sectarianism from the public schools, the judicial oath from the courts, to make the churches bear their just proportion of taxes, in short every effort to complete the disjunction of church and state in this republic, is stubbornly resisted by most of the clergy and church leaders. The orthodox papers are almost unanimous in opposing any movement for the abolition of the barbarism of hanging men and women for capital offenses. In England, in France, in Germany, in Russia, the church in proportion as it is orthodox and unprogressive theologically, is the foe of freedom and the main obstacle to the people's advancement. No wonder the church is losing her hold on the masses and that socialists and liberal thinkers, writers and speakers are having an influence where the dogmatism of the preacher in regard to speculative matters is not in demand. But it must be conceded that many of the clergy see the importance of the coöperation of their societies with practical reform, and every year the church is laying less stress on theological beliefs and giving more attention to moral and social problems.

The adoption in Wales of what is known as the Rhyl resolution, which demands for every liberal candidate for the Welsh constituencies at the next general election a pledge not to support any liberal government that will not undertake to bring in a bill to disestablish the Church of Wales, either concurrently with, or immediately after the passage of the measure of home rule for Ireland and that the subject shall be dealt with by the same parliament, shows not only how keenly the Welsh people, mostly non-conformists, feel the injustice of compulsory support of a state church, but a grievance very sorely felt by them as to the repeated disappointment they have met with from successive Liberal governments in neglecting to give Welsh disestablishment a place in their programme. Mr. Gladstone has admitted that the question is one which must be dealt with, and he only gives the prior claim to a measure of Irish Home Rule, to which he is

so deeply committed. His views in this respect are very commonly shared by the Liberal leaders as a body, and there can be no doubt that in the programme of the next Liberal government Welsh disestablishment will find a prominent place. But the feeling of the North Wales Federation Executive was that, after their repeated disappointments, and the uncertainty of any general promises being faithfully and speedily observed, the Welsh people, following the precedent set by the Irish Nationalist party with regard to Home Rule, should place disestablishment above all other political considerations, and vote against every candidate at the next general election who refuses to pledge himself to force the question to the front, even to the extent of opposing a Liberal government if they do not at once deal with it. Welsh disestablishment has become a recognized plank in the Liberal platform, and no Liberal government of the future will venture to ignore or even to neglect it.

Lilian Whiting writes: The church is discovering that it has a far more vital and essential work than to discuss theological problems. It is to be the ministry to light, as the work of Jesus, its founder, was. "The man who dies rich without having done anything to benefit others with his riches, dies disgraced," said Andrew Carnegie, and the words express a true sentiment of the day. Self-culture is no longer the highest aim, there is something beyond—the culture of others. Privileges and responsibilities; they are something to be passed on, as well as enjoyed. No man has any right to be rich and cultivated and happy, unless he is doing something to make other people better off in worldly goods, more intelligent, and therefore happier. This new movement in Christianity bringing its power to bear, as did Jesus, on the daily life of humanity, is concerned in better conditions of labor. It means lessening the hours of service, and increasing the hours for participation in study, reading, and social enjoyments. It is concerned in co-operative and profit-sharing labor; in political enlightenment and patriotism; in all that makes for the development of the individual and the progress of society. Is not this something to care about? . . . Belief, or a form of belief counts for something, because it has its reactionary influence on life. But for the most part it is religion, not theology, that we want, and the church must come to the people, and the people to the church, to consider the vital questions of the development and advancement of the individual, and learning and life must meet.

The agents of the suppressed French betting society known as the Pari-Mutuel, hard pressed by the police in their usual haunts, are using churches in which to carry on their illicit betting traffic. Several churches around the Faubourg Montmartre, in Paris, have been visited by groups of men, holding in their hands little books suggestive of neither hymnal nor liturgy, selecting the dark corners of the buildings frequented for communication between the agents and their clients and reassembling at the same places after the results of the races are known to settle accounts. The scathing utterance of centuries ago is brought to mind: "My house is a house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves." What a wicked people the French are exclaims the puritanical pietist. But the same paper which records the above contains a special, stating that the officers of Camp Marion, the great meeting ground of the St. Louis Methodists are "all torn up" over the discovery that many of the attendants this year are not there so much for religious instruction as for the purpose of engaging in a quiet game of cards in the hallowed precincts, where they will be free from police interference. During a love feast several of the sisters took advantage of the occasion to denounce card playing in general, especially progressive euchre. Charges of ungodliness in the church were freely made by several ladies, one of them asserting that the grounds were desecrated by a roystering card-playing party, who straddled the ante in the rear of certain tents and opened jack pots back of the speakers' platform. This statement raised a decided sensation among the worshipers present.

Since the publication of "The Kreutzer Sonata" Tolstoi has written: "Now there is not and can not be such an institution as Christian marriage, just as there can not be such a thing as Christian liturgy (Matt. vi., 5-12; John iv., 21); nor Christian teachers nor church fathers (Matt. xxiii., 8-10); nor Christians at Christian law-courts, nor Christian states, palaces, what was always taught and believed by true Christians of the first and following centuries. A Christian's ideal is not marriage, but love for God and for his neighbor; consequently in the eyes of a Christian sexual relations in marriage not only do not constitute a lawful right and happy state, as our society and our churches maintain, but, on the contrary, are always a fall, a weakness, a sin. Such a thing as Christian marriage never was and never could be. Christ did not marry; nor did he establish marriage; neither did his disciples marry. But a Christian (and by this term I understand not those who call themselves Christians merely because they were baptized and still receive the sacrament once a year, but those whose lives are shaped and regulated by the teachings of Christ)—Christian, I say, can not view ordinary wedlock otherwise than as a deviation from the doctrine of Christ—as a sin. This is clearly laid down in Matt. v., 28, and the ceremony called Christian marriage does not alter its character one jot. A Christian will never, therefore, desire marriage, but will always avoid it.

The Clarks of Cambridge will construct a lens that will make the moon appear less than 100 miles distant. In 1840 Alvan Clark, Sr. was making seven and eight inch refractors of great excellence. In 1861 the Clarks made a telescope with an eighteen-inch aperture. The twenty-six-inch refractor of the Naval Observatory at Washington was the masterpiece of its day, and was made by the Clarks in 1873. A duplicate of this was made for the University of Virginia, a twenty-three-inch for Princeton, and then one of thirty inches for the St. Petersburg Conservatory. Next, the thirty-six-inch Lick telescope was made, and finally they have reached the forty-inch glass. Most of these telescopes were at the time the largest and most powerful in existence, and the thirty-inch, the thirty-six-inch, and the forty-inch had no compeers. No other opticians in the world are prepared to undertake the task of making a lense of the last-named size. When completed, it will be mounted in an observatory to be situated on Wilson Peak, thirteen miles from Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Clark and Prof. Pickering of Harvard think that this is the finest site for a telescope in the world. The atmosphere is clear and steady—conditions necessary for good observations.

In the summer of 1865, the summer after the downfall of the great rebellion, a company of Americans sailing along the Arctic ocean landed on the wild coast of Norway where the ice-clad fields overtop the sea, and where the sun shines full and clear throughout the night. From the beach a giant cliff towered half a mile in air. At its base, clustered around a fire of drift wood a group of Lapps clad in the skins of the reindeer. As the Americans approached, the chief of the group, an old man decrepit and bent with years advanced to meet the strangers and inquired in Norwegian whence they came. On receiving a reply "From America," the old man paused. Then raising himself up to his full height and stretching forth his hand, he asked with eager, trembling voice: "Tell me sirs, does freedom yet live in that far-off land?"

A cyclone is a rotary storm two or three hundred miles and sometimes as much as a thousand miles in diameter, which originates in the tropics and moves diagonally over the surface of the earth northward or southward. The center of a cyclone is a region of calm. A tornado is a whirling windstorm only a few hundred yards in diameter, the center of which is occupied by the characteristic cone-shaped or funnel-shaped cloud whose destructive power is terrific. All the storms which have wrought so much loss of life, and destruction of property in the west this year, were tornadoes, though the name "cyclone" has often improperly been applied to them.

## THE NEW THOUGHTS ABOUT HYPNOTISM.

of  
BY PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.

"What is hypnotism? A few years ago, if the question had been asked, 'What is electricity?' many learned men would have been ready with an answer something like the following: 'Electricity is an imponderable fluid different from matter but capable of entering into relation with matter in various ways and quantities and thus causing matter to manifest what are called electrical and magnetic phenomena.' This answer is in keeping with the usual way in which people in general and even men of science try to explain natural phenomena. But the electric fluid is now a thing of the past. The electric fluid, caloric, phlogiston, vital principle and such like assumed but necessary elements are now regarded merely as landmarks in the history of the progress of the sciences, and as warnings to future generations against relying upon hypothetical elements as a means of explaining any class of natural phenomena. The same fate has overtaken the mesmeric or magnetic fluid which was at one time supposed to pass from the mesmerizer to his subject. And even if we had nothing better to offer as a substitute for it, it must be regarded as an untenable supposition. The profound experimental and mathematical researches of such men as Faraday, Sir Wm. Thomson, Maxwell, Prof. Elihu Thompson and others have compelled us to surrender the theory of an electric fluid; and while they have not as yet worked out for us a full theory of electricity, do nevertheless point to a conclusion that, if, under the term matter, we include the all-pervading ether then static electricity, the electrical current and magnetism must be regarded as phenomena of matter. A state of strain, matter in a state of undulation, and matter in a state of vortical motion; and so, the more recent experimental investigations in mesmerism and hypnotism have exposed the worthlessness of the theory of a mesmeric fluid; and, while they have not perfected a full theory of hypnotic phenomena do, nevertheless, furnish the key to their ultimate solution by means not of hypothetical, but of known elements.

Let us now see what light has been thrown upon mesmerism or hypnotism by recent investigations. The mesmerizers not all of them imagined that they threw into their subjects an invisible fluid which wrought the marvels. The hypnotizers (and, before them, some mesmerizers) say that they throw into the subject a suggestion, and it does what the mesmeric fluid was supposed to do. Has the hypnotizer gained anything, or has he merely substituted one word for another, both of which leave us in the dark, since neither one alone explains the results which follow? We answer that he has gained much, but not as much as is perhaps generally supposed. Instead of looking outside of the subject operated upon for an extraneous power adequate to the production of the results which he obtains, he looks within the subject for the power; and as he is looking in the right direction for it he will be more likely to find it and to detect its true nature and its method of action than he would be if, as formerly, he were looking in the wrong direction for it. He has discovered that the real source of all hypnotic phenomena is the subject himself or herself. But, beyond the fact that the hypnotic subject, unconsciously or consciously, really does or produces all the marvelous things that are called hypnotic, he can go but a very little way in an explanation of them. It is very easy, and quite the fashion, when an explanation is called for, to say that it is all the result of a suggestion; and this is about as far as many choose to go, being really satisfied that that word explains it all. A wee bit of a spark touches off a very elaborate piece of fireworks; and so a suggestion is only the tiny, insignificant thing that sets agoing a train of complex, interrelated and entangled psychic and organic movements which are as prearranged, organized and de-

termined by the mental and physical structure of the subject as was the elaborate piece of fireworks before the spark was applied to it. Now it is just these internal, psychical and organic movements—these silent and invisible fireworks—that are the very core of hypnotism. Yet what do we know about them? Very little indeed.

If we only substitute for the word suggestion the thing signified by it, and then try to follow that thing into the subject, into his body and mind, in order that we may see how it operates in the production of the results which are produced, we soon become convinced that we cannot understand its mode of operation and the final outcome of its operation much better than if the suggestion were a hypothetical mesmeric fluid. For instance, here is a person, who to all appearances is perfectly normal, his eyes are open and he sees things around him just as you and I do. At the suggestion of the operator, he becomes blind, and can see nothing, until, at another suggestion, he sees as well as ever; or, at the suggestion of the operator he sees everything around him except one particular object, which, though it is right there before him, he can not see; or, at the suggestion of the operator he becomes drunk on water, believes a walking stick to be his wife, feels no pain when a tooth is pulled or a finger is cut off, says it is delightful to have pins stuck into his flesh, loses his rheumatism of ten years' standing, and sees out of eyes that were for a long time blind. But how little does suggestion explain such results? And if, under hypnotic phenomena, we include the faith cures, the mind cures, the medium cures, Father Mollinger's St. Anthony-thigh-bone cures, etc., etc., and we can not get rid of them in any other way, then there is scarcely a disease that has not yielded to the power of hypnotism; and, so far as our understanding these phenomena is concerned, we might as well call it the magic of hypnotism.

While the possibility of the use of hypnotism for criminal purposes is very obvious, and while it is furthermore claimed that oft-repeated hypnotization of a subject leaves him with a deteriorated mental and moral nature; yet, in the infancy of a power of such vast but undeveloped possibilities for good, it would be unwise to put it under the extinguisher of any special, repressive legislation. For the sake of the great things that it has already done and the still greater things that it foreshadows for us in the future, we should take a liberal and enlarged view of the matter, and be willing to give experimenters and investigators a loose rein for a while longer, at least, and, under the protection of our ordinary criminal laws, take our chances of the dangers and evils of hypnotism while the necessary efforts are being made to develop all that it now promises of possible good to our mental, physical and moral natures, and see how immense and encouraging those promises are.

Much has already been suggested in behalf of hypnotism as an educator and developer of the intellectual faculties; and I see no reason why it may not ultimately be applied to that department of our nature with as valuable results as those which have already attended its application to our physical and to our moral natures.

As a curative and anæsthetic agency, hypnotism has already done astonishing things; and, now that it has fairly passed into the hands of the medical profession, we may, without being fanatical or over zealous, expect that it will grow larger in our hands, and that its sphere of usefulness will widen and deepen; and since it is as good as it is natural for us to expand our hopes of the future, and to magnify even that which is already wonderful into possibilities that are still more marvelous, I shall not close my eyes to a vision (nor seal my lips to its expression) of the hypnotism of the future as the elixir of life and the fountain of perpetual youth. Why may it not be so? Greater wonders than that are already the outcome of electricity—a thing which at one time had but strength enough to lift to the surface of the rubbed amber particles so light as to drift before the breath of the observer, but which to-day has suddenly loomed up before us as the light, and the heat, and the power, and the fleet-footed carrier, and the swift-winged mes-

senger of the world. But is it not a little strange that the medical profession which, until quite recently, presented the stolid face of the Sphinx to the persistent demands which mesmerism so long made upon it for recognition, should now, at the eleventh hour, step in and claim it as its own, and demand as some of them have done, that none but doctors shall be allowed to use it; as though doctors were immaculate, and never took advantage of the weaknesses of humanity, and never forfeited the confidence of husbands, and never abused the trusts of fathers and mothers.

As a moral agency in the correction of evil habits and the suppression of vicious tendencies, the little that has already been done by hypnotism looks like the dawn of a new era in which the drunkard and the opium eater shall be released from their bondage, and the victim of passion shall be set free, and the temper in the maniac's mind shall be calmed, and hypnotism, finding its way into our prisons and our penitentiaries with hands filled with benedictions, shall lay them upon the wicked the vicious and the depraved, and bid them "go and sin no more."

## DREAM OR APPARITION—WHICH?

BY ALICE MALTBY WRIGHT, M. D.

This singular story came to my knowledge some years ago, and I believe it will be worth repeating here.

A young teacher in one of the Western institutions of learning by the name of Lambert became attached to one of his pupils called Ferson, a young lady of a peculiarly sensitive temperament. When the season of vacation arrived he requested that she enter into a correspondence with him; this being acquiesced in they left for their respective homes. Soon after Lambert arrived at his destination he wrote to her and she answered the letter; another letter came from him which she answered as before, but to this one there was no reply. After waiting a considerable time Miss Ferson spoke of this matter to her father, who expressed his surprise at this silence, for he himself had received no word from the young man; he having been in correspondence with him previous to his acquaintance with his daughter.

Time passed on. The young lady not being of that order of female who prefers an unwilling conquest to none at all, did not write again or in any way remind her delinquent correspondent of his duty. About this time she with a party of young friends went to a picnic. Returning late she retired to her room, and too weary to think of disrobing, threw herself on a lounge to rest. Whether she fell asleep or not is not known, but she seemed suddenly to feel the presence of another person in the room; looking up and raising herself upon her elbow she beheld young Lambert standing in the middle of the room, smiling upon her. She struggled to speak but could not, and he, with another smile, took up his overcoat and hat—which she then saw had been lying upon a chair—and turning bowed, put on his overcoat, waved his hand and left the room. There came no apparent awakening to her, she was on her feet as quickly as the form disappeared and rushing to the door, found it fastened on the inside as she had left it.

Persuading herself that she had only experienced a very vivid dream, she retired for the night. The next night the dream was repeated and again the third night, but this time upon seeing the form again in her room, she remembered that she had twice before dreamed the same dream and was filled with a nameless fear as she argued to herself that this also was a dream like the others; she noticed each detail as in the previous dreams, lying there terrified, feeling that she could not move from her bed for horror, long after the "thing" was gone.

The following morning she told of her threefold dream and begged of her father to write to the address given her, as she was filled with apprehension. This he did; soon after a letter was received, stating that the young man inquired for was lying dangerously ill at the place named. Two weeks after a letter was received from him, telling of his great sickness and present weak state, but possible recovery. The father wrote at once asking him what his condition was upon



such and such nights, giving the dates. He answered wondering why those dates were selected as he was at that time in a perfectly unconscious condition, it being the crisis of his illness.

He finally recovered sufficiently to come to the home of the young lady, where he remained for some months. Quick consumption had seized him as a victim, however, and rapidly accomplished its work. At last believing that the home of his boyhood would restore him, he determined to take the journey to that place; his extreme weakness made this a terrible undertaking. When he was about departing the young lady said to him with great earnestness and emotion:

"Oh, if I could but lend you my strength for your journey, I would give it willingly, all of it."

He turned and smiled as he answered: "I do believe you would do it, if you could."

Then came the time for leaving, she saw him take up his overcoat, put it on, but this time with her assistance, and smiling bow, wave his hand at the door and go out of the room to the cab that awaited him. Her dream was realized.

After his departure Miss Ferson complained of giddiness, became strangely pallid and was compelled to lie down, becoming so prostrated with weakness that she could not raise herself upon her pillow. This continued until about 11 o'clock the next day, when she resumed her usual physical condition as suddenly as she had lost it. Two days after a letter came from the home of Lambert. He had arrived safely and was stronger than when he started, felt almost well; later letters told how his strength failed him and that he was able to sit up but once after reaching home. Then came the news of his death and burial.

This recital of strange circumstances opens up a peculiar avenue of thought to me and for that reason I give it to the readers of THE JOURNAL, hoping that some one will form a correct hypothesis, explaining the nature of the agency producing the phenomena.

#### WYOMING—"A CROWNING MERCY."

By G. B. STEBBINS.

When stout-hearted Oliver Cromwell won a victory in a fight with the king's troops he called it, in his quaint way, "a crowning mercy." England then saw but faintly the blessed and far-reaching results of those victories.

So we to-day see but faintly the still more blessed and greater results which will follow the greatest "crowning mercy" of our century—a victory won, not by push of pike nor stroke of sword, as Cromwell's Ironsides won his battles, but

"With the mild arms of truth and love  
Made mighty by the living God."

Womanhood has won in Wyoming. It is the beginning of the end of a long struggle. That end will be that in every state of our Union, in every government of the world, woman will stand beside man as helpmeet and lawmaker and co-worker, and

"The world will be better for it."

No millennium will come, but a great upward step has been taken, opening the way for other steps to surely follow.

We want arbitration to take the place of that great "duel of nations" which men call war. We want the saloon—the curse of our civilization—to be swept away. Woman must help to these and like good ends.

It is said that for years past in Wyoming bad men, of whatever party, have stood poor chances of election to office. Woman helped in this hindrance, let her give like help elsewhere.

The tide sets toward justice as the only true expediency. We need not be perplexed about superiority or inferiority. Manhood and womanhood are unlike in such way that each needs the other. "It is not good for man to be alone" is as true in our state as it was in Eden. Equal rights, equal opportunity, mutual helpfulness, and one common welfare is highest wisdom and noblest courtesy, and the world is moving that way.

Intelligent Englishwomen, who have voted for years

in municipal affairs, will be glad that their sisters in the far west have still wider right. Amelia B. Edwards, the gifted English lady whose lectures on Egypt were heard by such great audiences in this city, said to a lady here: "I wonder that all American women are not equal suffragists." In every European country noble women and true men will rejoice. In distant Hindostan Pundita Ramabai and her oppressed sisters will feel the thrill of a new hope. Changing the poet's words we may say,

"When this deed is done for freedom,  
Through the broad earth's throbbing breast  
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic  
Pulsing Eastward from the West."

Our good land has had leading part in favor of National arbitration. The admission of Wyoming as a state—the first true Republic in the world, with equal rights for men and women in its organic law—sets us in the fore front of the nations for another wise and beneficent movement. Let these become American ideas, a part of the "righteousness which exalteth a nation."

DETROIT, MICH.

#### SOUL SEEKING.

By A. E. CARPENTER.

I have read with the greatest interest Mr. Myers' statement published in THE JOURNAL in regard to the purposes of the census circulars sent out by the Society for Psychical Research. It is a pity that all the circulars could not have been accompanied by this statement as to the purposes of the questions so that every individual could have been impressed with the importance of answering, and further that no misunderstanding could have arisen as to their import. The term "Hallucinations" it seemed to me was unfortunately chosen as hallucination pure and simple is but a product of the imagination and only an evidence of a disordered condition of the mind: to obtain a census of such mental products is evidently not the purpose of the circular, at least not its highest purpose as stated by Mr. Myers. When a so-called hallucination becomes verified as an actual perception of a fact it ceases to be an hallucination according to the commonly understood definition of that word. I notice that Mr. Myers recognizes this, and employs the word percept occasionally, which is a better one, and yet it does not convey exactly the meaning of what is sought for. So when we enter into new fields of investigation we find the resources of language fail us to convey just the meaning intended and new words are called for. However the purpose of these inquiries is plainly stated when Mr. Myers informs us that out of a large number of hallucinations it may happen that enough will be found verified as actual perceptions of what really existed, to reduce this kind of perception to something like a scientific certainty. This is psychical research to some purpose; and it seems to me that the efforts of the society when thus directly aiming at something definite should be aided by all persons who are interested in such a work. To enter the borderland of dreams, visions, premonitions, phantasms, clairvoyance; etc., and remove them from the realm of superstitious supernaturalism into the natural world, and study them as we would any other facts of nature to try and understand their significance is a noble purpose. The Psychical Research Society has started out to do this.

The Spiritualist may say that mediumship proves all this, and this effort to collect facts is altogether superfluous. This, however, is true of a large number of Spiritualists, that if called upon to state the facts upon which they base their convictions they are unable to present them in such a way as to settle the question, even in the minds of unprejudiced investigators. I have often said that if a man has got a soul there are somewhere facts to prove it. The Psychical Research Society, at least such members of it as Mr. Myers, are searching for those facts, and they are doing it after the scientific method. Friends everywhere, let us help them all we can. Science is nothing but an arrangement of verified facts to enable us to come to a definite and positive conclusion. Large

numbers of people have had experiences such as are called for by Mr. Myers. They may not come, as he says, more than once in a life time to the same individual while to others they may be of almost daily experience—what is desired to be determined is whether there are latent faculties in our natures, that are at times aroused and enable us to perceive things impalpable to our physical senses. If sufficient number of facts can be collected to prove this, then we have a foundation upon which we can build a superstructure that rises from the physical up to the spiritual life, and death becomes only one of the experiences that occur in the evolution of a more perfect being. Men have believed, do believe in a continued life. The society says, "let us verify it," and goes to work systematically to do so. When science comes to consider this question she seeks along the lines that the Spiritualists have been pursuing for these many years. When she no longer sneers but asks us candidly for our experiences we should be glad to answer in the same spirit.

The editor of THE JOURNAL has asked me to give some of my experiences, for the entertainment and instruction of his readers. Before I relate any of these experiences let me say this, I shall tell you the exact truth as near as I can remember and words can communicate it to another. Remember that the value of these experiences consists in their truthfulness. We do not wish to deceive ourselves nor one another in regard to a subject so serious, so important, so far reaching as this.

Planted firmly as I am in over two hundred pounds, of flesh I am not what might be termed spirituelle in my makeup, and yet I have had something of these experiences that are sought for by the Psychical Research Society. One night in my early manhood, I had a strange experience, whether it was a dream, phantasm or what not, I can not tell. I found myself seemingly floating in the air above the bed on which I was lying. I looked down upon my body which I saw plainly lying on the bed, and from which I seemed to be separated. My sensations for a moment were painful, but directly they became more pleasant as I seemed to be rapidly rising, and I gradually became conscious of surroundings that were all new and strange to me. A light different from anything I had ever before known seemed to surround me. A calm and blissful peace filled my whole being, I did not hear music and yet there was an indescribable harmony which thrilled and filled my soul with ecstatic delight. I soon became aware that I was not alone. Directly I recognized my mother clothed with the radiance of immortality. Soon my father appeared and then many others that had departed this life. They all gathered around me and gave me hearty greeting into the world of souls. I thought that I was a spirit freed from my body as the others, and I was supremely happy. I was glad that I was there and I wanted always to remain. And when my mother came to me and said that I must return to earth, I wept and pleaded to be permitted to remain, for it seemed to me I could not bear to return to the cold and dreary world again. Gradually the light vanished and I felt myself sinking and in an agony of despair I awoke to find myself bathed in cold perspiration, weak and trembling all over, with a distinct and vivid recollection of all I had seen and heard;—I hear some one say "nightmare." All right, call it what you please, it made an impression upon me that I have never forgotten.

Again, one night I had gone to bed quite early in my room alone. The moon was nearly full and was shining brightly in at the windows. I had gotten quiet but had not yet gone to sleep when directly I became conscious that there was some one in the room. It seemed to me that I detected what seemed like shadows at the foot of the bed. At first I thought I could not be awake but was dreaming. So I looked about the room. There was the furniture all right, the lifted curtains at the windows, and yet the shadows remained. Suddenly one of them became more distinct until I saw plainly before me as I ever saw her, my mother. I arose in bed and stretching out my arms towards her I said, "Oh mother I am so glad to

see you." Behold she was gone, and I found myself alone gazing about in the quiet moonlight, wondering what had happened and how I could be so deceived, and yet somehow I could not rid myself of the idea that my mother had been with me. Was it pure hallucination or was it perception. I do not know. This vision occurred two years later than the first experience alluded to.

I will now speak of experiences of my wife who almost every day and sometimes several times a day, is having these "percepts," but unlike those I have related they are verified in many instances as perceptions of actual facts. On the night of July 4th she had a very vivid dream. She was so impressed that it was not really a dream that on rising she wrote down what she saw and said to me, "Now when the Boston Herald comes this morning you see if you do not find an account of the circumstance as I write it." So she wrote, "I saw a man shoot a woman. He walked up to her and shot her and she fell over. He then walked away. The people thought she was killed but she is still alive and may get well. It was not in Boston but very near there." She wrote this about six in the morning. The Herald boy gets to our cottage where we are staying in East Gloucester about 10 a. m. The Herald came at the usual time and contained this account. I will not copy it in full, but only the part relating to the shooting. By the way, I said to her that her saying the woman fell over was not much of a test as a woman would be pretty likely to fall over if she was shot to any purpose. However the sequel shows that it was an important part of the statement. "Shot down by her husband—About ten o'clock last evening Mrs. Conners was sitting on the steps of her brother-in-law, Timothy Hanly's house, 46 Girard street, Roxbury, when her husband came up and emptied a revolver, aiming it at her head. The woman fell back and before an alarm could be roused the man walked away. She was removed to the city hospital. She is in a very critical condition with very slight hopes of her recovery." The coincidence, if it can be called such, is certainly remarkable.

Mr. Myers says we can produce hallucinations at will with a person in a hypnotic state. This is true, and it is also true that persons in the hypnotic state are liable to have verified percepts also. Several years ago I was giving exhibitions in hypnotism accompanied by my wife in New Haven, Conn. Quite an interest was created and several of the leading citizens of the town called upon us at our hotel, the Tontine. In their presence I hypnotized my wife and she demonstrated her power to see with her eyes securely blindfolded. Dr. Gallagher a leading physician, Prof. Lyman of Yale College, the Mayor of the city and several others were present. After proving her power to see while perfectly blindfolded and in the midst of the experiments she suddenly stopped and seemed to have her attention entirely distracted from the work in hand. Gazing apparently into the distance. She exclaimed "I see a dreadful sight, don't let me look, it is horrible." I said do not be alarmed but tell us what you see. She replied, "I see a gallows and a man upon it whom they are about to hang. There are people gathered around, oh! it is dreadful but I must look." She was trembling all over with agitation. "There he drops," and she covered her eyes as though to shut out the scene. Again she looks, and says, "what makes it so much the worse he did not commit the crime. He is innocent." Then she smiled and said, "They did not kill him after all. He is moving away with those people who are his friends that have been waiting for him. That is his spirit and those are his spirit friends. They are taking down his body and putting it in a coffin. I can not look any longer." I awoke her. We talked it over but none of us had any idea what it all meant. The next forenoon we met again to make further experiments the same people being present. After we had proceeded awhile she again became abstracted and commenced to see as before. She exclaimed, "I see a man that has something to do with the execution that I saw yesterday." I asked, "is it the man that was hung." "No," she said, "it is the man that was murdered, for killing whom the other man was hung. He wants something. Give me a

paper and pencil." I laid them on the table. Her hand became violently agitated she seized the pencil and wrote these words. "You have hanged an innocent man." Signed with three initials. We were all intensely interested to know what this was about. Dr. Gallagher said, "We will get the New York Herald which has just come and see if there is any account of an execution yesterday." He went out and obtained the paper and behold there was a column account of an execution that occurred in Watertown, N. Y., at the very time we were having our séance the previous day. By the way, she described the personal appearance of the man that was murdered as well as the man that was hanged. The description in the paper tallied exactly with hers, and the article went on to review the murder giving the name of the murdered man in full and there were the very initials that she had just written on the paper. Besides the paper went on to state that it was the opinion of a large portion of the community that the man hung was innocent of the crime. I am perfectly certain that my wife had no personal knowledge of any of the circumstances and the whole thing was as much of a surprise and marvel to her as to the rest of us. The account was written up at the time and published in the New Haven Palladium verified by at least a half dozen witnesses, among whom were the gentlemen I have mentioned.

Notice the points in the case. The sensitive was first hypnotized. She was perfectly blindfolded and yet read cards and books that were placed in her hands, proving her power to see without eyes. Directly she commences to see something entirely unknown to her or unthought of by any person present. What she saw took place in a remote town in Northern New York hundreds of miles from New Haven. She sees the man being hung. She sees his spirit and spirit friends after he was hung. She declares him innocent. The next day she sees the spirit of the murdered man and is moved to write a message signing the initials of his name correctly. This is a far reaching case, and one that the Psychical Research Society can copy if they so wish, and I will stand by the facts, just as I have related them. How much of this was hallucination? How much of it actual perception?

EAST GLOUCESTER, MASS.

#### OVER THE LINE OF VISIBILITY.

By J. P. QUINCY.

The moon was rising over the sea, and the piazza offered the attractive solitude which—if the solitude is a *deux*—is so full of emotional opportunities. By daylight we skim the surface of our minds, chattering for the most part below our real abilities. In the night what lies deepest in our nature more easily asserts itself; the possibilities of the imagination grow into necessities; there comes a spiritual productiveness which may make self renunciation seem a matter of course.

The lady and her guest passed through the parlor and out upon the piazza. The nominal excuse was to draw the Fayal chairs under the awning, lest it should rain before sunrise. To be sure, the sky was cloudless, but the pretense would do, nevertheless.

The path to the beach shone out full and clear in the silver light; the undulating sand heaps, the rocks jutting up in their naked grandeur, no longer required the relief of foliage which the prospect lacked during the glare of noon. The hard, every day substance of the scene had left it; the familiar objects seemed to belong to an enchanted world of illusion and phantasmagoric change.

"It is, doubtless, all as unreal as it is beautiful," said the Professor, as if in responsive sympathy with an unspoken thought of his companion.

"Where, then, shall we find reality?" said Clara. "Surely not in those dimly discerned forces among which we have wandered this evening?"

"Were they thoroughly studied," replied Hargrave, "it might be that they would reveal our true position as denizens of a world of certainties. The reports of these bodily senses are not wholly worthy of confidence; they stuff our minds with prepossessions which may prevent us from possessing our rightful inheritance. The progress of our self-satisfied century has contented itself with the discovery of the laws of visible matter; but there is matter just over the line of visibility, fine, subtle, spiritualized,—fitted, perhaps, for the apprehension of other senses than those we habitually employ. Clara Souford, the time has come when there should be truth between us, be the cost

what it will. I have reason to know that I have special aptitudes of temperament for pushing investigation beyond this dull, material plane. My life studies have armed me with the methods of scientific research, and these should have given me a poise and sobriety of judgment sufficient to prevent that disturbance of equilibrium which has wrecked so many adventurers upon these mystic deeps. Why should I not do the work of which I am most capable,—the work that will lead to results useful above all others to this generation? There must come a reaction against the mechanical psychology which is all that modern science can at present offer us. Carried to a logical result, it kills those ideals which once stimulated our race to its noblest effort. Hence the social ferment and agitation which are surely preparing for our existing society. I would carry that critical sagacity, that faculty of right interpretation and inference, developed upon lines of physical research, among facts of higher concern than those which occupy the attention of my brother scientists. But to do this I may be called upon to sacrifice the good opinion of my fellows, my reputation for common sense,—perhaps even for common sanity. The learned societies which welcome me to their deliberations—knowing that my name will give importance to their committees of nobodies—may come to credit me with the credulous simplicity of a fool, if not with the trickery of a knave. But what matters it? Others who have benefited their age have given a higher price for the privilege. My sister has been happily married, and no longer needs my assistance; at last my inherited debts are paid. I am what the world would call a free man. Yet not so: I look into the unsearchable depths of your eyes; I cannot tell whether they reflect Ernest Hargrave stripped of all his comfortable appendages, or only the occupant of that stately Chair established by the Pecksters of the past, and controlled by the Pecksters of the present."

A man's emotion, suddenly breaking out like a pent-up force in nature, may well cause a woman to shrink with nervous dread. Evidently things were not going as Clara would have had them. She must be grateful for his plainness of speech, which disclosed a possible future before it was too late for her to avoid it. That was a part of his honest, manly character. She might now thrust him back, since his position among the honored leaders of scientific thought would soon be shaken to its foundation. How she had pleased herself with fancying that high position decorated with the wealth which it was in her power to bestow! She had imagined herself seated at the head of his table, with Tyndall and Huxley as guests, and upon either side all the great ones and the fair ones of the city who had been asked to meet them. She had been caught by certain glittering facets of a character with many other sides to it. As is always the case before marriage,—also how could marriage come about?—she had confounded a drawing-room representation of Hargrave with the totality of the man. Could she love one who was content to live out in the cold with a hobby, to be ridiculed by the ignorant—and, still worse, by the learned—as a dealer in delusions, an expert in epilepsies and other whimsical vapors? Suddenly there flashed upon her mind certain words of the Spencerian Saturday Lectureship, an interpreter scarcely less respected than the master evolutionist himself. She did not intend to utter the sentence aloud; and yet, after naming her authority, she found herself quoting its august testimony:—

"We have not the faintest shadow of evidence wherewith to make it probable that mind can exist except in connection with a physical body."

Some hasty comment upon these words of wisdom seemed to rise to Hargrave's lips; but he restrained their utterance, and paused before he said in a quiet way,—

"There are thousands of clear-minded men who would have the right to stigmatize the dictum you quote as a foolish dogmatism, born of ignorance or of insolence. If that right is not mine, it is because I have felt the force of the antecedent objection which prevents those trained in the school of modern science from receiving evidence which contradicts what they have proclaimed as its fundamental axioms. 'Not the faintest shadow of evidence!' Is this mighty Lectureship unaware of the fact that there is evidence which has brought conviction to hundreds of hard-headed men, to whose intelligence and honesty we trust our lives and our dearest interests? 'Not the faintest shadow of evidence!' Is there not something unpardonable in such a saying, when we know that such a competent weigher of evidence as the distinguished naturalist, who independently thought out the hypothesis of natural selection, has been compelled to accept the fact that mind does exist with which no physical body is connected? And this man is only one among the skilled observers who have been brought to a belief which has flatly contradicted their previous convictions. Evidence so abundant that it ceases to be cumulative has satisfied me that brain action may be set up by a foreign intelligence. Is that active intelligence ever external to the human bodies our senses recognize? My own investigations



do not yet warrant the assertion that it is. I only know that there is a great weight of recorded testimony which tends to that conclusion."

Clara thought she had better say something, and so she remarked that, even granting the probability of invisible intelligences, there seemed no reason why they should impinge upon a mode of existence which did not belong to them.

"And yet we find that the perpetual intrusion of organisms on one another's mode of life is the law upon this planet," said the Professor. "Every species is pushing into new areas and striving to expand its sphere of being. If we consider the temporary changes of media which science recognizes, we shall find them little less wonderful than even a change from invisible to visible. Do you remember that Mr. Spencer himself, as an illustration of the possibility of the impossible, posits the case of a water-breathing animal with no efficient limbs, whose habit it should be to climb trees? Such a fact in nature is as clearly impossible as that sentences can be written upon slates without human agency. Yet science has come to accept the fact that the *Anabas scandens* performs this feat with no appreciable difficulty. The sharp division between the animal and vegetable kingdoms has already faded to an indefinite and shadowy borderland; to the ripening science of the future the boundary line between two worlds may seem equally uncertain and shifting. If the competent inquirer must still regard the existence of mind which is not the product of organization as simply an hypothesis, it is nevertheless an hypothesis which carefully verified phenomena have thrust upon us."

"But this agrees too nearly with the primitive hypothesis of ghosts," said Mrs. Souford; "and has not Mr. Spencer asserted that any primitive hypothesis must be untrue?"

"The schoolboys of the last century," replied Hargrave, "were taught to laugh at the hypothesis of the historian Livy that certain stones fell from the heavens. They were told that the great Sir Isaac Newton and his scientific associates knew the folly of such a primitive hypothesis as that. I am old enough to have known men within whose memory the fall of aerolites, long scorned by the representatives of science, was accepted as a fact. The scholarship of our fathers knew that the relations of Herodotus could not live in the clear atmosphere of their modern intelligence; but the time came when travelers from the East would insist upon reporting facts which established his accuracy, until now we know that whenever the Father of History speaks from his own observation we have no reason to question his truthfulness. 'Fears of the brave and follies of the wise!' Who can forget Dr. Johnson's sonorous couplet? Yet he misses the real sadness of his theme; for these fears and follies are not confined to the last scene of life, where he places them. Think of Bacon denying the Copernican system; of Leibnitz fearing to accept the law of gravitation, lest it should overthrow religion; of Milton, the noblest apostle of tolerance, unable to tolerate Catholics! If you would have a humbler illustration, I can bring you a copy of the journal in which the brightest editor Boston ever had denounced a certain scheme as 'wild, preposterous, and idiotic,' and this madman's proposition was the connection of his native city with Albany by means of a railroad."

"Such recollections may uphold a man," said Clara; "but to a woman her petty social world seems so immense that it is no joy born of emancipation from its slavery, but only with a listless consenting to circumstances, that she forces herself to leave it."

"There are times," said Hargrave, "when a man's world seems quite as limited, and yet quite as overpowering. How little we know of it while the greatest problem it presents still awaits solution! But remember that the limitations of our exact knowledge do not agree with the limitations of our physical organs. Were it so, we should know nothing of the world of microscopic organisms which science has opened to us. We should not know that there are musical notes which, because they represent more than forty thousand vibrations to the second, can never reach the ear, or that there are light waves that will not operate upon the eye. Should there be states in which the retinal sensibility to ethereal tremors were increased, why should there not reach us what Tennyson calls 'a finer light in light'? Much of the human brain is never used; untaught save in one direction, it soon becomes rigid and metallic; the paths of easiest conduction to our volitional centres await discovery. The new epoch calls for its pioneers! They must accept obloquy from the age that is going out, for their work is to supply the cravings of the better age which advances upon us. Will you not be at my side while, standing upon the basis of scientific demonstration, I shall deliver the message with which I may be charged?"

And now Clara felt that her Professor had a motive power in that high purpose of his that must sweep her life before it. Yet she could not all at once withdraw a longing, lingering look from what might have been.

It was hard that the Peckster Professorship should fall away from him before he had time to taste the comfort that ought to go with the honor he had won. She started, when she realized that it was of his comfort, not her own, that she thought.

Hargrave seemed to know what was passing in her mind. "Do not think of what I leave," he said; "remember where I go. I shall find my work in a department of knowledge at present in possession of feeble and ill-trained minds, but in which results may be obtained of the highest utility to our race. For to know what we are is far more important to our welfare than to find out what nature is. A toilsome, unwelcome labor lies before me. While there are forces of which the study may fill the greatest void in human knowledge, those forces are developed under apparently capricious conditions. Charlatanism and imposture have brought them into contempt with my associates. I think I do not underestimate the patience required to clear away this rubbish. The temptation will be to formulate a theory which must be supported beyond the measure of the evidence. How many have foundered upon that rock! It may be that for success in this research the brain itself must develop new lines of organic structure; and, alas! the years are coming when it will no longer retain its plastic energy. If I see all these obstacles, what is the prize which urges me to grapple with them? I answer, that as Darwin established the relation between humanity and the lower animal creation by an irresistible logic which has compelled the world's assent, so it is reserved for some coming investigator to establish by methods equally exact our relationship with progressed beings worthy to inspire and to guide. Socrates, wisest of the ancients, could only affirm his *dæmon*; is it not possible for science to prove it? Yes, I am ready to meet all the fraud and folly, all the strange vagaries of unbalanced minds, all the idle tales of the mere wonder lover, which block the road to this great knowledge. The humiliating infatuation which has heaped these masses of fallacy in the way comes chiefly from bad observation. They will be swept aside by the methods of science, which, by keeping the head cool and the critical judgment active, enable us to apply common sense to uncommon phenomena. The path that opens before me is one that man and woman may tread together. It leads away from social popularity and the elegant decorums of fashion; it leads towards an undiscovered order of facts and relations. Again I ask, Dare you walk by my side?"

There was manly dignity as well as feeling in the Professor's voice. Clara seemed lifted to a plane where only large and disinterested action was possible. The full implication of many things Hargrave had said during their past intercourse rushed upon her. He had always spoken as a man with vital force in him should speak to the woman he loved. He had never disguised himself in the way that others who sought her favor deemed excusable. There are moments when the growth or decay of the feminine character depends upon the ability to assimilate the mental life of a superior man. Such a supreme moment had come to Clara Souford. She was sure the test could be met. Let the Peckster Professorship be left behind, if its narrow traditions were outgrown! President Cooley might write his letter about unpleasant rumors and loss of usefulness to the college as soon as he liked. Rather tender the resignation before it was asked! To second-rate men, a first-rate man will appear to be third rate. Was this an accepted aphorism? She could not remember having heard it, and yet it was so true. So ran the course of things in this world, and perhaps the one thing needful was to find an escape from it. He should not venture down from the heights, when he stood so fairly among the learned of his time. If he must be misunderstood, it was necessary that one should understand him. Hand in hand they would press forward to this strangely fascinating field of super-mundane labor. A better destiny than imagination had forecast was offered her. It might be given to Hargrave to effect that amalgamation of spiritual and scientific ideas which would create a new social era. The lawless affluence of her past life must be put in circumscription and confine; but she craved the restraint, and accepted it with awe and gratitude. Yet these thronging thoughts brought no words which did not seem below the level of what Clara would impart. Fortunately, it was not necessary that she should speak.

"I too," said Hargrave, as if in reply to what was unuttered,—"I too vainly grasp at this or that expression to measure the rich contentment your silence imparts. Thank heaven that thought is transmitted between us in such perfection as our halting human speech can never reach."

How gently comes about the supreme understanding between man and woman! How the sentient fibre imparts its newly awakened emotion to familiar objects! Delicious was the advance of the incoming tide, which, after furrowing the beach with its little billows, began its musical ripple upon the stones. A charm was in the line of tremulous light which crossed the bay to the rocky island, and thence glittered off to the solitudes

of the sea horizon. They sat together in all the measureless felicity that their new relation gave.

Suddenly a vision came to Clara Souford, which she determined should take substance in the coming time.

"Would not that be splendid?" she inquired, after confiding the project to her companion. "Would not that be an advanced idea?"

"Too advanced to be realized just at present," said the Professor, smiling. "Cooley and his corporation would think it a woman's whim, and would contrive some sort of strait jacket to confine your generosity. Wait five years, at least, before you give your intention shape; by that time we may have prepared the way for it."

"So be it, then," said Clara, "for you know what is best. In five years shall be founded the Hargrave Professorship for Independent Spiritual Research."

From the Peckster Professorship.

#### DREAM UPON THE UNIVERSE.

I had been reading an excellent description of Krüger's upon the old vulgar error which regards the space from one earth and sun to another as empty. Our sun, together with all its planets, fills only the 31,419,460,000,000,000th part of whole space between itself and the next solar body. Gracious heavens! thought I; in what an unfathomable abyss of emptiness were this universe swallowed up and lost, if all were void and utter vacuity except the few shining points of dust which we call a planetary system! To conceive of our earthly ocean as the abode of death, and essentially incapable of life, and of its populous islands as being no greater than snail shells, would be a far less error in proportion to the compass of our planet than that which attributes emptiness to the great mundane spaces; and the error would be far less if the marine animals were to ascribe life and fullness exclusively to the sea, and to regard the atmospheric ocean above them as empty and untenanted. According to Herschel, the most remote of the galaxies which the telescope discovers lie at such a distance from us that their light which reaches us at this day, must have set out on its journey two million years ago; and thus, by optical laws, it is possible that whole squadrons of the starry hosts may be now reaching us with their beams, which have themselves perished long ago. Upon this scale of computation for same kind of things of the world, what heights and depths by breadths must there be in this universe! If the son of which the positive universe would be itself a nihilism were it crossed, pierced, and belted about by so illimitable a wilderness of nothing! But it is possible that any man can for a moment overlook those vast forces which must pervade these imaginary deserts with eternal surges of flux and reflux, to make the very paths to those distant starry coasts voyageable to our eyes. Can you look up in a sun or in its planets their reciprocal forces of attraction? Does not the light stream through the immeasurable spaces between our earth and the nebula which is farthest removed from us? And in this stream of light there is as ample an existence of the positive, and as much a home for the abode of a spiritual world, as there is a dwelling place for thy own spirit in the substance of the brain. To these and similar reflections succeeded the following dream:—

Methought my body sank down in ruins, and my inner form stepped out appareled in light; and by my side there stood another form which resembled my own, except that it did not shine like mine, but lightened unceasingly. "Two thoughts," said the form, "are the wings with which I move: the thought of here and the thought of there. And, behold! I am yonder," pointing to a distant world. "Come, then, and wait on me with thy thoughts and with thy flight, that I may show to thee the universe under a veil." And I flew along with the form. In a moment our earth fell back, behind our consuming light, into an abyss of distance; a faint gleam only was reflected from the summit of the Cordilleras, and a few moments more reduced the sun to a little star, and soon there remained nothing visible of our system except a comet, which was traveling from our sun with angelic speed in the direction of Sirius. Our flight now carried us so rapidly through the flocks of solar bodies—flocks past counting unless to their heavenly Shepherd—that scarcely could they expand themselves before us into the magnitude of moons, before they sank behind us in pale nebular gleams; and their planetary earths could not reveal themselves for a moment to the transcendent rapidity of our course. At length Sirius and all the brotherhood of our constellation's and the galaxy of our heavens stood far below our feet as a little nebula amongst other yet more distant nebulae. Thus we flew on through the starry wildernesses; one heaven after another unfurled its immeasurable banners before us, and then rolled up behind us; galaxy behind galaxy towered up into solemn altitudes before which the spirit shuddered; and they stood in long array through which the Infinite Being might pass in progress. Sometimes the form that lightened would out fly my weary thoughts; and when it would be seen far



off before me like a coruscation among the stars, till suddenly I thought again to myself the thoughts of there, and then I was at its side. But, as we were thus swallowed up by one abyss of stars after another, and the heavens above our eyes were not emptier; neither were the heavens below them fuller, and as suns without intermission fell into the solar ocean like water spouts of a storm which fall into the ocean of waters; then at length the human heart within me was overburdened and weary and yearned after some narrow cell or quiet oratory in this metropolitan cathedral of the universe. And I said to the form at my side, "Oh, Spirit! has then this universe no end?" and the Form answered and said, "Lo! it has no beginning."

Suddenly, however, the heavens above us appeared to be emptied, and not a star was seen to twinkle in the mighty abyss; no gleam of light to break the unity of the infinite darkness. The starry hosts behind us had all contracted into an obscure nebula; and, at length, that also had vanished. And I thought to myself, "At last the universe has ended," and I trembled at the thought of the illimitable dungeon of pure, pure darkness which here began to imprison the creation; I shuddered at the dead sea of nothing; in whose unfathomable zone of blackness the jewel of the glittering universe seemed to be set and buried forever; and through the night in which we moved I saw the Form which still lightened as before, but left all around it unilluminated. Then the Form said to me in my anguish—"Oh! creature of little faith! Look up! the most ancient light is coming!" I looked, and in a moment came a twilight—in the twinkling of an eye a galaxy—and then with a choral burst rushed in all the company of stars. For centuries gray with age, for millennia hoary with antiquity, had the starry light been on its road to us; and, at length, out of heights inaccessible to thought, it had reached us. Now, then, as through some renovated century, we flew through new cycles of heavens. At length again came a starless interval; and far longer it endured, before the beams of a starry host again had reached us.

As we thus advanced forever through an interchange of nights and solar heavens, and as the interval grew still longer and longer before the last heaven we had quitted contracted to a point, all at once we issued suddenly from the middle of the thickest night—a borealis, the herald of an expiring cycle of solar years found throughout this cycle of solar years at a day of judgment had indeed arrived.

Thickened, and the planets were heaving, rocking, yawning in convulsions. The subterranean waters of the great deeps were breaking up, and lightnings that were ten diameters of a world in length ran along, from east to west, from Zenith to Nadir; and here and there, where the sun should have been we saw instead, through the misty vapor, a gloomy, ashen, leaden corpse of a solar body that sucked in flames from the perishing world, but gave out neither light nor heat; and as I saw, through a vista that had no end, mountain towering above mountain, and piled up with what seemed glittering snow from the conflict of solar planetary bodies; then my spirit bent under the load of the universe, and I said to the Form, "Rest, rest, and lead me no farther; I am too solitary in the creation itself, and in its deserts yet more so; the full world is great, but the empty world is greater, and with the universe increases its Zazarahs."

Then the Form touched me like a flowing of a breath, and spoke more gently than before: "In the presence of God there is no emptiness; above, below, between, and round about the stars, in the darkness and in the light, dwelleth the true and very Universe, the sum and foundation of all that is. But thy spirit can bear only earthly images of the unearthly; now, then, I cleanse thy sight with euphrasy; look forth, and behold the images." Immediately my eyes were opened, and I looked, and I saw, as it were, an interminable sea of light—sea immeasurable, sea unfathomable, sea without a shore. All spaces between all heavens were filled with happiest light; and there was a thundering of floods; and there were seas above seas, and seas below seas; and I saw all the trackless regions that we had voyaged over; and my eye comprehended the farthest and the nearest, and darkness had become light, and the light darkness; for the deserts and wastes of the creation were now filled with the sea of light, and in this sea the suns floated like ash-gray blossoms, and the planets like black grains of seed. Then my heart comprehended that immortality dwelled in the spaces between the worlds, and death only amongst the worlds. Upon all the suns there walked upright shadows in the form of men; but they were glorified when they quitted these perishable worlds, and when they sank into the sea of light; and the murky planets, I perceived, were but cradles for the infant spirits of the universe of light. In the Zazarahs of the creation I saw—I heard—I felt—the glittering—the echoing—the breathing of life and creative power. The suns were but as spinningwheels, the planets no more than weavers' shuttles, in relation to the infinite web which composes the veil of Isis ["I am whatsoever is—whatsoever has been—whatsoever shall be; and the veil

which is over my countenance no mortal hand has ever raised"]; which veil is hung over the whole creation, and lengthens as any finite being attempts to raise it. "And in sight of this immeasurability of life, no sadness could endure, but only joy that knew no limit, and happy prayers."

But in the midst of this great vision of the universe the Form that lightened eternally had become invisible, or had vanished to its home in the unseen world of spirits. I was left alone in the center of a universe of life, and I yearned after some sympathizing being. Suddenly from the starry deeps there came floating through the ocean of light a planetary body, and upon it there stood a woman whose face was as the face of Madonna, and by her side there stood a child, whose countenance varied not, neither was it magnified as he drew nearer. This child was a King, for I saw that he had a crown upon his head, but the crown was a crown of thorns. Then also I perceived that the planetary body was our unhappy earth, and, as the earth drew near, this child, who had come forth from the starry deeps to comfort me, threw upon me a look of gentlest pity and of unutterable love, so that in my heart I had a sudden rapture of joy such as passes all understanding, and I awoke in the tumult of my happiness.

I awoke; but my happiness survived my dream; and I exclaimed, "Oh! how beautiful is death, seeing that we die in a world of life and of creation without end! and I blessed God for my life upon earth, but much more for the life in those unseen depths of the universe which are emptied of all but the Supreme Reality, and where no earthly life nor perishable hope can enter."—*De Quincey's Translations from Richter.*

#### DEATH—AND AFTERWARDS.

Why, in truth, should evolution proceed along the gross and palpable lines of the visible, and not also be hard at work upon the subtler elements which are behind—molding, governing, and emancipating them? Is it enough with the Positivists to foresee the amelioration of the race? Their creed is, certainly, generous and unselfish; but since it teaches the eventual decay of all worlds and systems, what is the good of caring for a race which must be extinguished in some final cataclysm, any more than for an individual who must die and become a memory? If death ends the man, and cosmic convulsions finish off all the constellations, then we arrive at the insane conception of an universe possibly emptied of every form of being which is the most unthinkable and incredible of all conclusions. Sounder, beyond question, was the simple wisdom of Shakespeare's old hermit of Prague, who "never saw pen and ink, and very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is, is!'"

If so very sensible a recluse had gone deeper into that grand philosophy of common sense, we might fancy him saying to the niece of his Majesty, "First of all the plain fact is this, fair Princess! that we are alive, and far advanced in the hierarchy of such life as we know. We can not indeed fly like a bird, nor swim like a dogfish, nor hunt by smell like a hound, but—vanity apart—we are at the top of the tree of visible earth-life." If there has been a vast past leading to this, the individual remembers nothing. Either he was not; or he lived unconscious; or he was conscious, but forgets. It may be he always lived, and inwardly knows it, but now "disremembers;" for it is notable that none of us can recall the first year of our human existence. Instincts, moreover, are memories, and when the newly hatched chick pecks at food, it must certainly have lived somehow and somewhere long before it was an egg. If to live forever in the future demands that we must have lived forever in the past, there is really nothing against this! "End and beginning are dreams;" mere phrases of our earthly foolish speech. But taking things as they seem, nobody knows that death stays—nor why it should stay—the development of the individual. It stays our perception of it in another; but so does distance, absence, or even sleep. Birth gave to each of us much; death may give very much more, in the way of subtler senses to behold colors we can not here see, to catch sounds we do not now hear, and to be aware of bodies and objects impalpable at present to us, but perfectly real, intelligibly constructed, and constituting an organized society and a governed, multiform state. Where does nature show signs of breaking off her magic, that she should stop at the five organs and the sixty odd elements? Are we free to spread over the face of this little earth, and never freed to spread through the solar system and beyond it? Nay, the heavenly bodies are to the ether which contains them as mere spores of seaweed floating in the ocean. Are the specks only filled with life, and not the space? What does nature possess more valuable in all she has wrought here, than the wisdom of the sage, the tenderness of the mother, the devotion of the lover, and the opulent imagination of the poet, that she should let these priceless things be utterly lost by a quincy, or a flux? It is a hundred times more reasonable to believe that she commences afresh with such delicately

developed treasures, making them groundwork and stuff for splendid farther living, by process of death; which, even when it seems accidental or premature, is probably as natural and gentle as birth; and wherefrom, it may well be, the new-born dead arises to find a fresh world ready for his pleasant and novel body, with gracious and willing kindred ministrations awaiting it, like those which provided for the human babe the guiding arms and nourishing breasts of its mother. As the babe's eyes opened to strange sunlight here, so may the eyes of the dead lift glad and surprised lids to "a light that never was on sea or land"; and so may his delighted ears hear speech and music proper to the spheres beyond, while he laughs contentedly to find how touch and taste and smell had all been forecasts of faculties accurately following upon the lowly lessons of this earthly nursery? It is really just as easy and logical to think such will be the outcome of the "life which now is," as to terrify weak souls into wickedness by medieval hells, or to wither the bright instincts of youth or love with horizons of black annihilation.

Moreover those new materials and surroundings of the farther being would bring a more intense and verified as well as a higher existence: Man is less superior to the sensitive plant now than his re-embody spirit would probably then be to his present personality. Nor does anything except ignorance and despondency forbid the belief that the senses so etherealized and enhanced, and so fitly adapted to the fine combinations of advanced entity, would discover without much amazement sweet and friendly societies springing from, but proportionately upraised above, the old associations; art divinely elevated, science splendidly expanding; by-gone loves and sympathies explaining and obtaining their purpose; activities set free for vaster cosmic service; abandoned hopes realized at last; despaired-of joys come magically within ready reach; regrets and repentances softened by wider knowledge, surer foresight, and the discovery that though in this universe nothing can be "forgiven," everything may be repaid and repaired. In such a stage, though little removed relatively from this, the widening of faith, delight, and love (and therefore of virtue which depends on these) would be very large. Everywhere would be discerned the fact, if not the full mystery, of continuity, of evolution, and of the never-ending progress in all that lives towards beauty, happiness, and use without limit. To call such a life "heaven" or the "hereafter" is a concession to the illusions of speech and thought, for these words imply locality and time, which are but provisional conceptions. It would rather be a state, a plane of faculties, to expand again into other and higher states or planes; the slowest and lowest in the race of life coming in last, but each—everywhere—finally attaining. After all, as Shakespeare so merrily hints, "That that is, is!" and when we look into the blue of the sky we actually see visible Infinity. When we regard the stars of midnight we veritably perceive the mansions of nature, countless and illimitable; so that even our narrow senses reprove our timid minds. If such shadows of the future be ever so faintly cast from real existences, fear and care might, at one word, pass from the minds of men, as evil dreams depart from little children waking to their mother's kiss and all might feel how subtly-wise the poet was who wrote of that first mysterious night on earth, which showed the unsuspected stars; when—

.... "Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,  
And lo! Creation widened on man's view!  
Who could have thought such marvels lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find—  
Whilst flower and leaf and insect stood revealed—  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?  
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?  
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?"  
—EDWIN ARNOLD, in *The Fortnightly Review*.

It is said that Henry Villard just before he sailed for Europe made a remark to the effect that within a few years the motive power of every railroad in the United States would be changed. A report is current that Mr. Villard "has knowledge of the discovery of a means of developing the latent heat and electricity in coal so that it shall produce power without any intermediate machinery." And that the newly discovered process will develop the "heat stored in coal" into power "without the intermediaries of a furnace, a boiler, and a steam engine." This discovery cannot be the same that was recently reported to have been made by a young genius in Maine, for the description of his apparatus contained the distinct statement that the power was developed by combustion, involving, of course, the use of a furnace or something like it. Mr. Villard's inventor, according to the rumor, uses no furnace. If the rumor be true, or half true, an industrial revolution is impending. If, as the statements above quoted imply, the process of developing power is inexpensive, and all, or nearly all, the latent energy is utilized, we are soon to have a power far cheaper than that of steam—so cheap that almost everybody can afford to use it.



## A WOMAN WHO IS RATHER TIRED.

O, to be alone!  
To escape from the work, the play,  
The talking, every day;  
To escape from all I have done,  
And all that remains to do.  
To escape, yes, even from you,  
My only love, and be  
Alone and free.

Could I only stand  
Between gray moor and gray sky,  
Where the winds and the plovers cry,  
And no man is at hand;  
And feel the free wind blow  
On my rain-wet face, and know  
I am free, not yours, but my own.  
Free and alone!

For the soft firelight  
And the home of your heart, my dear,  
They hurt being always here,  
I want to stand up upright,  
And to cool my eyes in the air,  
And to see how my back can bear  
Burdens; to try, to know,  
To learn, to grow!

I am only you!  
I am yours, part of you, your wife!  
And I have no other life.  
I can not think, can not do;  
I can not breathe, can not see;  
There is "us" but there is not "me"—  
And worst, at your kiss, I grow  
Contented so.

—London Hawk.

There is a great deal said in these days about women entering the professions, says the *Catholic Press*, taking their part in various kinds of business, usually conducted by men, and similar claims. Education and training may do something, but there must be a natural bent or tact for the profession or business, or success is very doubtful. Consider how many young men embark in professional or business life every year, and how few after ten, fifteen or twenty years of struggle actually succeed. The great majority fail sooner or later; lose courage, give way to blank despair and sink into obscurity or disgrace. Women cannot expect to meet with a different result. Success is coy and not easily won. With these facts before us, and no one can gainsay them, we turn to consider a very strange phenomenon. The country is full of Catholic institutions conducted by religious women; nuns and sisters of many different orders. They never become bankrupt, they never get into such financial straits that they appeal for help lest they perish. It is a most remarkable fact that every one of these communities should develop a business tact and find some of the women who enter able to manage their business affairs carefully, judiciously, economically, and carry them safely through times of panic and general financial distress in the country. Some of these convents, especially when mother houses of an order with novitiate and an academy attached; number several hundred inmates, yet they have women financiers, cashiers, bookkeepers, women who are a capital board of directors a splendid committee on ways and means, who carry the whole concern along smoothly, noiselessly, on a most practical business footing, maintain a credit that is never impeached.

"I never would allow my boy to know how to swim," said the mother of an only son, "and I never could bear to have him in a boat. Skating I always detested, and ball playing I consider vulgar. He had a horse for riding, and he was always allowed to walk as much as he chose." (!) Her hearers understood why it was that her son had grown up to be a narrow chested and delicate man, and were thankful that he was permitted to go outdoors at all in his boyhood. Fortunately this young man had possessed a strong love for walking, and also for study, which had kept him from inanition, and also out of mischief. But for an active, full-blooded boy not decidedly studious, such a bringing-up as has been described would have meant either ruin or death. There is no reason to desist upon the manifold attractions, and uses of swimming. All proper precautions for his safety should be taken, and your boy should learn to swim. Never let him go into the water unless he is well; neither let him go alone or with flighty boys only, even when he has mastered the art of navigation—cramps and accidents of all sorts are too common for that. Keep him away

from rapids and whirlpools, and impress upon him at every opportunity, by an anecdote, precept and example, the necessity of exercising prudence in the matter. Especially see that he is familiar with remedies for cramp, and with the modes of reviving the drowned. Many a valuable life has been lost because a boy's companions did not understand how to use proper restoratives when his body was first recovered from the water.—KATE UPSON CLARK, in *Harper's Bazar*.

New York *Commercial Advertiser*: When that exceedingly clever little book, "Women, Plumbers, and Doctors," came out a few years ago not many of those who read it knew anything about the personal history of the author. It was written by a sweet-faced woman, with smooth bands of white hair, whose name is Mrs. H. M. Plunkett, and who can talk entertainingly to you by the hour of Hawthorne and Margaret Fuller and the early days of Julia Ward Howe and James Freeman Clarke and the New England transcendentalists. Mrs. Plunkett's interest in practical scientific questions stood her in good stead, for her son, who was about to enter a medical college, lost his eyesight in a dangerous illness, and yet, seeing through her eyes, took—it sounds incredible, but it is true—his course successfully. She sat by his side in the lecture room, studying the diagrams for him and constantly devising means for making them clear to his mental vision. She read the text books to him, going over each page four times. She was his sight, his hands; she "coached" him as never a student was coached before, and when he was graduated he obtained a position requiring special knowledge of diseases of the heart and lungs, his mother still giving him to the fullest extent her services. This past winter this son, the object of so much devotion, died, and the mother, who long has lived wholly in and for another, wonders at the length and emptiness of the days. With the results of her severer studies added to the practical wisdom she had before, the chances are that "Women, Plumbers, and Doctors" will be followed by other works on questions of sanitation.

Chicago, up with the world in all things, proudly lays claim to a real live engineer who is a woman. Her name is not revealed, but she runs a six-horse power engine at the Bee Hive laundry, Lincoln avenue and Wells street, and runs it in first-class shape. The fact has been brought into prominence by a complaint made to the board of examining engineers that she is working without a certificate. The law provides that all engineers shall procure certificates of ability, which shall be issued to them upon their passing an examination, with which requirement this young woman has failed to comply. She has had charge of the engine for two years, and does her own firing, her own mending of broken machinery, and is, in fact, an all around mechanic of no mean ability. This phenomenon is goodlooking and young, not over 25, and manages to keep herself looking charming, even at the grimy work which is her choice. She had, previous to her debut as an engineer, worked at the laundry, and, proving her mechanical ability by numerous tinkering of machinery, was, when the proprietor found himself short an engineer, trusted with the charge of the little engine. All she needed was a trial, and now she reigns supreme, the goddess of the engine room. "I expect to get a certificate for her," said her employer recently. "She will have no trouble in passing the required examination, as she knows more about the machinery than half the male engineers."

The following was copied into THE JOURNAL recently, from *Printer's Ink*: "There are but nine papers devoted to Woman's Suffrage now published in this country, and of these the only one accorded as much as 4,000 circulation is the *Woman's Journal*, of Boston. The *Woman's Exponent* is issued in Salt Lake City." This statement, it seems, does injustice to the *Woman's Tribune*, published at Beatrice, Neb., which we are informed by parties who are in a position to know, has a circulation much larger than that indicated by the above figures. "The actual issue for twelve numbers preceding the publication of Ayer's Directory last fall," says a letter from the office of the *Tribune*, "averaged 9,200, and was so given by it." *Printer's Ink*, which is responsible for the misstatement above quoted, will, it is presumed, correct it. THE JOURNAL congratulates the *Woman's Tribune* on its success. Mrs.

Colby, the talented editor, is in the Black Hills country taking a hand in suffrage work.

Miss Fawcett, the young lady who distanced all the students of Oxford at the late examination, has an imitator, says the *Catholic Review*, in the person of Mdle. Sarmisa Bilcesco, who in Paris a few weeks ago sustained a thesis before the authorities of the university, and obtained her degree of Doctor of Laws. She was born in Bucharest twenty-three years ago, made her studies there, and finally went to Paris to study for her degree. She chose as the subject of her thesis, "The legal condition of women under the Roman and French law." She was complimented by the jury for her brilliant success. On her return to Romania she will demand admission to the bar, not for the purpose of pleading, but simply to fix legislation on the matter. There is not the slightest doubt that the Fawcetts will multiply a hundred fold within the next ten years.

## PROCLAIM THE TRUTH.

The following letter to Mr. Herman Snow author of the paper on Modern Spiritualism reproduced in THE JOURNAL lately from the *Unitarian Review* is published by permission:

REV. HERMAN SNOW:—My Dear Sir: I sought your address that I might have the pleasure and honor of thanking you for the public avowal of your convictions upon the spiritual ethics of man, published in the May number of the *Unitarian Review*. Many thanks for that article.

I very much wish that those who have reached like convictions of the truthfulness of spirit life, spirit return, and an ever progressive immortality, for man would openly avow such belief and give to the world the proof they have obtained tending to establish the fact. The waning and decaying belief in theologic ritual has a tendency to weaken religious aspiration and lower the standard of social as well as Christian morality, and the growing tendency to materialism does not lift the moral status of men in equal ratio with which it begets a desire for worldly gain. Man forgets his spiritual interests in his struggles for wealth and personal fame. This plunges the race into a material environment which will ultimately rule our every effort, unless restricted—and take such to the time of money getting instead of soul unfolding. To counteract this tendency, and place the human family upon the basis of the soul's developing forces, which can take the race higher, both in spirit and intellect, is no doubt the true ethics for men to accept in the present state. To promote this most desirable result men should proclaim such evidence of immortality as come to them, to you, to me, and thousands of others—and the same should be placed before the masses to the end that they too might know the life which awaits them, and that they may be educated in a true spiritual philosophy, which can not do otherwise than promote a true religious consciousness and correct soul unfolding.

So I welcome this effort of yours; and your appeal to your brother clergymen to help mankind by letting on the light instead of putting it beneath the cover of secrecy. It is the influence of leading men and women who believe in Spiritualism which is wanted to make this science, religion, and philosophy popular and respectable; and when all who believe do as you have done, then the race will be in a condition to enter upon a new cycle of unfolding, which will be, religiously, intellectually and spiritually, as much higher than the church is to-day, as the ethics and teachings of Jesus are above the practices of Wall Street, and the gambling hells in the Bowery. Such as yourself who have the ear and the confidence of your clerical associates may do much to bring about such reform, and you can do no greater service to the race than in publicly teaching man in this truth of all life—immortality. It is the bareness of the heart and soul which is sapping the human family of its richest juices, intellectually, and lowering all mental culture. There has been none whose thought or word soared higher, or makes deeper impressions upon the consciousness of the race than the great Nazarene, because of his conscious belief in the forces of soul acting upon man's body.

But I would not tire you—only tell you that I too have seen the great light of a true spirituality, and I would that I could be where my voice would be heard each day—nay each hour proclaiming its grand principles and deepest truths, so bountifully thrust upon men, to the end that life may be known and lived in its entirety.

Do not rest upon your arms but let your shots be "heard around the world" and tell to men more of what you know of God's Divine Revelation which is not yet unfolded to all mankind. In time others will join you—your brother clergymen will preach this truth also instead of dogmatic ritual. What a power you all would be—what an impetus could be started in the better way. When eighty thousand pulpits shall weekly send out their trumpet notes announcing God's Divine truth, spirit life, spirit return, and immortality, no power on earth could stay the onward march of the human soul. It remains for your profession to accept the situation, and not only cultivate and maintain this new light, holding it up to the people to light their way through life, and take them across the river, or to fall below the average instruction in human ethics, and be replaced by a more earnest and faithful public instructor, who shall come out of this new development as the apostles came out from that of Judea. To keep in healthy life conditions the latest and deepest unfoldings of nature must be recognized and accepted, and when such is rejected the inevitable result is decay. So I believe it must be with the Christian church unless it replace its rotting and crumbling dogmatism with the new presentation of this Divine life which comes to your and my door asking to be admitted, an abiding guest within our hearts and thoughts and homes.

Most Sincerely,

A. B. BROWN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

## THE DIVINE AND THE HUMAN.

By W. J. POTTER.

The real character of Jesus, in all its nobleness and beauty, we have, just as much as do those who call him Deity. And further, his character must be actually more to us, for example, for inspiration, for incitement, inasmuch as we do not believe that he had any supernatural endowments or protection to help in the achievement of such a character, but only the same kind of human faculties as are possessed by mankind in general. As high as he stood, others may reach the same mark. If the manifested divinity in humanity, why may not you and I?

Second, we have not only the company of Jesus, but of other large and strong souls, who stand with him in the same group of humanity's leaders and teachers. We do not believe that the high tide of human nobleness appeared only in the little strip of country known as Judea, but that all round the globe that tide has rolled, and that, among every great people, and in every great historical religion, there have been those who, in character and beneficent influence, have come near to the same high-water mark. Weak as is average humanity, poor and distressed as are large sections of it, corrupt and wicked as multitudes of its individuals are, yet it is not so weak, so poor, so wicked, but that examples of high virtue have sprung up in all quarters of the world, and the noblest moral and spiritual truths have found utterance in every nation that has had a literature. If it be comforting and strengthening to weak human nature to find those rules for righteous living which we call divine, illustrated so clearly in the humanity of Jesus of Nazareth, then how should comfort and strength be multiplied for us when we see the same rules illustrated in many another of the world's religious teachers and founders, wise men and saints, martyrs and philanthropists, who have lived and died that truth might be glorified, and righteousness be established on its own eternal foundations! If the life of one man living in Palestine nearly two thousand years ago, exhibited an integrity and beauty so divine that millions of mankind have since felt that he brought God nearer to earth, and stood, even, for God to them, ought it to weaken this faith to learn that a score, or a hundred men, have exhibited characters of a like integrity and beauty? nay, that divinity is not so rare an exotic on earth as the theologies have taught us, but that the divine ones have appeared in all the ages, and even in this, our century, who appear to have been "born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God,"—persons in whom the Eternal Power of Righteousness itself seems to have "become flesh and dwelt amongst us, full of grace and truth, and of whose fullness of life we have all received, and grace for grace?"

And, third, even that latest doctrine of reason and science, of which it is sometimes complained that it leaves for man no Deity at all, but only a vague conception of an



unknownable, eternal, and unlovable power—the doctrine of evolution,—this theory not only allows but compels belief in the incarnation of the eternal power in humanity; not in one man merely, but in mankind. It is not speculative metaphysics, but science, that bids us behold the uncreated, inscrutable and eternal energy, after its work, aeons long, in the organization of worlds and living creatures, welling up at last in the mental and moral consciousness of man,—so that the old text, with slight change, may be repeated as literal, scientific truth: "As the Father (or the eternal creative energy) has life in himself, so hath he given to the Son (that is, man) to have life in himself." In other words, humanity, through its endowment of mental and moral consciousness, embodies and continues the organizing, creative process, and becomes for this earth the veritable depository and dispenser of divine providence and power. When, therefore, the cry is heard against modern thought, "It has taken away my Lord, and I know not where it has laid him," modern thought may answer, "Look not back to Judea to find him: linger lovingly, reverently as you may, over the beautiful illustration of divine life that was manifested there, yet that is history, that is a tomb,—for the living God look around you!"

See Deity to-day manifest in the moral life of mankind. Behold the divine energy and purpose in the heroism of men and women who stand firmly, against whatever odds, to obey the commands of conscience. See it in the charity that flies to the relief of suffering, in the philanthropy that seeks, in multimodal ways, to lift up and ameliorate the condition of mankind. See it enlightening the ignorant, freeing the slave, reclaiming the inebriate, restoring sight to the blind, health to the sick, reason to the lunatic, casting out the demons of evil passion and brute selfishness, giving moral power even to them that have no might, lifting from the poor and crushed the heavy burdens with which evil inheritance, and traditional tyranny, and their own sins, have weighted them. See it, too, in the face of human friendship, in acts of neighborly confidence and kindness, in the pure love that founds and sustains the home, with all its high sanctities and capacities. The poor slave woman, in her wretched South Carolina hut, had not merely a reminiscence of her "Lord" in the holy life of Jesus; she had seen him in the New England school teacher who came down there to befriend her race. She had seen him in Abraham Lincoln's act of emancipation that gave her people freedom. And the freedmen, the religious instincts of a more primitive faith surviving in them, actually hailed the man who loosed their chains as another divine Saviour.

Humanity is slow, it is true, in developing organic capacity for perceiving and living by moral ideas. The incarnation of the spirit of truth and righteousness is not accomplished in a day, nor a generation. But the divine energy is patient, and has all the years and ages for its achievements.

But two cautions are to be given before I close. Though the eternal energy, according to a perfectly rational and scientific philosophy, becomes thus incarnate in humanity, and Deity is thereby brought intimately near to us and made a participator in our thought, sympathies, and work, let us not fall into the error, on the one hand, of conceiving everything in humanity to be divine; nor into the error, on the other side, of thinking that all of Deity with whom we have to do, is embodied in collective humanity. With regard to the first error, Heaven forbid that we should be so optimistic as to count everything we find in men—the follies, brutal passions, and crimes—to have a divine origin, or to work toward a divine purpose. That purpose is Life—Life ever larger, higher, richer, fairer; but it is the fatal significance of man's vices and crimes, the very thing that defines them as evil, that they antagonize the normal order of Life. They have their origin in finite and individual desire, which sets up a claim to temporary and selfish satisfaction, against the universal and eternal good. These, therefore, have to be overcome, and their power annihilated before the human organism becomes facile to anything like a perfect incarnation of the eternal energy.

Nor, again, is all of Deity to be found in humanity. Not even if humanity were perfect, could it be large enough to embrace even man's conception of endless and omnipresent power. Man is but the culmination of the eternal energy on this little planet, which is but a grain of dust compared with the countless worlds amidst which it has its existence. What possibilities of being and life suggest themselves as belonging to this infinite multitude of

worlds! And through all this vast realm of stars and planets, the infinite and eternal energy is plying its tasks. If our conception of its incarnation be limited to the human race, we have only a provincial Deity. We must lift our eyes from earth to the whole universe, before our rational thought of Deity, centering here, can approach its circumference. Wherever on earth, or in the heavens, is displayed formative and creative power, wherever there is moral law, there is God, still bringing forth, and peopling, and governing his worlds.



#### FROM BROOKLYN.

TO THE EDITOR: With your permission, one more pessimistic communication—for so it will be considered by some—for the columns of THE JOURNAL. My letters will assume a more cheerful aspect "When the clouds have rolled away." Organized Spiritualism in New York and Brooklyn is under a cloud. The outlook is not hopeful; it is discouraging. A sturdy minority in both cities opposed to fraud and other obstacles to the progress of Spiritualism, stand facing an avalanche of misconception and fanaticism, and a persistent ignoring of the noxious weeds that need uprooting, before anything like genuine progress can be made. An institution styling itself "The Independent Club," has existed some length of time in this city taking for its motto, "speak no evil,"—an excellent motto, but stretched, I fear, by the members, far beyond its original meaning and intent. It is quite safe to say that were Jesus in earth life to-day, he would not be eligible to membership in this club. He had a habit of denouncing perpetrators of great wickedness in the most scathing terms. If memory does not play me false, he even went so far, on one occasion, as to exclaim, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell." I am quite sure he would denounce the sham materializers of the present day, very properly, and appropriately, too, in precisely the same terms. And I am equally sure that the Independent Club would deem his speech an infraction of their motto, I have an inkling, however, that a severe denunciation of the expositors of fraud, would not cause expulsion, or even a mild rebuke, but would, on the contrary, elicit unqualified approval. The Conservatory hall meetings are on vacation. Good audiences have assembled during the past season to listen to Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Mrs. Helen T. Brigham, Mr. J. W. Fletcher, and others. The regular Eastern District spiritual lectures are discontinued until September, but the Ladies' Aid Society connected with the E. D. Union are successfully conducting summer Sunday evening medium's meetings. The Eastern district friends are taking advanced and healthy ground in reference to frauds and immorality. The Progressive Spiritual Conference with which the writer is connected, does not take the high moral ground some of us desire it should occupy; perhaps it will eventually get there. There is such a fearful amount of timidity among well intentioned and earnest Spiritualists. The conference, under the able and energetic lead of its president, Mr. Samuel B. Bogart, is progressing numerically and financially. Its Saturday evening sessions are fully attended. There is no admission fee, seats are free to all. In the neighboring city of Newark, N. J., where spiritualist organizations had entirely collapsed, the standard was again raised last March, on anniversary day, by Mrs. Ida E. Vittum, formerly of Brooklyn, and a most estimable lady and an excellent medium. Meetings were held during April, May, and the first and second Sundays in June. Quite an interest was awakened; the meetings were well attended, Mrs. Vittum securing mediums and lecturers, and doing all in her power, financially assisted by her noble husband, to rehabilitate the organization of Spiritualism in Newark. Meetings will probably be resumed in September. Mr. and Mrs. Vittum are warm personal friends of the writer, and thoroughly in accord with the type of Spiritualism of which THE JOURNAL is so proficient a representative. In Brooklyn, and in Newark, I have urged the just claim of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, on all spiritualists in sympathy with its grand work, for moral and finan-

cial support. Shall continue to do so, wherever I may be called.

Yours Very Truly,  
W. C. BOWEN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

#### A PSYCHIC PHENOMENON.

TO THE EDITOR: I desire an explanation of a psychic phenomenon which recently occurred: My wife was dangerously ill and we sent for her mother living in Kansas. While she was hastily getting ready for the journey, worrying greatly—for she had little hopes of her daughter's recovery—while crying she heard "the voice of her daughter clear and loud: "Mother, I will be all right." It was so plain and clear the first thought was that the daughter was really in the room. She stopped crying and after this experience it was not possible for her to overcome the influence, although she is not a woman of much personal experience with phenomena or faith in Spiritualism. The daughter has come out all right and the mother alleges that the voice she heard was all she had to keep up her hope till the crisis was passed. Now if that voice had been recognized as from one who is in spirit life it would be easy to account for it upon the hypothesis of Spiritualism but the person whose voice it was being alive five hundred miles away, it is not so easily explained. Did the daughter unconsciously to herself go to her mother and make that cheering announcement or did the mother become unconsciously present in spirit with the daughter and the daughter unconsciously make the statement, and if so how did the daughter know that she would be all right, or did some spirit power manage to produce upon the mother the sensation of the voice of her daughter? Or was it nothing more than groundless imagination? There are some phenomena very easily explained according to Spiritualism or where the phenomena explain themselves, but there are other phenomena occurring on the same line of which the explanation is not so easy and where the phenomena instead of explaining themselves, simply confuse us.

I would like an explanation of the above fact. Such are common things and throw some doubt in my mind in regard to the veritability of a voice of dead or departed friends being from them unless it can be shown that the mother above mentioned actually heard the voice of her daughter.

Who can explain? Let the capable editor of THE JOURNAL give an explanation.  
AN INVESTIGATOR.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

#### GO-UP-HEAD, DARWIN.

TO THE EDITOR: When some one said "Where liberty is there is my country," and Paine replied "Where liberty is not there is my country and thither I hasten that I may help to establish it," if I could have spoken I would have said: "Right, go-up-head Paine." But when Paine says, of human government, "It is the badge of lost innocence," implying the erroneous idea of a perfect creation in man, followed by "the fall," and Darwin declares that the popular theory of the creation of a perfect man, and his fall, is incorrect, and that man, as we find him to-day, instead of being the result of an instantaneous and miraculous creation, is the growth of ages, thus setting him upon the highway of evolutionary progress when Darwin declares thus—I am ready to say: "Right! go-up-head, Darwin!"

Some one may be ready to ask, what then will you do with the bible account of the creation and fall of man?

To this I answer: As to the bible account of the creation of man, I accept it, as a prophecy—a true one perhaps, but I apprehend that the realization of the vision of the author, whoever he was, is not for many days to come.

The six days' work, ending in a man who is or is to be in the exact image or likeness of God, will bring about a state of things the world has never realized as yet; and it will never, when it is attained, be followed by a fall. If the world ever produces a man "in the express image of God," either by a direct creative power, or by an evolutionary and natural process,—that man will never fall.

The doctrine of the fall of man originated in the false idea of the miraculous creation of a perfect man, and in the rude and undeveloped condition in which he was found to be. In other words, when man was found to be characterized by imperfections, while yet the thought that he was made perfect obtained, it was natural that the conclusion should be reached that he had, at some time, fallen away from

his perfect and God-like estate:—a thing utterly impossible if he had possessed the perfection of God. If one perfect being has ever fallen all other perfect beings are liable to do the same, God himself not excepted—a catastrophe that no person would be willing to admit as possible.

There is yet much in store for the world with regard to the Adam of Genesis; and so too, with regard to "the second Adam,"—the "God-man": there is yet much for the world to learn before either of these representative characters is fully known and understood. But the world is not yet ready for it; and, consequently, should any man, capable of doing so, attempt to present the truth of the matter, showing that these both are a prophecy yet to be fulfilled, there would very likely be demanded of him, "Why comest thou hither to torment us before the time?" or he would himself be obnoxious to the injunction, "Give not that which is holy unto the dog; neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet and turn and rend you." Nevertheless I will repeat what I have already intimated [that they—Adam and Jesus both were and are a prophecy of what is in store for the world; and, of the achievements of Darwin, Right! go-up-head, Darwin! and stand there until some one turns you down as fairly as you have the balance of the class: but, meanwhile, keep a sharp lookout and study your lesson well, keeping fully abreast with the progressive thought of the age that is just now rendered doubly acute by the tide of spiritual influx, else, first thing you know "the word" will be passed round again and you'll miss it and some one in the class of the world's learners will turn you down, sure!

UNION, TEXAS. J. B. CONE.

#### "PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES" AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR: In response to the inquiries of "E." in THE JOURNAL for July 19, I offer the following thoughts which may to some extent afford the needed explanations: The sense of right is an integral part of our spiritual organism. Whilst we are in the material form the images of external objects find their way to a material retina through an eyesight rightly fitted to do its work in the material life. But back of this, and inclosed within it, there is the spiritual retina which can be reached only through a spiritual organism; and this is often open to the clear impressions of spiritual beings who can thus convey to the open and receptive in this life, by the help of symbolic imagery, such knowledge and instruction as they may have to impart. This may be regarded as a sort of photographic process, only the images conveyed are generally closely related to spirit scenery.

Symbolic teachings are the leading methods of the spirit world and are immeasurably superior to the word methods of this life, and whenever, as in the case of "E." the way is open for this, it is promptly improved by such spirits as are able to come *en rapport* with a sensitive, who will soon learn to rightly interpret the meaning.

As these object lessons are from a spirit source, and through spirit methods, they are entirely independent of material externalism and can be seen either in the light or in the dark; with eyes open or shut—i. e.: if other conditions are sufficiently perfect. The most important of these conditions is a passive quiet, like the surface of clear waters in a day of perfect stillness when every bright object from above is distinctly reflected. Hence the visions come not by an effort of the will but oftenest when least expected, as in seasons of deep musings, or of semi-slumber. H. S.

#### WHAT IS KNOWN IN SPIRITUALISM.

TO THE EDITOR: I supposed till lately that something was known about the beautiful spiritual philosophy. I believe in the return of departed spirits; but can not get hold of what has been attached to it, and it would seem that nobody can. Does this look like philosophy or science? How can I, having been taught the Christian faith, relinquish all for an uncertain something, no two know what. Even the unlettered pioneer will not pull down his old log cabin till his new frame house is built. It is no new thing to us that we live in the future; still to me it is the most valuable of all knowledge that we can prove our belief and converse with our departed ones. Now if a well defined philosophy or science exists, and not mere wild theories, why do we not have more tangible proof of it from the initiated? Why are spiritualistic papers so full of fine spun metaphysical theories—how unlike Newton's Principia—and not more substantial scien-



tific facts? I supposed Spiritualism to be based on solid phenomena.

Again, do you realize how worthless the reports of spirit intercourse are, as a basis for a scientific theory? I hope these published in this paper are true. Supposing all the writers are honest, how few have the true instinct for investigation. Recommendations of quack medicines show how unfitted the untrained mind is to observe justly. What can be done? Whither shall we go, then? Whose reports shall we believe? Of what value are they if they can not be relied upon? Can not spiritualists nail their theses upon some church door and let the world see them and then defend them? As things are there is a strong suspicion suggested that there is nothing settled as a matter of science or philosophy in Spiritualism, but rather a wish that something might be true. No one implicitly believes spirits any farther than their—the spirits—experience goes. Why should he? I once asked an intelligent spirit what he knew of the great future more than we. He replied, "No more; we have no means of knowing." On reflection I concluded that he was right. Would that all would cease to be wise, beyond the known facts and phenomena of nature.

W. H. CUMMINGS.

HALIFAX, MASS.

#### LET US HAVE FACTS.

TO THE EDITOR: "Farmer Reynolds" but echoes the voice of all sensible Spiritualists. Where do the spirits of the dead reside? What are their avocations? Do children grow to manhood there? Is the relation of husband and wife retained? Do deaths and births take place there? "Our heavenly home" is a term too vague to satisfy the intelligent. I suppose no one accepts A. J. Davis' "views of our heavenly home" as anything more than a vapory imagination of an abnormal brain—no more to be accepted as realities than his detailed account of his "Divine Revelation" of the inhabitants of the various planets, entirely exploded by the recent revelations of the spectroscopic. Gradgrind was never more determined to have "facts" than the intelligent Spiritualist of to-day. The mawkish, twaddling, sentimental sort of Spiritualists, leading to free love and fraud swallowing, has no place with educated, intelligent, decent Spiritualists. THE JOURNAL has purged our ranks of all such sickening pestilence. "Let us have facts, nothing but facts." Who can give them?

F. H. S.

PUEBLO, COLORADO.

#### A GOOD CAMP MEETING.

TO THE EDITOR: A good camp meeting needs fine weather, central location, a great crowd of sensible people, a good quality of speakers and speeches, a foraging camp where good food is sold reasonably and plenty of water given away. These trifles with the addition of a sleeping place, safe from insects, snakes and vagabonds will inspire people to speak truth, exclude vice, exchange thought, suppress cranks, and renew good intentions.

MARY A. BRINDLE.

Effie F. Josselyn writes: Thorough organization in the conducting of camp meetings is imperative. Otherwise many of the benefits are lost. Making them beautiful, clean, and healthful is in every way essential in order to draw the best influence and best results. Spiritualists should take an active interest in the camps and state conventions and make it a certainty that they have done their part toward making them a power for good in the world's work, and hence will not go out into spirit life conscious that they might have done more toward helping these movements in the interest of our common good.

The Spiritualists of Paulding and DeKalb counties, Ohio, and Allen and DeKalb counties, Indiana, will hold their Twenty-first Annual Grove Meeting on August 23d and 24th, next, in the Wentworth Grove, three and a half miles south of Hicksville, Ohio, and four miles north of Antwerp, Ohio. Lyman C. Howe is engaged for the occasion and other good speakers and mediums will be present. All are invited.

Dr. John C. Wyman, Brooklyn: You have succeeded in dressing up the "RELIGIO" typographically perfect, and you furnish in its columns such nourishing mental and spiritual feasts of "good things" that one's soul is stimulated to more earnest efforts toward gaining the heights of diviner human unfoldment than is at present possessed by any but the favored few, "the chosen of the Gods."

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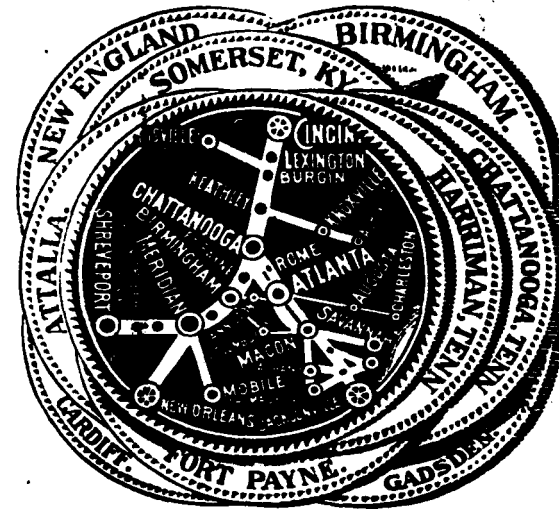
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## BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed, under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

**CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING.** Its Principles and Practice, with full Explanations for Home Students. Helps for the Mind, Body and Estate. By Frances Lord. Chicago: Lily Publishing House, 1888. pp. 471. Price, \$2.50. In 1886 Miss Lord, an English lady of culture and of literary views on religious and social subjects, came to America to travel, but she soon became interested in the Christian science movement and made herself the owner of a little paper, *Woman's World*, in Chicago, in which she published a series of lectures, such as usually constitute a course of instruction in Christian science. These with some shorter articles which appeared in her paper are reproduced in this handsome volume.

Miss Lord says: "From my first acquaintance with the American movement in 1885 I found that good Americans were sadly disconcerted by the ignorance and avarice to be found among its 'leaders'; and while I saw no reason to think differently from those who thus judged their fellow men and women, I was so used to painful spectacles in other reform efforts, and also to expecting the really noble persons would be found among the rank and file, whose names, if known at all, are only known to those who have good reason to bless them, that I was quite content to be identified with the work, represented though it often is by people of very unsatisfactory character. For it is easy to see the motives for which they are in the work; one motive is money making." Perceiving this Miss Lord, when she returned to England, gave all her teachings free, and published in book form especially those who cannot pay the large fee usually asked for instruction in science the author says "should not mean 'the science of the the knowledge which Christ he does not claim to possess the knowledge, but holds it to be acquired, for Christ said, works than these shall ye do." "The science were not first taught but he impressed them on the minds and hearts of men in such a way 'that they can never be withdrawn again, but must, for all time, be known to constitute the ark of refuge from error.'"

The following propositions summarize Miss Lord's views. Certain great spiritual truths have comforted man in all ages, and come within his ken when he reaches a fit point of evolution. These truths always strike each person as "a discovery," for they can only be learned by perceiving them. Spiritual evolution of itself brings forth "new" truths also. The learning to entertain true thoughts is man's business on earth. When these truths comprise the relation between man and God they are called "religious." Since All is One, a person who thinks truly is likely to have good health. If he pursues truth for the sake of seeking any advantage (health) and not for the love of truth, and for the sake of serving God and man, he will find his pursuit vain, sooner or later. If being ill he deliberately believes health is not to be had, he will not have it, but will reflect in sickness and pain, his own erroneous thought. Defective as the teachers and pupils may be, a large number do constantly receive truth with sufficient clearness to produce good results, in conduct and in healing. No human being has been commissioned to regulate or improve the imperfect stage of affairs. Christian science is therefore on the same footing as all upward striving; viz., the more you try the better you will get on. Christian science affirms that God is All; the All is good. There is no reality in evil. Matter does not really exist. Sin and sorrow sickness and death are "race mesmerisms" as is sexual feeling. Sickness comes through believing in matter, etc., etc.

Miss Lord assumes so much of her teaching to be true, without attempting to prove its scientific or philosophic soundness, that her book must be unsatisfactory to such as are not already in sympathy with her theories and methods; but from whatever point of view it is read, it will be found to contain much suggestive thought.

**THE RAGPICKER OF PARIS.** By Félix Pyat. Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. Boston: B. R. Tucker, publisher. 1890. pp. 317. Cloth, \$1. This novel, constructed by Félix Pyat shortly before his death, from his drama of the same name, presents a panorama of Paris during the last century. Vice in all its hideousness and the wretchedness that

results from persistence in it are presented in a very strong and realistic manner, while virtue amidst temptations and noble deeds in humble life, are depicted with a masterly hand. The ragpicker, Father Jean, friend of a persecuted widow and her daughter, who is the heroine of the story, is undoubtedly a creation of great power. Pyat with his socialistic views had no love for kings and titled nobilities. His sympathies were with the people, and of the drama from which the novel was constructed Sainte-Beuve said, "It is the paragon of the democratic republican school." A fine portrait of the author is given as a frontispiece of the volume which is handsomely bound.

**OUR FLAG, OR THE EVOLUTION OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.** including the reason to be of the design, the colors and their position, mystic interpretation, together with selections, eloquent, patriotic and poetical. By Robert Allen Campbell. Chicago: H. E. Lawrence & Co. pp. 128. Cloth, \$1. Mr. Campbell seems to be a patriotic gentleman who has great admiration for the stars and stripes whose origin, evolution and history are given in a well arranged compilation of facts from larger works and from numerous addresses, pamphlets and papers. The selections of songs, poems and extracts from addresses in regard to the American flag are all good and the handsome little volume put into the hands of youth will tend to strengthen attachment to the beautiful flag which is the standard of the Union, and the symbol of American freedom. The mystic or esoteric interpretation of our flag is pretty but fanciful.

## MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

**St. Nicholas** for August is well filled with stories, poems and appropriate illustrations. The boys and girls will enjoy the fourth paper of Ballad and Diamond. A White Mountain Coaching Parade will probably recall pleasant memories. Six Years in the Wilds of Africa is concluded.

**Wide Awake** (Boston.) The August issue of this popular monthly is full to repletion with good reading. The illustrations are appropriate, and the poems and jingles suitable to this season.

**The Home Maker** (New York.) The departments of this magazine for July are filled with contributions from well known writers, and are not only interesting reading but are valuable and instructive.

**Our Little Ones and the Nursery** (Boston.) The short stories are good and the illustrations are of the very best. This feature has always been a prominent one with this monthly for young readers.

The August number of the *Jennens-Miller Magazine* (New York) is unusually full of interesting and valuable matter. The Physical Culture article leads in interest. A story with an unusual plot is contributed by John L. Heaton, and the experiences of A Girl Student in Paris are continued with no abatement of interest.

The August *Eclectic* opens with a masterly paper by Prof. J. De Luys, an eminent French medical man and scientist, on H. pnotism, in which much light is shed on this interesting subject. The subject of "Trusts in the United States," which has excited as much curiosity in England as in the United States, is ably discussed by Robert Donald, and an economic problem involved in the all-important woman question now agitating the public mind is presented under the heading of "Can Women Combine?" Wilfrid Ward touches an important religious issue in his "New Wine in Old Bottles," and that intellectual gladiator, Prof. Huxley, again comes to the fore in the paper entitled "Lights of the Church and Lights of Science."

The first number of the *Criterion Monthly Magazine*, published in Chicago, and edited by Theo. B. Thiele and Fred. W. Clark, has just appeared. It is a publication "devoted to high class literature," as it claims, and the claim is well sustained in the first issue. The leading contributions are "Bayard Taylor as a Poet," by Fanny Kemble Johnson; "The Ideal in Art," by Eliza Allen Star; "Woman and Her Work," by Dora M. Morrell; "Influence of Germany Upon Modern Thought," by Caroline K. Sherman; "Where Rolls the Oregon," sketch of a trip down the Columbia river, by Sara A. Underwood; and "The Stage," by Mme. Rhea. These articles are all very readable and the editorials show judgment and taste.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

**Our Flag, or the Evolution of the Stars and Stripes.** Robert Allen Campbell, Chicago: H. E. Lawrence & Co. Price, \$1.00.

**One Life: One Law.** Mrs. Myron Reed. New York: John W. Lovell & Co.

**Heat as a form of Energy.** Robert H. Thurston. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

**The Rag Picker of Paris.** Translated from the French of Felix Ryat by Benj. R. Tucker. Boston: Published by the author. Price, \$1.00.

**Christian Science Healing.** Frances Lord. Chicago: Lily Publishing Co. Price, \$2.50.

**The New Evadne.** Frank Howard Howe. New York: F. E. Lovell & Co. Price, 25 cents: **The Mystery of M. Felix.** B. L. Farjeon. Price, 50 cents.

**A Modern Marriage.** The Marquise Clara Lanza. New York: John W. Lovell. Price, 50 cents.

**From John B. Alden.** New York: A few Thoughts for a Young Man. Horace Mann. Price, 25 cents. Lord Ivelly. An Epic Poem in XIV Books. James Latreue.

**Aryan Sun Myths the Origin of Religions.** Sarah E. Titcomb. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

**The Two Brothers.** Guy De Maupassant, translated by Clara Bell. New York: John W. Lovell Co. Price, 50 cents.

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Out on the sea, death's mystical sea,  
I knew my love was drifting from me;  
His eyes sought mine 'til they grew so dim  
My weeping image was lost to him.  
His hand grew colder in mine until  
His pulses ceased and his heart was still,  
And my beloved, my very own,  
Went bravely out to the great Unknown.

Out on the sea, the deep, placid sea,  
With tender adieu he went from me,  
And I dared not ask his longer stay,  
Though with grief my heart should pine away;  
For he'd said, "Dear one, but for your sake  
The voyage is one I long to take;  
I'd feel neither sorrow nor regret  
That my ship awaits with sails all set.

"Out on the sea, the broad, restful sea,  
Let my freed spirit go peacefully:  
Do not hold me here with prayers and tears  
From that fair shore which e'en now appears.  
Grieve not, dear heart, that you're left alone,  
For immortals love and claim their own,  
And when you enter death's mystery,  
I'll come for you o'er the shining sea."

Out on the sea, the great, silent sea,  
His words come echoing back to me;  
I'll hear him call me from far away,  
As I tread the lonely beach some day  
I'll see glad smiles on his features pale  
Ere mortal vision or senses fail;  
His loving arms will enfold me  
As reunited we cross the sea!

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CHAPTER VIII. TRICKERY AND ITS EXPOSURE. Dark seances. A letter from Sergeant Cox. The concealment of "spirit-drapery." Rope tying and handcuffs. Narrative of exposed imposture. Various modes of fraud.  
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CHAPTER X. THE HIGHER ASPECTS OF SPIRITUALISM. The theological Heaven. A story regarding a coffin. An incident with "L. M." A London drama. "Blackwood's Magazine" and some seances in Geneva.  
CHAPTER XI. "OUR FATHER."  
CHAPTER XII. THE HIGHER ASPECT OF SPIRITUALISM (continued). "Stella."

## APPENDIX.

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## RESTORED.

By F. O. HYZER.

Beyond the shadow and the gloom,  
The hills of fadeless beauty rise,  
Where fountains gleam and lilies bloom,  
Forever under cloudless skies,  
My artist darling standeth there,  
Sketching the glory of those spheres,  
With gentle hand divinely fair,  
Through eyes undim'd with burning tears.

No more for her the shadow steals,  
Across the calm and tranquil brain,  
The dawning light to her reveals  
A home she'll need not leave again;  
Sweeter than the \*Wisteria's breath  
Is the soft air that fans her brow,  
For she has never tasted death,  
And scarce remembers sorrow now.

Ere she arose the tyrant king  
Had laid his scepter at her feet,  
With naught of his dread power to sting  
Had she—sweet one! been called to meet.  
Taught from her childhood's early hour  
To look for still a higher birth,  
Over her soul death held no power,  
As dearly as she loved the earth.

My peerless one! no joy so great  
While an earth dweller can be mine,  
As to behold thy fair estate,  
And see what beauty now is thine.  
To think, to speak, to write, to sing  
Of thee and thy transcendent sphere,  
And to thy memory to cling,  
Will be my joy unceasing here.

We've drank together of the draught  
Of mortal sorrow, care and pain,  
But the last bitterness is quaffed—  
Parting we can not know again.  
Thy cup is filled from crystal streams,  
Of heavenly peace and harmony,  
While from its brim the nectar gleams  
And overflows in love to me.

Till I can feel in every vein  
The healing balm divinely steal,  
And know that with me she'll remain  
My mortal life to cheer and heal.  
I fold her to my heart to-night,  
My newly born, angelic child,  
Who passed into the realms of light  
With spirit pure and undefiled.

\*My daughter's favorite flower, that twined the  
windows of her Baltimore home.

Hicks—How did you get along with that  
stuff you were writing for the paper the  
other day?

Wicks—I sent it to half a dozen papers,  
and they rejected it, every one of them.

Hicks—That was rather discouraging,  
eh?

Wicks—Not a bit of it. I just went to  
work and spelled every other word wrong,  
made a dozen copies, and sent them to as  
many magazines as a piece of dialect writ-  
ing.

Hicks—And they rejected it, too?

Wicks—You're off there. They all ac-  
cepted it, and I got a check from each.

Hicks—But when they come to publish  
it you'll be in a pretty scrape.

Wicks—Oh, that'll be all right. By the  
time it is published I shall have been dead  
years and years ago.

"Now, sir," began the attorney for the  
defense, knitting his brows, and preparing  
to annihilate the witness whom he was  
about to cross-examine, "you say your  
name is Williams. Can you prove that to  
be your real name? Is there anybody in  
the court room who can swear that you  
haven't assumed it for the purpose of fraud  
and deceit?"

"I think you can identify me yourself,"  
answered the witness.

"I? Where did I ever see you before,  
my friend?"

"I put that scar over your right eye  
twenty-five years ago when you were steal-  
ing peaches out of father's orchard. I'm  
the same Williams."

He who yields to anger, becomes a slave to  
his baser nature, and loses the victory that  
lies within his reach. He thereby  
increases the bonds that bind him to the  
animal in his nature. His rage becomes  
impotency, and the angels mourn at his  
foolishness. Real power—the power that  
surmounts all obstacles in the domain of  
matter—the power that dominates the uni-  
verse of mind as well as matter—belongs  
to the spirit. Who learns this fact is wise.  
—Golden Gate.

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ganized a woman's exchange and every-  
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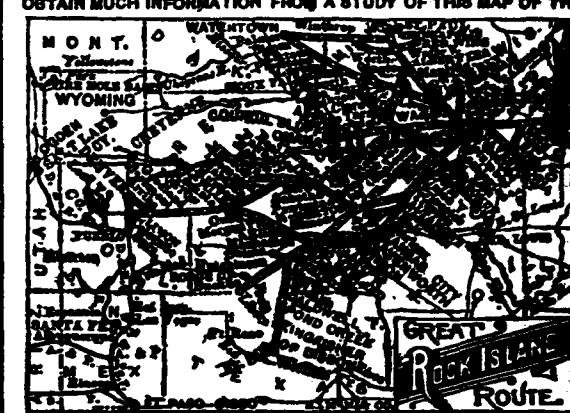
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## NOTES FROM ONSET.

**TO THE EDITOR:** The fourth Sunday of the fourteenth camp meeting at this summer home was enjoyed by nearly five thousand people. The day was firstclass in every way, clear as crystal and a lovely breeze came from the bay. The morning trains brought large delegations from Boston, from the Cape and from old Plymouth and all way stations; and from New Bedford came also the Island Home Steamer. The Temple was literally packed on Saturday evening by the lovers of the dance, under the management of the lady floor managers, with Carter's orchestral band of eight pieces, the voices intermingling with the music of the instruments to the delight of all. President W. D. Crockett was at the Grove on Sunday, looking after the interest of the Association. Also E. Gerry Brown, president of the Onset street railway company. It was marvelous to see that steam motor start off this Monday morning with a train of five heavily loaded cars to meet the first express for Boston. No tired horses on that road.

After the fine concert of the morning by the band, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock was introduced by chairman Fairchild; and delivered a fitting lecture, taking for her subject, "The New Kingdom." Mrs. E. C. Kimball, of Lawrence, Mass., followed with platform tests. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of Boston, spoke in the afternoon upon "The Educational Tendencies of the Present Hour." The great auditorium was crowded and the people gave the speaker their undivided attention. At the close of the lecture, many came upon the platform to take Mrs. Byrnes by the hand and thank her for the noble thoughts uttered during the lecture. Mrs. Kimball followed the afternoon lecture with another platform séance reporting many names that were recognized.

Mr. Frank W. Jones, of New York, is holding séances and conference meetings in the pavilion, morning and evening, which are well attended and highly appreciated. Mr. Jones is using his best effort to make these meetings a fitting place for mediums to exercise their gifts, and develop their medial powers.

Next Sunday, August 17th, Hon. Sidney Dean of Rhode Island, and Prof. W. N. Baldwin, of New York, are expected to occupy the platform. Mr. Baldwin in the morning and Mr. Dean in the afternoon; Joseph D. Stiles following each lecture with his rapid test séance utterances.

W. W. CURRIER.

ONSET, MASS., Aug. 4, 1890.

## HASLETT PARK CAMP.

**TO THE EDITOR:** The Haslett Park Camp is now in complete working order. On Sunday over one thousand people were here. J. Clegg Wright was the speaker. His topic was, "Soul, Body and Spirit," and he gave the most complete definition of those terms that this writer has ever heard. The time is fully occupied here with conferences meetings, reading circles, and lectures. Dr. U. D. Thomas, president of the R. P. Society of Grand Rapids, is in full charge of the meetings and presides over the proceedings in a manner conducive to the best good to the greatest number.

We have some very good mediums present with us. The "Medium's Home," of which Dr. A. W. Edson, of Lansing, is president, is the most attractive improvement this year, although efforts are put forth in every direction to make this the camp of Michigan. Mr. Haslett has done much to help the Spiritualists of this state to have a camp such as they should have and now it remains for them to help on the work. I think few, if any, have ever given Spiritualists the opportunity to make for themselves a place of rest, recreation, and education, that Mr. Haslett has. However, this camp is growing in popularity from year to year, and being founded as it is with the best of objects it will surely grow into what it has aimed to be, a place of education and instruction. Some people think and tell us that popularity is dangerous, but we say no, when back of it is honesty and integrity of purpose. And for the other kind of popularity a true worker has no desire. Haslett Park bears acquaintance, therefore we predict for it success.

Yours for the truth,

EFFIE F. JOSSELYN.

HASLETT PARK, MICH., Aug. 5.

In a business letter S. F. Deane, M. D., Carleton, Neb., writes: I think you deserve credit for pluck and enterprise if nothing more. I thought THE JOURNAL was about as good as it could be, before it came out in its new dress, but since then it has been much improved, not only in its

mechanical make-up, but also in its contents. Although there was much food for thought in its columns, when issued in its old form, the several articles that have appeared since certainly betoken increase of mental power and acumen, while some show a great advance.

## PRESS OPINIONS.

The Herald, Phillipsburg, Kan., July 15.

For the past ten or fifteen years under the editorial management of Col. John C. Bundy, THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, has become widely known as an honest, and fearless reform journal. On its twenty-fifth birthday the paper came out in a new form and new dress, and presents a handsome appearance. Rev. H. W. Thomas, Rev. Heber Newton, Prof. Elliott Coues, Miss Frances E. Willard and other well known writers and workers in the cause of humanity have written Editor Bundy warm words of endorsement and encouragement. We have been a weekly reader of THE JOURNAL for twenty years, and place a high estimation upon it. The publisher announces that it will be sent four weeks free to any one who writes him making such a request. Address John C. Bundy, Chicago, Ill.

Christian Register, July 24.

Our Spiritualist contemporary THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, has been rematerialized. The same spirit is undoubtedly there, but it appears in a new dress. It has changed its form from the eight-paged blanket sheet to the quarto, and looks neat and handsome, in spite of its formidable name. We congratulate our contemporary and its readers upon its improved appearance, as a spiritualistic medium.

## METEORITES.

Meteorites are particularly interesting because they comprise the only material coming to us from outer space. In consequence of the striking phenomena resulting from their rapid passage through our atmosphere, making them appear like balls of fire visible at great distances, sometimes exploding with such violence as to be taken for earthquakes; their falls have been noticed and recorded since the earliest times. The accounts, however, were so imbued with superstitions, and so distorted by the terrified condition of the narrators, that in most cases the witnesses of the event were laughed at for their supposed delusions, and it was not till the beginning of the present century that men of science and people in general began to give credit to such reports.

The earliest authentic records of stones falling from the sky are to be found in the Chinese annals, which go back to 644 B. C., and between that time and 333 A. D. Biot has traced sixteen distinct occurrences. In Europe, a meteorite is said to have fallen in Crete as far back as 1478 B. C., but Greek history can not be depended upon for events earlier than 700 B. C. A more probable fall, in 705 B. C., is mentioned by Plutarch; while Livy, in his History of Rome, gives an account of a shower of stones which fell on the Alban Mount about 652 B. C., and which so impressed the senate that they decreed a nine days' solemn festival.—*Oliver W. Huntington, in the Popular Science Monthly for July.*

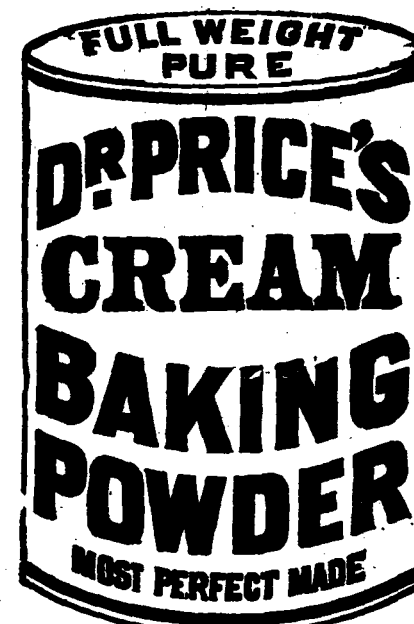
A Frenchman was walking calmly along, when from behind he received a blow from a knife, just between the shoulder blades. The wounded man turned quickly round and displayed to the horrified would-be assassin a face quite unknown to him. "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I mistook you for some one else," he exclaimed most politely, as raising his hat with one hand, with the other he withdrew his weapon.

The wounded stranger was not to be outdone in politeness by his mistaken assailant.

"Oh, pray don't mention it," replied he, as with a low bow he hurried off to the nearest surgeon.

Mrs. Maud Lord Drake the well known medium has arrived at Lily Dale, Cassadaga camp.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson left her home in California on the 8th for the East. She is accompanied by her daughter and will visit Yellowstone Park and other places of interest on the Northern Pacific railroad en route. She speaks at Cassadaga camp the last Sunday in the month and later at Cincinnati, Cleveland and elsewhere. Her address for letters and telegrams from now until October 20th is, care of Mrs. L. C. Smith, 30 North Washington st., Rochester, N. Y.



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BERTON, LAR. Co., WIS., Dec., '88.  
Rev. J. C. Bergen vouches for the following: James Rooney who was suffering from Vitus Dance in its worst form for about 14 years was treated by several physicians without effect, two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured him.

St. Francis Wis. Oct 24, 1888

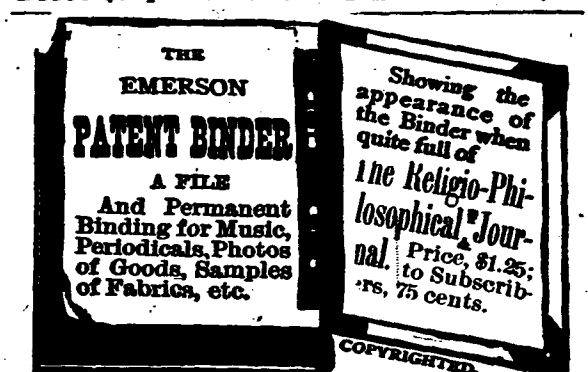
A member of my congregation used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with good results. The patient was so nervous that he could not find sleep for weeks. He suffered from the most intense anxiety which bordered on insanity. I gave the person some of Koenig's Nerve Tonic and he continued to use it. The appetite returned gradually, the anxiety disappeared the headache left, and to day the sufferer, who had almost despaired, is enjoying excellent health.

Bern. Klakamp, Pastor.

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# THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, AUG. 23, 1890.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 13.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

John Boyle O'Reilly was without a peer as a poet among his countrymen of this generation, and he was a strong and attractive personality among the writers of prose and poetry in America. His death in the prime of manhood—for he was only forty-six years old—is felt as a positive literary loss to the country and to the world.

National pride is offended. A newspaper correspondent says: "It is a melancholy thing to record the fact that bugs imported from abroad almost invariably drive out the native American insects of like species by the operation of the law which determines the survival of the fittest." Mr. McKinley's attention should be called to this matter.

A lot of ten-year-olds were told by a teacher in a Presque Isle, (Me.) school the other day to write the names of five persons of whom they had read. The question was a poser to most of them, but one rose to the occasion and handed in a list. He was told to read it and did so as follows: "The Lord, George Washington, Buffalo Bill, Dr. Boone, Miss Willard." In answer to a question, he further explained that Dr. Boone was a man who went out west among the wild Indians.

Some recent figures by Robert Giffen, the English statistician, confirm the received opinion that emigration affords no sufficient check upon the population of the United Kingdom. Great Britain has lost 9,000,000 by emigration since 1853; of this number 7,000,000 were of British or Irish origin, and this is an average of 243,000 a year, yet the population of Great Britain has grown to about 38,000,000, a gain of about 10,000,000 in the same time. In the last four years the excess of births over deaths was 1,763,000, while the excess of immigration over emigration is only 685,000. There has been a gain, therefore, of a little over 4,000,000 in the population of Great Britain since 1885.

The census of the illiterates in the various countries, according to the *St. Louis Republic*, places the three Slavonic states of Roumania, Russia, and Servia at the head of the list, with about 80 per cent of the population unable to read or write. Of the Latin-speaking races, Spain heads the list with 48 per cent; France and Belgium having about 15 per cent. The illiterates in Hungary number 43 per cent, in Austria 30 per cent, and in Ireland 21. In England we find 13 per cent, Holland 10 per cent. United States (white population), 8 per cent, and Scotland 7 per cent, unable to read or write. When we come to the purely Teutonic states we find a marked reduction in the percentage of illiterates. The highest is in Switzerland, 2.5; in the whole German empire it is but 1 per cent. In Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, Baden, and Wurtemberg there is not a single person over 10 years of age unable to read and write!

In America the Czar's proscription of the Jew is regarded not with amazement, says the *Chicago Times*,

for such an edict is entirely consonant with a bigoted autocracy, but with indignation. Thanks to that religious liberty which is the wisest of our fundamental provisions, the Jew flourishes apace. He ranks with the best and most public-spirited of American citizens. He thrives in his temporalities, and, sustaining his fair share of the public burden, is careful to see that by adequate sectarian eleemosynary provision none of his faith becomes a public charge. In his domestic life he is a model for the age. Such liberty as the American has the American Jew possesses. He is a citizen with citizens, an American with Americans, and he worships God—inestimable and most precious boon—according to the dictates of his own conscience. To this land, where, save as to the Mormon, such an edict as the Czar's is an utter impossibility, it is probable that no small number of the Russian Jews to whom emigration is possible will turn.

Bismarck now confesses frankly that he was opposed to the emperor's edicts on the social question, and that he consequently suggested the international conference in the belief that "it would condemn the undue desires of the working classes, and pour water into their wine, so to speak." But here he was disappointed. Again, there was a lack of courage painful to him, no one venturing to "direct attention to the dangers of the situation." Therefore he did not countersign the conclusions arrived at. One observation undoubtedly has a force that cannot be ignored. "It is altogether an illusion," he said, "the idea of internationalizing the protection of the working classes." It may not be altogether an illusion, but the fact was pointed out freely enough, before the conference met, that no common basis is attainable for the treatment of the working classes under the very varying conditions, economic and fiscal, existing in Europe. The prince feels so strongly on the whole, subject that he will return to the Reichstag as an opponent if the government shall continue its Socialistic adventures.

The Presbyterian church at Mattituck, Long Island, has a woman's sewing society which lately held a fair to raise money for church purposes. Raffles, grab bags, guessing contests, etc., failing to bring money from the pockets of the young men, some of the ladies proposed a kissing bee. In spite of protests from spinsters the proposal was accepted and a tent was erected, over the door of which was placed the following: "Admission five cents. To kiss the baby twenty-five cents." Some of the pretty young girls represented the baby. The tent was soon packed and overflowing with admirers of the babies, among whom were not only Presbyterian young men, but young, and some not very young, of other denominations and of no denomination. A line was formed outside and large premiums were offered for places near the entrance by those who were fearful that the osculatory exercise would end before they could get to the babies. But it is said that not one was so mercenary as to sell his place. The babies from sheer exhaustion were at length compelled to retire. The sewing society has more money now than it knows what to do with. But the girls who had charge of the ice cream stand, the pin cushions and book marks, as well as the spinsters, will not speak to the babies, and two

young men who were engaged to the babies have broken their engagements. The Methodists are making capital out of this remarkable device for raising money but the Presbyterians stand by their and in this have the sympathy and support of a large number of the sterner sex who kissed said babies and helped to put the treasury of the worshipping society in its present plethoric condition. Presbyterianism is not what it used to be.

Cardinal Newman, whose death at Birmingham, Eng., was announced last week, had been for many years a prominent figure in the Roman Catholic church. He was ordained a minister of the church of England in 1824. He gained distinction through the eloquence and power of his preaching and for a while shared with Dr. Pusey the leadership of the high church party. In 1842 he established an ascetic community of young men formed on a medieval plan and issued publications which indicated plainly a marked advance toward Rome. Tract No. 90 of series, "Tracts for the Times," brought upon him censure of the guardians of the established church and he was ordered by the bishop of Oxford to discontinue his publications at once. He obeyed, soon seceded from the established church and in 1845 professed himself a Roman Catholic. He went to Rome where he was cordially received and where he was ordained by Cardinal Fronsini and authorized to found the congregation of the oratory in England. At Birmingham he founded the first English oratory. He was made and proclaimed a cardinal deacon by the present pope soon after he became the head of the church. "*Apologia Pro Vita Sua*," which marked Newman's zenith, is his best known work. Most of his books are polemical. He published a volume of poems in 1868. His style is pure, perspicuous and graceful. He was not an original thinker, but a reactionist, and a worshipper of authority. "Dogma" he said "has been the fundamental principle of my religion. I know no other religion. I can not enter into any other sort of religion. What I held in 1816 I held in 1833, and I hold in 1864. Please God I shall hold it to the end." He was not a great leader. He said of himself: "I am not the person to take the lead of a party; I never was from first to last more than a leading author of a school, nor have I any wish to be anything more." He did not even lead the way into the Church of Rome, having been preceded in this step by most of his intimate friends, who saw that the attempt to Romanize the English church could not succeed. When he was a Protestant he opposed Catholic emancipation the benefits of which he recognized only after he had become a Catholic. He was severely censured for remaining in the English church after he had ceased to believe it was the true church. He was not an impulsive man, nor an enthusiast. He was no St. Xavier, Loyola or St. Benedict. By no means. Yet he was a man of abstemious habits and tranquil mind and for years at the oratory of St. Philip Neri, Birmingham, he lived the life of a recluse. While he was a representative of reaction, ecclesiasticism and authority, his brother, Francis W. Newman, a much abler and bolder thinker, who lives at the age of eighty-five, is quite as well known as a champion of freedom of thought and reason versus authority.

## THE MORAL BENEFITS OF SCIENCE.

As is an age of science in which myths fade into insignificance before realities or the truth of things disclosed by investigation, when matched with the fictions of theology and mythology dwindle into insignificance. But the question is often asked, "What can science do for the moral education of mankind?" The clergy have been in the habit of teaching that science, while it adds to man's intellectual equipment for worldly pursuits and achievements, has no power to improve the masses morally. For elevation of character and the promotion of virtue, it is said, the main reliance must be on religion; and by religion is meant certain well-known theological beliefs.

If those who make such statements could divest their minds of prejudice long enough to do a little clear and careful thinking, they could see at least that scientific knowledge conduces in a general way, to moral progress by diffusing the "scientific spirit," raising love of truth, facilitating greater certainty of accuracy, and by reducing ignorance, diminishing difference of opinion and thereby lessening strife.

Furthermore they would see that it discloses to man position in nature and enables him to act in harmony with the laws and conditions of his well being. The greatest effects of science are cosmopolitan in their character. Knowledge once diffused, becomes the possession of many minds and can not be destroyed or easily restrained. Inventions based upon scientific truths are gradually breaking down the barriers between the various nations and infusing common interests among all mankind. Nothing is uniting the sympathies of different peoples, promoting friendly feelings between them and diminishing the probabilities of war, more than the increasing facilities of communication brought about, in a great measure, by the development of science and art; more particularly ocean steam navigation, rapid postal communication and the telegraph.

The value of the telegraph for instance, in preventing war by the ready correspondence it makes possible, is incalculable. Charles Sumner at the time the Atlantic cable was first employed, stated that the use of that telegraph averted a probable rupture between the United States and Great Britain. Inventions based upon scientific discovery have aided moral progress in a thousand ways. Nearly everything that supplies a common want, as inventions do, conduces to general advancement. The inventions of writing and printing have helped men to avoid quarrels, to settle differences, to sympathize with suffering. As darkness is favorable to crime, so the use of gas and electric lights has conduced to morality. The numerous sources of intellectual and moral enjoyment, developed by inventions based upon scientific discovery, have attracted mankind from more sensual and less moral amusements.

One of the ways in which scientific knowledge has powerfully promoted moral progress has been that of diminishing ignorance. "There is," says Buckle, "no instance on record of an active, ignorant man who, having good intentions, and supreme power to enforce them, has not done far more evil than good." Intelligence is an indispensable condition of high morality. The avoidance of error is a great step toward the attainment of truth. There is no tyranny equal to that of false ideas; and these are being constantly exploded by science.

Great has been the influence of science upon the moral progress of mankind by inculcating an intelligent love of truth, which is a fundamental virtue, because it is the basis of many lesser virtues. The statements of verified science are usually capable of demonstration, while those of doctrine, being often contradictory, may or may not be true, and mere affirmation, when not based upon proof, is often dangerous to morality. In dogmatic subjects a man may tell untruths with impunity, because no one can disprove or correct him, but in demonstrable ones if a man utters falsehood, others will disprove his statements. A man who practices scientific research is largely compelled to adopt the most truthful views of nature.

Those who systematically investigate sources of verifiable truth are much more likely to arrive at the fountain of all truth than those who employ unsystematic methods or prefer unproved beliefs to verified knowledge. The continued discovery of new truth—psychical and physical—leads mankind nearer and nearer to the source of all truth and to the universal gospel in which men will eventually think alike in fundamental matters. Science is not opposed to true religion, but only to unfounded beliefs. The correctness or error of present beliefs will be tested in the future as others have been in the past, and the new experience requisite for the purpose will probably be obtained by means of original investigation like that of the Society for Psychical Research. Warrantable inferences deduced from scientific knowledge will, in the future, profoundly influence questions relating to the highest hopes and aspirations of man, such as the continuance of personality after bodily dissolution. Every truth is related to all other truths.

New scientific knowledge affords advantages to all classes of men, to the minister of religion, by supplying him with new illustrations of the workings of the Universal power, in the greatness, smallness, and vast variety of nature, to the physician, by explaining to him more perfectly the structure and functions of the human body, and by providing him with new remedies; to the statesman, by making known to him the great and increasing relations of science to national progress, by its influence upon wages, capital, the employment of workmen, the means of communication with foreign countries, etc.; to the philanthropist, as an endless source of employment for poor persons, by the development of new discoveries, inventions and improvements in arts and manufactures; to the merchant and man of trade, by the influence of new products and processes upon the prices of his commodities; to the manufacturer, as a means of improving his materials, apparatus and processes; to the masses, by making the conditions of living more healthful, lessening the hours of labor, securing better homes, and making intellectual culture, independence, and self-hood possible. Inestimable are the moral advantages of science and art without which moral progress would have been impossible.

## THE DIRECTION OF FUTURE RESEARCH.

A fundamental condition of progress, to individuals and nations alike, is a capacity to change. This implies a certain degree of flexibility. If the flexibility be too great, capriciousness, vacillation, turbulence, revolution and reaction result; if too little, rigidity and unprogressiveness are inevitable. In the ancient world custom, usage, the status, whatever was established, was the criterion and the standard. Beyond this men were not expected or allowed to think or to act. In Greece a multitude of causes, some of them too subtle to trace, broke up the old order; doubt and discussion replaced acquiescence and contentment with things as they were. The nation bounded forward upon an era of prosperity and progress the like of which the world had never before seen, and to which, to-day, men look back with admiration and delight.

The exercise of personal freedom, the assertion of democratic principles of government, the production of great works of art, poetry, history, and philosophy, with lofty moral ideas and high moral characters,—these were among the fruits of that flexibility, spontaneity and progressiveness which for several centuries distinguished Greece from all contemporaneous nations and made the Greeks forever the intellectual aristocracy of the ancient world.

In modern times the conditions of progress here referred to, have been the most manifest in the Anglo-Saxon nations, which have an inborn intellectuality and a modifiableness enabling them to accept changes and to adjust themselves to higher conditions, unknown to the Latin nations. But the most advanced nations have for centuries struggled to move forward under the weight of great burdens that accumulated during the middle ages. Of these burdens the greatest has been ecclesiasticism—the corpse of religion, whose armies of adherents have in modern times represented medieval thought, and used their position to

arouse the popular religious sentiment against everything in conflict with it.

Reactions against the theological thought of the past have resulted in putting greater emphasis upon the affairs of this life and giving less thought to spiritual concerns. The advanced nations to-day excel the most enlightened of antiquity in the physical sciences and in mechanical inventions more than in any other field of intellectual activity. And what modern discovery and invention have given man, over the forces of nature, which now serve his purpose. Think of the speed with which he can travel and the rapidity with which he can flash his thoughts around the world. These great achievements show the capacity and power of the human mind when its energies are concentrated in a given direction.

But there are many who think they see indications that the greatest discoveries in the future are to be in another direction. Emancipated alike from the thrall of superstition and from the indifference to spiritual things produced by absurd dogmas and grotesque forms and observances maintained in the name of religion, multitudes are in a mood to explore the field of mental science as men have, with such grand results, explored the domain that belongs to physical science. Not only among Spiritualists, but among those who have never so classed themselves, nor been so considered, in the church and outside are thousands who are having experiences that bring to them questions of a future life, with a directness and force with which they have never before been presented to their minds. There is now a wide spread curiosity and a deep interest in psychical problems. It is not merely an emotional manifestation. It is found most among those whose mood is philosophic and whose tastes and methods are scientific. The demand for the investigations of psychical phenomena is increasing among those whose studies and pursuits indicate the trend of scholarly and scientific thought. The future promises results from the investigation of psychical science as great as any that, in other fields, have crowned the investigations of the Newtons and Humboldts, the Darwins and Spencers.

Says Horace Mann in his lecture entitled "Thoughts for a Young Man:" "In a universe like this, where the primary and fundamental relation—the basis of all other relations—is that which exists between the creature and the Creator, this fact must be eternally true. Whatever direction the genius and energy of the creature may take, whether it be right or wrong, in that direction new discoveries will be made, new forms of good or of evil will be unfolded to view. In a physical and in a spiritual sense, the universe around us is full; and, as we can not go beyond the circumference of present physical discoveries without discovering new theatres of being, so we can not go beyond the circumference of existing spiritual relations without finding new spiritual relation." These words are commended to those who think that the boundaries of the human mind are so fixed that except in the material domain all efforts to make new discoveries must prove futile.

## ADIN BALLOU.

The earthly life of Adin Ballou, of Hopedale, Mass., ended on August 5th. He was in his eighty-eighth year and he had been a preacher for seventy years, having received "impressive religious experiences," in early youth, from which time on he became an inspiring force in spiritual matters, and exerted a strong influence in favor of religious and social reform. His was the same ancestry from which descended Hosea Ballou, the father and expounder of Universalism. He revolted against the doctrine of eternal punishment at the age of twenty-one and wrote pamphlets and preached sermons in support of liberal Christianity, expounding a creed which at the time was not accepted as Universalism, with which however he afterwards became identified. He preached for the Universalists in Boston, New York and at other places, until the expression of his views resulted in a notable schism in Massachusetts Universalism, by which it lost a parish at Milford. He was immediately called at Mendon, where he preached from 1831 to 1842. During this



time he edited the *Independent Messenger*, and wrote vigorously against slavery, intemperance and other evils. In 1842 he established "the Hopedale community, an industrial and religious band of men and women, united on the basis of a joint and equal ownership of property and governed by a literal interpretation of portions of scripture. The enterprise was an attempt to exemplify practically Christian communism or Christian socialism a decade before Maurice and Kingsley began that movement in England. Mr. Ballou was its spiritual leader until 1856, when joint property ownership was abandoned, the effects sold and the proceeds divided.

His record of work has been carefully kept and is an imposing one. He had preached between 8,000 and 9,000 sermons, married 1,100 couples, conducted 2,000 funerals and had edited and written 500 pamphlets and books. To some families, it is said, he had been spiritual adviser and help for three generations. Ten years ago he abandoned the active work of a pastor and occupied himself in writing. His productions include an autobiography, "The History of Milford," and "The History of the Hopedale Community." His peculiar ministry reached beyond his church doors, and many hundred non churchgoers embraced practical advice from him that was unheeded from other sources. His intellectual force, contentment of mind, kindness and sense and his pure and unpedantic life were powerful to win from men in all denominations a reverence for religion, and his death will be genuinely mourned.

#### THE CASE OF OSCAR W. NEEBE.

There is a movement on foot to secure the release of Oscar W. Neebe, convicted of murder in connection with the Haymarket riots in Chicago of May 4, 1886, and now serving a sentence of fifteen years in the Joliet penitentiary. The circular of the Oscar W. Neebe committee says in substance that it was established as a fact and admitted by the prosecution, that Neebe was not present at the Haymarket meeting where the fatal bomb was thrown, that he had no knowledge of the intention of holding that meeting; yet such was the excitement and the prejudice at the time of the trial, that the jury considered it a duty to bring in a verdict of "guilty of murder" against Neebe, qualifying this verdict however by fixing the punishment at fifteen years imprisonment, that the evidence itself was trivial and out of all proportion to the terrible crime with the commission of which Neebe was charged.

The circular concludes thus: "It is now asked, that the governor investigate the evidence in his judicial capacity, not to temper justice with mercy, but to protect justice itself against perversion. Even though Neebe were not by the unanimous testimony of hundreds of the best citizens of Chicago a good citizen, noted for his kindness of heart, for his love of his family and for his other manly qualities, even though he were not a beloved son and brother and an affectionate father, needed by innocent children, made motherless by heartbreaking grief, caused by their father's misfortune, even though Neebe might deserve blame for much that could be laid at his door, his case, upon the mere facts, would not only justify, but peremptorily demand executive interference, because the state of Illinois can not afford to keep a man in the penitentiary upon a conviction for murder, however legally strong the verdict may appear, when the facts, considered without prejudice and excitement and in the light of a full knowledge of their real bearing, disprove the man's guilt, as is the case with Oscar W. Neebe."

This appeal is entitled to and will certainly receive thoughtful consideration from all unprejudiced justice loving citizens throughout the state of Illinois. The committee in charge of the matter consists of Matt. Benner, president; Theo. Gestefeld, Gen. M. M. Trumbull, Julius Wegmann, E. S. Dreyer, treasurer; Chas. Bary, secretary; Louis W. H. Neebe. All communications in regard to this case should be sent to rooms 19 to 24, 95 Fifth ave., Chicago, Ill.

What has become of the old-fashioned camp meeting? asks the *Christian Register*. "It is advertised, perhaps, and there; but it is so much less noisy than it

used to be that it fails to attract the same attention. Then there has arisen a new form of literary camp meeting generated by the Chautauqua and other summer schools, which has divided the interest with the old camp meeting, and in some respects supplanted it. It is a healthier and more interesting movement, marking a higher grade of culture and securing a better educational result than the old-fashioned, boisterous Methodist meeting. The old camp meeting was marked mainly by emotion; the new one is marked more by the presence of ideas. The music is of a higher order. The old camp meeting was greatly lacking in refinement; the modern literary substitute pays more attention to aesthetics. It preaches not only a gospel of goodness, but also regards the true and the beautiful. Superficial as the work of the Chautauqua societies may be, the inspiration toward culture, the atmospheric influence of good music and good lectures such as marked the gathering at Lakeview, Mass., which we visited last week, are better than the grotesque pietism and vociferous devotions of the ancient camp meeting, which neglected the real hells of life in order to save people from fictitious ones."

The *Voice* quotes from an arraignment of the church as an institution for its lack of sympathy and co-operation with important reforms, in social and political fields, and adds: What answer can be made? The usual answer made to such charges is that it is not the province of the church to settle such questions. Its province is to deal with individuals rather than institutions, either social or political. In other words, the work of the church is to develop man's spiritual nature, not to teach him politics or sociology. The trouble with such an answer is that no man is educated in moral or religious principles who is not educated in the right application of those principles to all phases of life with which he has to deal. Physical education that does not deal with the application of physical forces is a farce. Intellectual education that does not treat of the application of intellectual powers is an absurdity. Moral and religious education that does not concern itself with the application of moral and religious principles is either a vapid emotionalism or a lifeless ceremonialism. If the application of these principles in the marts and counting rooms, in the home and in society, at the ballot box and in official position, does not come within the province of the church, then there is an awful gap in our civilization, for there is no other institution within whose province it can come.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in the last number of the *Forum*, adopts a radical socialistic position. He declares that "the wealth of every millionaire comes from the resources of the land of which he has gotten control; or from natural forces, the chief grist of which falls into his meal bags; or from public franchises given by the state and created from the state; or from that general advantage which grows spontaneously out of the presence and power of a generally diffused civilization and an increasing population." And therefore this wealth is a common wealth and ought to be for the people; and as the wealth of the nation comes from and belongs to the people, it should be administered by the people. To say that the people are incompetent to manage industry, he regards as inconsistent with the teachings of democracy. "In America our churches, our politics, our school boards are based on the competence of the people; our industries on their incompetence. Both views can not be right; one must overturn the other. We can not permanently have a state based on democratic principles and an industrial system based on oligarchical principles. We shall become sooner or later consistently democratic or consistently oligarchic." Dr. Abbott fearlessly accepts all the extreme conclusions to which his premises lead. His radical departure must command very general attention.

Charles Lee, a Montreal merchant says: Before the people of the United States think seriously of Archbishop Ireland's plea for sectarian schools they should study the schools of Newfoundland, where such a sys-

tem prevails. This opinion came from Charles Lee, a Montreal merchant, whose business relations with merchants in Newfoundland compel him to visit that island frequently. "There are five recognized religions there," he said, "the Roman Catholic, Congregational, Presbyterian, Wesleyan and Anglican, and the moneys for public educational purposes are turned over to the heads of these religions. Thus the schools are divided into five sects, which condition not only increases the expenses but results in jealousies, different methods of education and the cultivation of a narrow-mindedness which the children of the United States are happily free from. The churches have exclusive charge of the schools, and the accusation is openly made that the funds given for school purposes are frequently used for the benefit of the churches. Among liberal-minded men there is much opposition to the system, but the church has a grip, and to shake it will require a long time and immense effort."

*The World's Advance Thought:* There is the religion born of the sensual-emotional nature, that only manifests itself in the individual when this part of his nature is aroused by sights and sounds of an external character that excite it to action. This is the religion of the sense-bound, and it may be termed the shadow of real religion. Real religion is centered in the soul and it is only active when the internal and external are at peace. Those who have this religion can not express it to others, for it can not be expressed by words; it must be lived to be known. It comes when the being is illuminated by universal light. Those who join the external church know not the all-satisfying religion that is the conscious life of those who enter into the peace of their own souls.

Of honorary degrees the *Nation* says: "Originally they meant something. A master of arts man who had pursued a certain course of passed certain examinations successfully. A doctor of divinity or a doctor of laws. At present these three degrees have no definite meaning at all." They are bestowed now, it says, for all sorts of reasons some of which are not creditable and imply neither learning nor merit. "The result is that the country is swarming with masters of arts who have never mastered any arts and doctors of law who do not know any law, and doctors of divinity with whom divinity has very little indeed to do." Every newspaper man knows that many of the most inaccurate, ungrammatical and worthless articles come from writers who add Ph. D., D. D., L. L. D., etc., to their names.

It is an understanding in literary circles, says the New York correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, that Mrs. Amelie Rives Chanler is distressed beyond measure that a story, which she wrote should have been taken by other writers as a license for writing about unrestrained and indecent passion. Mrs. Chanler's eyes have been widely opened since she wrote "The Quick and the Dead," and, while there was in her mind no suggestion of sensualism, she now perceives that others found in the story such suggestion, and men and women with facile pens have felt that they were justified in following where Amelie Rives led the way. It is reported that this young woman is sometimes almost overcome with mortification, and that it is this revulsion which has caused her to forgo all further literary effort. She will probably direct her talent so that hereafter its exercise will appear through the medium of the pencil and brush rather than the pen.

A case of hypnotism in London brings up some interesting points for mental scientists. The case is that of a man who charges the popular novelist, Walter Besant, with a literary crime even worse than plagiarism. The novelist, it seems, is possessed of hypnotic powers, and his accuser says that he put him into a hypnotic state, and while in that helpless condition stole a romantic story from his brain and published it to the world as one of his own novels. Of course, Mr. Besant merely laughs at this strange yarn, but he must admit that he has quite a rival in the realm of fiction in this imaginative person.

## HYPNOTISM: MODES OF OPERATING AND SUSCEPTIBILITY.

BY PROF. WILLIAM JAMES.

### I.

[From the Chapter on "Hypnotism" in Prof. James' forthcoming work, "Principles of Psychology," printed from the author's duplicate page proofs with the permission of the publishers, Henry Holt & Co., New York.]

The "hypnotic," "mesmeric," or "magnetic" trance can be induced in various ways, each operator having his pet method. The simplest one is to leave the subject seated by himself, telling him that if he close his eyes and relaxes his muscles and, as far as possible, think of vacancy, in a few minutes he will go "off." On returning in ten minutes you may find him effectually hypnotized. Braid used to make his subjects look at a bright button held near their forehead until their eyes spontaneously closed. The older mesmerists made "passes" in a downward direction over the face and body, but without contact. Stroking the skin of the head, face, arms and hands, especially that of the region round the brows and eyes, will have the same effect. Staring into the eyes of the subject until the latter droops; making him listen to a watch's ticking; or simply making him close his eyes for a minute whilst you describe to him the feeling of falling into sleep, talk sleep to him, are equally efficacious methods in the hands of some operators; whilst with trained subjects any method whatever from which they have been fed by previous suggestion to expect "a will be successful." The touching of an object by are told has been "magnetized," the of "magnetized" water, the reception of a rdering them to sleep, etc., are means which have been frequently employed. Recently M. Liégeois has hypnotized some of his subjects at a distance of 1½ kilometres by giving them an intimation to that effect through a telephone. With some subjects, if you tell them in advance that at a certain hour of a certain day they will become entranced, the prophecy is fulfilled. Certain hysterical patients are immediately thrown into hypnotic catalepsy by any violent sensation, such as a blow on a gong or the flashing of an intense light in their eyes. Pressure on certain parts of the body (called *zones hypnogenes* by M. Pitres) rapidly produces hypnotic sleep in some hysterics. These regions, which differ in different subjects, are oftenest found on the forehead and about the root of the thumbs. Finally persons in ordinary sleep may be transferred into the hypnotic condition by verbal intimation or contact, performed so gently as not to wake them up.

Some operators appear to be more successful than others in getting control of their subjects. I am informed that Mr. Gurney (who made valuable contributions to the theory of hypnotism) was never able himself to hypnotise, and had to use for his observations the subjects of others. On the other hand, Liébault claims that he hypnotises 92 per cent. of all comers, and Wetterstrand in Stockholm says that amongst 718 persons there proved to be only 18 whom he failed to influence. Some of this disparity is unquestionably due to differences in the personal authority of the operator, for the prime condition of success is that the subject should confidently expect to be

\* It should be said that the method of leaving the patient to himself or that of the simple verbal suggestion of sleep (the so-called Nancy method introduced by Dr. Liébault of that place) seem, wherever applicable, to be the best, as they entail none of the after-inconveniences which occasionally follow upon straining the eyes. A new patient should not be put through a great variety of different suggestions in immediate succession. He should be waked up from time to time, and then rehypnotized to avoid mental confusion and excitement. Before finally waking a subject you should undo whatever delusive suggestions you may have implanted in him, by telling him that they are all gone, etc., and that you are now going to restore him to his natural state. Headache, languor, etc., which sometimes follow the first trance or two, must be banished at the outset by the operator strongly assuring the subject that such things never come from hypnotism, that the subject must stop having them, etc.

entranced. Much also depends on the operator's tact in interpreting the physiognomy of his subjects, so as to give the right commands, and crowd it on to the subject, at just the propitious moments. These conditions account for the fact that operators grow more successful the more they operate. Bernheim says that whoever does not hypnotise 80 per cent. of the persons whom he tries has not yet learned to operate as he should. Whether certain operators have over and above this a peculiar magnetic power is a question which I leave at present undecided.\* Children under three or four, and insane persons, especially idiots, are unusually hard to hypnotise. This seems due to the impossibility of getting them to fix their attention continuously on the idea of the coming trance. All ages above infancy are probably equally hypnotisable, as are all races and both sexes. A certain amount of mental training, sufficient to aid concentration of the attention, seems a favorable condition, and so does a certain momentary indifference or passivity as to the result. Native strength or weakness of "will" have absolutely nothing to do with the matter. Frequent trances enormously increase the susceptibility of a subject, and many who resist at first succumb after several trials. Dr. Moll says he has more than once succeeded after forty fruitless attempts. Some experts are of the opinion that every one is hypnotisable essentially, the only difficulty being the more habitual presence in some individuals of hindering mental preoccupations, which, however, may suddenly at some moment be removed.

The trance may be dispelled instantaneously by saying in a rousing voice, "All right, wake up!" or words of similar purport. At the Salpêtrière they awaken subjects by blowing on their eyelids. Upward passes have an awakening effect; sprinkling cold water ditto. Anything will awaken a patient who expects to be awakened by that thing. Tell him that he will wake after counting five, and he will do so. Tell him to wake in five minutes, and he is very likely to do so punctually, even though he interrupt thereby some exciting histrionic performance which you may have suggested. As Dr. Moll says, any theory which pretends to explain the physiology of the hypnotic state must keep account of the fact that so simple a thing as hearing the word "wake!" will end it.

The intimate nature of the hypnotic condition, when once induced, can hardly be said to be understood. Without entering into details of controversy, one may say that three main opinions have been held concerning it, which we may call respectively the theories of

1. Animal magnetism;
2. of Neurosis; and finally of
3. Suggestion.

According to the first of these theories there is a direct passage of force from the operator to the subject, whereby the latter becomes the former's puppet. This theory is nowadays given up as regards all the ordinary hypnotic phenomena, and is only held to by some persons as an explanation of a few effects exceptionally met with.†

According to the neurosis theory, the hypnotic state is a peculiar pathological condition into which certain predisposed patients fall, and in which special physical agents have the power of provoking special symptoms, quite apart from the subjects mentally expecting the effect. Professor Charcot and his colleagues at the Salpêtrière hospital admits that this condition is rarely found in typical form. They call it then *le grand hypnotisme*, and say that it accompanies the disease hystero-epilepsy. If a patient subject to this sort of hypnotism hear a sudden loud noise, or look at a bright light unexpectedly, she falls into the cataleptic trance. Her limbs and body offer no resistance to movements communicated to them, but retain permanently the attitudes impressed. The eyes are staring, there is insensibility to pain, etc., etc. If the eyelids be forcibly closed, the cataleptic gives place to the lethargic condition, characterized by apparent

\* Certain facts would seem to point that way. Cf., e. g., the case of the man described by P. Despine, *Etude Scientifique sur le Somnambulisme*, p. 286 ff.

† Gurney, Liébault, etc.

abolition of consciousness, and absolute muscular relaxation except where the muscles are kneaded or the tendons struck by the operator's hand, or certain nerve-trunks are pressed upon. Then the muscles in question, or those supplied by the same nerve-trunk enter into a more or less steadfast tonic contraction. Charcot calls this symptom by the name of neuro-muscular hyperexcitability. The lethargic state may be primarily brought on by fixedly looking at anything, or by pressure on the closed eyeballs. Friction on the top of the head will make the patient pass from either of the two preceding conditions into the somnambulant state, in which she is alert, talkative, and susceptible to all the suggestions of the operator. The somnambulant state may also be induced primarily, by fixedly looking at a small object. In this state the accurately limited muscular contractions characteristic of lethargy do not follow upon the above-described manipulations, but instead of them there is a tendency to rigidity of entire regions of the body, which may upon occasion develop into general tetanus, and which is brought about by gently touching the skin or blowing upon it. M. Charcot calls this by the name of cutaneo-muscular hyperexcitability.

Many other symptoms; supposed by their observers to be independent of mental expectations, are described, of which I only will mention the more interesting. Opening the eyes of a patient in lethargy causes her to pass into catalepsy. If one eye only be opened, the corresponding half of the body becomes cataleptic, whilst the other half remains in lethargy. Similarly, rubbing one side of the head may result in a patient becoming hemilethargic or hemicataleptic and hemisomnambulant. The approach of a magnet (or certain metals) to the skin causes these half states (and many others) to be transferred to the opposite sides. Automatic repetition of every sound heard (*echolalia*) is said to be produced by pressure on the lower cervical vertebrae or on the epigastrium. *Aphasia* is brought about by rubbing the head over the region of the speech centre. Pressure behind the occiput determines movements of imitation. Heidenhain describes a number of curious automatic tendencies to movement, which are brought about by stroking various portions of the vertebral column. Certain other symptoms have been frequently noticed, such as a flushed face and cold hands, brilliant and congested eyes, dilated pupils. Dilated retinal vessels and spasm of the accommodation are also reported.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## IF NOT A COMMUNICATION FROM A SPIRIT WHAT WAS IT?

BY LEON A. PRIEST.

The majority of the visitors at the New England camp meeting are familiar with the name of Mrs. Mary Hardy. The circumstances herein related occurred in Boston, the former home of that medium. I was at that time living in Walpole, Mass., fifteen miles from Boston. My mother and a cousin lived twenty-five miles from the same city. We had an appointment by letter to meet in Boston on a certain day for mutual pleasure and recreation. Arriving by earlier train than they, I met them at the depot prepared to entertain them as they should suggest, as a visit to the city was not the treat to me that it was to them. Upon inquiry as to their choice of entertainment, my mother suggested that we visit a Spiritualist medium, and twenty-five years ago there was more of a novelty in the experience than now. So we bought a *Banner of Light*, looked over the list of mediums and selected Mrs. Hardy, because we were then nearer to her residence on Concord Square than to that of any other medium advertised. Arriving there we were told that Mrs. H. was engaged, but that by waiting an hour she would probably see us. As "all things come to him who waits," so our first introduction to the Spirit-world came through the hour of waiting. Neither during the period of waiting nor after entering the séance room was anything said by which the medium, or her attendants, could gain any information as to our place of residence names, or relationship. The first thing after b



ing entranced the medium said, "Leon," calling me by my first name, "there's a spirit here who says she knows you, but does not know your mother or your cousin. She used to live in Walpole, and her name is Pierce,—Mrs. Mason Pierce." I immediately recognized a very intimate friend lately deceased for whom I had always, as then, held the highest regard. After the recognition came this statement and request: "When you go out to Walpole to-night I wish you would see Mason [her husband] and tell him not to have any more trouble with Lizzie [her daughter] about my picture. Tell him to come here and see me and I'll make it all right." I promised to attend to her wish, after which followed many interesting things, though irrelevant to this statement. Upon returning home later in the day I met Mr. Pierce to whom I said "Come to my office, I have a message for you," which he did, when I said "What is all this trouble you are having with Lizzie about your wife's picture?" "Who told you I was having any trouble with Lizzie about her mother's picture? I'm sure I never have mentioned it, and I don't think she has." "Are you not having some trouble about it?" He acknowledged that he was, saying "Lizzie wants it in her room and I want it in mine, and there has been engendered quite bitter feelings about it, but tell me now who told you?" I replied, "Your wife," whereupon I related the events of the day exactly as they had transpired. He was astounded,—having for years been an unbeliever, but his love for his wife pulling at the heart strings, as well as the mental conviction of the truth in the statement took him to see Mrs. Hardy the next day, his wife came to him, adjusted all difficulties, gave him still greater evidence of her identity, and from that on Mr. Pierce was a regular visitor to Mrs. Hardy till she died.

Now the question is, if that was not a communication from a spirit, what was it? Surely not telepathy for I was wholly ignorant of the facts referred to. Certainly not collusion, for no one knowing the circumstances referred to knew of my visit there. Certainly not a transferred message from some other medium, for this was my first visit to any medium. Will some one explain?

SEATTLE, WASH.

#### FAITH: A STUDY.

By REV. J. O. M. HEWITT.

##### I.

Did you ever watch a star,  
How slow it became  
From ether, nebula, to world,  
And thus obtained a name?

Upon the pages of history we find ever the record of faith in what is called "the supernatural"—a record of struggles because of this faith, to rise above the spirit of the social life that is common, i. e., "natural" to the age of that faith's dominance. We may see but little in our retrospective glance to admire in the ethical teachings of the religion that is the embodiment of the faith; but if we take cognizance of the social habits—the spirit of the social world in which the Separatists of faith lived—we may see that with all its crudity of expression, the spirit of faith in the supernatural life is "super," i. e., above the natural life spirit of its primal expression in time. And it is because this has been so that the world has never been without reverence for the age religion, even though it may not have had much regard for its professors; nay, though the state may have put to death faith's real adherents as being disturbers of its peace. In our study, however, the faith must not be confounded with the religious ritual of observance; it is something apart if one may so express one's self, as much apart as our soul of selfhood is apart from our body in our thought of selfhood. It animates, influences, causes to act, but like as in the spirit of expression we say "the flesh has counter influence," so we may detect the counter influence of the age religion, in its ritualistic dress, its body, by which the faith is known and by which it has a name in history. Religions are not supernatural; they are natural to their times and places, just as our bodies are the natural births of circumstances, and they must be judged by natural law. We

err when we attempt to place them out of the pale of such law of judgment; but because we say this frankly we do not say that the faith, that is the spirit, the "animation" of a religion, is not of higher birth than the common, the natural life of its age; for the fact that the world has risen by faith in its grade of spiritual being, in its ethical culture, proves that faith itself has never been of the world born. As one has written, it is "not of this world," and is therefore above the judgment of common law.

But if this is so, where shall we look for the causes of faith and their religious expression? To this we answer, we must look, as in other things, firstly, at the structures of religion, just as the naturalist looks at the structure of bodies that he finds embedded in rocks, or lying in caves that he may determine the habits of animals; but having done this we must not think we have seen all. It requires a different glass to enable us to discern spirit. We may say of a skeleton—"this was a horse;" but the skeleton as we find it tells not by its species whether it was gentle or vicious; and faith, like spirit, hath not fleshly genesis but is born of mental cohabitations. "The wind bloweth where it listeth; thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth;" but if of this very material factor of influence such word may be spoken, with what greater emphasis may we say it of the births of the mind? Yet mental are all births of faith and only as we note that faith ever looks to a higher life as its true home, shall we see that its claim of supernaturalism is justifiable. But this we do see, and therefore maintain, that in all cases it is born of mental conjunction with life that is "not of this world." But if this is a truth of logical conception, we are also compelled to admit that there have been, and are, mental experiences, that are the foundations of religious dogmas of "divine incarnations," as in the ethnic religions of India, Greece, Rome and elsewhere we find the affirmation of incarnations of "divine gods;" who after the flesh were born of woman; and yet with our admission we may protest against the assertion of fleshly cohabitations, "immaculate conceptions," reasserting that word of Jesus, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh," and that all these truly came of fleshly generation as other men came. We need not trouble ourselves therefore with miracles, such as religions relate, of gods becoming men nor count any "son of man" as being born miraculously; but we must in our study of faith look at what seem to be authenticated facts in every record or tradition of religion which point out the habits, the mental habits of men who have obtained preeminence as founders of religions that in their various forms are the human expression of a living faith. Ignoring the claims of supernaturalism is as fatal an error of judgment in our search for truth as shutting the eyes is fatal to our judgment of colors in light, and is unworthy the man who claims place as a scientist, or even of common intelligence; and yet we do not say that a false religion may not be conceived—that is, false to the spirit of progress that is the characteristic of the mental development of mankind, because we thus affirm that supernaturalism has claims. We see, do we not, in "children of the flesh," the marked characteristics of parentage, "ignoble" or "noble," on one side or the other of ancestry? The child of the noble and the peasant, who shall say that it will not be false to the noble line? And who shall say that a religion may not be false to God, that name of a Super Life?

But if we see the peasant in a child, shall we refuse to see in that child the noble? Not so; we search with greater diligence, as with a lighted candle, that heredity be not lost to sight, else we are ourselves false to science, though it may be we are numbered among its professors.

But where shall we begin in our investigations? In the clever novel, "Japhet in Search of his Father," the boy began his search by questioning his mother, and there we may begin looking for the divine parentage of faith. Not that the divine is human; any more than that Japhet's father was also his mother; but if we know the natural mother, and then from the religion eliminate the natural we may find in that which

is left the divine, or "supernatural" Father; and in such search it matters little with which of the mothers, or with which of the children we begin. If we choose we may commence with the highest that we know, or we may begin with the lowest, where human intelligence is at such low ebb that scarcely can we call it human, save that it does possess a faith, and, however scant, a dress of religion—that infallible mark of distinction between the human and the brute—but with some one of them commence, and thence continue the search until the "Super Father" is found.

Such a course as this would be in the same line as that pursued by our leading scientists in their study of evolution, as pertaining to physical forms; and is the one perhaps, most commonly accepted as bringing to the mind the best results; but, on the other hand, we may, even in the field of physical research, if we will, find in ourselves all the stages of human being and becoming, and by the same rule may find the evolution of faith, only that our observation of faith is more liable to be obscured by our previously inherited views of origin, as the mind is naturally more susceptible to prenatal influence than the body. So then as "Darwins" of the soul, in the study of faith we may search first amid the lowly, easier than among the highest; and yet if patient enough as introspectionists, we find the "missing links," from the fetich worshipper to the prophets of Horeb heights; aye, to the Christ of Bethlehem!

But if in "protoplasm" of material formations we must start for the embryo man, where and how must we look for the embryo Christ? Necessarily at a very low grade of intellectuality, and a correspondingly low grade of social development. We cannot find the prophet fully developed in the beginnings of faith any more than we can find the philosopher in the infant, for it is not possible that we should do so—we will find instead the same vagueness of ideas, the same lack of continuity of thought, and consequently the same contradictions of statement that mark the ~~infant~~ speech, the infantile attempts at reasoning, and as equally unsatisfactory conclusions, if conclusions they may be called, that form the unwritten, and later, the written creeds of earth's primitive church.

But what is the protoplasm of faith? We find its mystical presence in the dumb sense of awe, as it appears in the lowest types of mankind, as the man found himself alone with nature's vastness, whether it was a vastness of sea or land, or as night's sable curtain fell in thickening folds about him, and shut him in "the starry tent of God!"

We may not say it was his ignorance that awed him, gave fear a foothold; it was the awakening of a sense that could not speak, but only feel that he was not alone. He might magnify his thought of this unseen One until his fancy filled the vast expanse with its personification of a soul, as indeed he would be likely to do; but it was the impalpable "presence," not the spreading curtain of the tent, that awed and excited his fear—a fear proportionate to his faith. Again and again was this sense of a presence roused, and by and by, like the ancient Hindu, we find him telling of "the world-soul!" All nature had become to him a living being; and all of nature's varying moods were seen by him as the expression of that great breathing soul of souls; the soul, remember, of that presence that he felt when no person of his kind was near.

This primal man of faith felt, because he could not help feeling, that one was near, though he saw him not, and this vague feeling, thin as the shadowy hand of an evening zephyr, and as light of touch, is "protoplasmic faith," if we may so speak,—protoplasm, with enough of vitality to grow and throw out "feelers," its hands, and finally take on "the form of the son of man," all glorified. It was a long way in time from the vague fear of a shadowy presence of a vast profundity of being, to a Christ of Israel's expectancy of fullness and satisfaction; but so, too, it was a long way in time from the earth of slimy seas to the earth of even a savage man; and as in the last so in the first, all the way was full of travelers, and though they wore as varied garbs as oriental bazar could offer to its purchasers, yet they were all "in the race," and were pressing forward in the same general direction.

We must not, however, expect to find in the sense of "the awful" of the uncultured mind a well-defined creed, a clear theology; it could not well define the most common phenomena of nature's wild, that he could see much less analyze and define the cause or causes of his fear, his worship, that characterized his faith; and hence we are not surprised, that scarcely more than the fact that he did believe that "a presence" haunted him at times, at times gave evidence of its power over his mind in some hour of nature's storm or grace in nature's calm, should be preserved to us in the rude altar speech, or the tradition transmitted until a later scribe could put upon some clay tablet the record of his faith. Are we surprised that so little is known, that so slight should be the trace of this embryonic stage of faith's existence? We need not be. Its chaotic vagueness, like the faint haze of a nebulous hand, is too ethereal, too vapory to handle with effect the graver's chisel, and it can not cut its mark upon the rock that was its first altar, nor even mould the plastic clay that thus may be told its tale; we must wait until the evolution of the soul has brought to view a more compact formation—a hardier. But thin or misty as was this first appearing, this protoplasm, it did leave an impression upon the mind of the race and thus enable us to write of it, though its touch was almost as slight as the touch of the presence that awed it, and thus brought it to birth.

#### LOOKING FORWARD.

By WARREN CHASE.

It is pleasant to look hopefully forward to what could be and may be the condition of our country, with its abundant resources for four times its present population, without any poverty or suffering, and with the comforts of social life. This may be attained when national and state legislation is for the interests of the whole people; when it protects the laborer and as it now protects capitalists and speculators.

In the past and at present nearly all the legislation is in the interest of corporations, monopolies, capitalists, speculators and stock gamblers—for stock boards are nothing more nor less than gambling establishments legally protected.

When the people take the legislation out of the hands of speculating lawyers and scheming politicians, and have it done for general welfare we shall have good times. Land speculation will cease and titles, confined to occupants, will be easily attained either by Henry George's theory of single tax or by my theory of restricting sales in titles to occupants in limited quantities, and prohibiting the forced sale of homesteads either by mortgage or otherwise.

There are billions of dollars in useless and unnecessary stocks and bonds on which the people are now paying interest largely to foreigners and speculators who spend it in Europe and in luxuries of no value to them. Of the entire express company stock—I believe some seventy or more millions—not a dollar is needed. There are over eighty millions in telegraph stock. The railroads should have free use of lines for their business and all other lines should be owned by the United States, and controlled by the post office department, for the people. Railroad stock should be reduced to cost of plants by squeezing the water out and controlling the dividends by legislation.

COBDEN, ILL.

#### INFORMATION GIVEN BY PLANCHETTE WRITING.

By HENSLEIGH WEDGWOOD.

My experience in planchette writing has been mainly acquired in sittings with two sisters, whom I will call Mrs. R. and Mrs. V., of whom the younger, Mrs. V., has far the stronger influence in producing the writing. With her the board in general begins to move much sooner and in a more vivacious way than with her elder sister. When the two sit together the board moves rapidly along, like a person writing as fast as he can drive, while with me and one of the sisters the action is often feeble and laboring. But neither of the sisters can obtain anything whatever when they sit by themselves. The board remains absolutely motionless under the hands of the solitary operator.

When trying for writing we sit opposite each other at a small table, I with my right hand, my partner, with her left on the planchette, while the writing produced is upright to me, and upside down to my partner, from whom, however, the effective influence seems to proceed. The precise nature of that influence is not very easy to understand, and is, I think, very commonly misapprehended. Writing by planchette is often called "automatic," and the pencil is conceived as being worked by the muscular action of the sitters, under the guidance of a blind impulse, as little understood by them as the finished result is foreseen by a pair of birds instinctively engaged in the construction of their first nest. But this is directly opposed to the experience of myself and my partners. When I am sitting at planchette with one of them, I know that I am merely following the movement of the board with my hand, and not in any way guiding it, my only difficulty being to avoid interfering with it. It seems to me exactly as if my partner, in whom I have perfect confidence, was purposely moving the board and I allowing my hand to follow her action, interfering with it as little as possible. And she gives to me an exactly corresponding account of her own share in the operation. Thus we give to the outside world our united testimony of a fact which, as far as each of us is concerned, lies within our own direct knowledge, viz., that the writing traced out by the pencil is not produced by the muscular exertion of either of us.

We have, then, in planchette writing, if our account is to be believed, the manifestation of an agency invisible to us, yet capable of moving bodily the pencil either in mere scribbling or in such a way as to fix an intelligent message on the paper.

The December number of the *Journal* contains a narrative of a sitting at planchette where Mrs. R. and I received information of facts in the life of Colonel Gurwood, which we were quite certain had never been known either to us or to the only other person who was present at our sitting.

On the 4th December last I had a sitting with Mrs. R. and her sister, which afforded evidence not less decisive of the intervention of an intelligence cognizant of matters of which we had no intimation.

Not long after my arrival on a visit to Mrs. R., mention was made of a mysterious breakage of a thick washhand basin which had taken place on the previous Sunday, closely resembling other breakages which had occurred in the house from time to time in a like unaccountable manner. On one occasion a water bottle was seen to explode on the dressing table when no one was near it. On the Sunday in question Mr. R. and his sister-in-law, Mrs. V., were in the breakfast room directly under Mrs. R.'s bedroom, Mrs. R. with the children in the drawingroom, and the servants at supper in the kitchen, when Mr. R. and Mrs. V. were startled by a loud crash in the room above them. Mrs. V. immediately ran in to her sister in the drawing room and they went together upstairs to see what had happened. They found the thick washhand basin in fragments on the floor; the larger pieces in front of the washstand, but quantities of smaller fragments scattered over the floor to a distance (as I estimated) of five or six feet, in a way that could not possibly have been produced by a mere fall on the carpeted floor: the basin must have been dashed down with great violence.

While talking of these matters I sat down to planchette with my hostess and her sister, and Mr. R., coming into the room and hearing what we were talking about, said that some half an hour ago he had heard a noise in the breakfast room for which he could not account in any way. It sounded like the lid of the metal coal box slamming down, but the box had been already closed, and, besides, the noise seemed to come from the other side of the room. Soon afterwards he said that his presence always seemed to interfere with planchette writing, and he left the room. Mrs. R. and I had begun sitting, but planchette suggested a change, and Mrs. V. and I had our hands on the board.

Planchette: "If Mr. Wedgwood will ask I will try to answer."

I asked what was the crash Mr. R. had just heard. Planchette: "Noise from upstairs made by spirits with material object."

"Was it in the room above?"

Planchette: "Yes."

"What was it?"

Planchette: "Mrs. R. will find out."

Mrs. R. accordingly went upstairs to look, and while she was away something was said as to the probability of my witnessing some similar display.

Planchette: "Not yet—you see the better class of spirits war against the smashing fraternity."

Mrs. R. could find nothing out of order, and returned saying she had looked everywhere.

Planchette: "No, you did not."

Mrs. R.: "Whereabouts am I to look, for I can see nothing?"

Planchette: Wash—(an illegible scribble) "that's side of the room."

We asked, "Were you trying to write washstand?"

Planchette: "Yes."

Mrs. R. went up again, and, meeting with no better success, came down for more specific instructions where to look.

Planchette: "Slop jar" (written very large).

Mrs. R., laughing, said she hoped that was not smashed, and went up for the third time. She found the slop jar in its usual place by the washstand, and when she came to look closely into it, found the water glass lying broken all to bits in the bottom. She had not removed it from its usual place on the top of the carafe since morning, from whence it had apparently been lifted off and dropped into the empty slop jar from a height sufficient to cause the crash heard in the room below.

Mrs. R. brought us down the jar to show how completely the glass was smashed.

We then asked, "Was this done by the same spirit who broke the basin?"

Planchette: "The same adverse influence; not the same spirit, but influence."—*Journal Psychological Research Society, London.*

#### GHOSTS OF THE LIVING.

The old style of ghost has gone out of fashion. Nowadays psychical investigators seem to be more keenly interested in finding out about the specters of living persons. Concerning this latter class of phantoms Dr. Elliott Coues, the eminent expert in such matters, was kind enough to give a *Star* reporter some points a day or two ago.

"To begin with," said he, "let us clearly define what we mean by a 'phantasm of the living.' There are two classes, quite distinct, of apparitions, both of living and of dead persons. One of these is wholly hallucinatory. Many persons in certain states of health have apparitions before their eyes which are due to a condition of the vitreous fluid of the eye ball. Others have a variety of ringing or buzzing sounds in the ears, which are due to an affection of the acoustic nerve. Now, it is but a step from these purely physical derangements of the eye and ear to have before one, as it were, the image of an idea as a representation, external to the body, of a thought, a wish, a hope, a fear. This may take a number of shapes. In some cases it assumes the appearance of a face or of a hand, in others of an entire body. In other cases again it assumes the character of a word, a sentence, or even a continued conversation. It is not necessary to such hallucinations that the persons who have them should be deceived in their nature. On the contrary, many persons who are most subject to hallucinations of this sort are aware of the fact, and their reason enables them to perceive the wholly hallucinatory character of the apparitions. This is not delusion. It is an illusion of the senses. An illusion recognized as such, is not a delusion. A delusion is a misunderstood illusion. Ordinarily illusions are connected with some derangement of the nervous system. Not only persons and voices, but the figures of animals, inanimate objects, articles of furniture or anything that has a tangible existence, may thus be presented. The percentage of persons to whom such pure hallucinations occur is, I think, considerably larger than is supposed, for they naturally shrink from mentioning such things for fear of ridicule, perhaps also having some superstitious fear of them in their own minds. Others may recognize them as dependent upon a poor state of health; then they pass into the category of medical symptoms and are, of course, not discussed in public.

"A real phantom of the living, to be not a mere hallucination, should present an appearance nearly, if not exactly, like that of the natural physical individual. I have several times in my life beheld such a phantom, which only differs, so far as I can see, from the reality in that it does not consist of such material particles as those composing our physical bodies. Nevertheless, not only the attitudes but the movements, actions and gestures of these figures are the same as would be those of a natural body. Moreover such actions are not necessarily automatic or unintelligent, but they frequently represent or convey the will or the wishes of the ghost in an intelligible manner. I can mention a number of instances in which such an apparition of my own personality has presented itself to other persons in places where in fact my body was not at the time. There are various reasons why I should withhold names in those cases, yet a number of such instances have been published, duly attested with the necessary evidence, in papers of this country, of England and of Germany. I have unpublished cases of identical character, more numerous than those which have thus far been given to the public. In most of these cases my phantom has presented only the character of visibility. In a small percentage of the cases words such as I might have used had I been actually present have been spoken—say, rather, have been heard by the percipient.

"I will select a typical illustration. Being in Chicago at a gathering of about forty friends at an ordinary evening entertainment, a person in Washington, at the time unaware of my whereabouts, received the



impression of my personal presence, with a brief message stating where I was at the time, under what circumstances and giving the names of two or three of the persons then present, which names were unknown to the percipient. This was a case of phantom of the living of the 'veridical' (truth telling) category combining the characteristics of visibility and audibility. In the circle of my personal acquaintances I could enumerate perhaps a dozen whose experiences at intervals have paralleled my own. In thousands of circles recently distributed by the London Society for Psychical Research, enough carefully-attested and fully authenticated instances of the kind have been gathered to make the material for two bulky octavo volumes." The doctor paused for a moment and, going to a bookcase, brought to the table two volumes entitled 'Phantasms of the Living,' each about the size of a volume of Bancroft's history of the United States. "Obviously then," he continued, "this is no personal peculiarity of mine, but a distinct, recognizable and I think important branch of scientific inquiry into some of the more obscure facts of human nature. The real character of such phantasms is as yet wholly in question. There may be said to be two schools of thought among psychical researchers, one of which is inclined to relegate the undisputed appearances in every instance to the class of hallucinations; the other is inclined to think that such figures have a substantial existence and let me add, a semi-material structure in no wise depending upon the mind or the senses of the one who perceives them.

"You are puzzled to know what I mean by semi-material? Ask a physicist what he means by the luminiferous ether. He might reply that it is a semi-material substance by the vibrations or oscillations of which light is propagated at a measurable velocity by waves of measurable length and frequency. This motion of luminiferous ether is the active force of what I would call a semi-material substance, which, striking upon our eyes, produces in us the sensation which we call light.

"That is the phenomenon by which we see, yet which has never yet been itself seen. There are many technical names for a substance or material which has not in fact the molecular constitution of ordinary matter. My own belief is in the existence of an exceedingly thin, fine, tenuous substance, perhaps quite like what is called luminiferous ether, which is all-pervading, filling space which otherwise appears to be occupied by ordinary matter, and consequently interpenetrating every material particle of our own bodies. Some of the phenomena of animal mesmerism point to the conclusion that at times the stream or current of this finer substance may proceed from our bodies, say from eyes or finger tips, and appreciably affect the thoughts or feelings of another person without any ordinary means of communication. That is what is now called 'telepathy.' Such cases are too common to require any argument—they simply are facts in nature. Now, if at a distance of six inches or six feet such a current is able to affect another organism, I see no reason why the same should not occur at a distance of twelve feet or twelve yards or twelve miles. It is a question of difference not in kind, but in degree or intensity or extent. And if this subtle current can affect one of the senses there is no a priori reason why it should not affect another. It must have some form, otherwise it would not exist, and there is no reason why it should not take more or less form and features of an individual, or other object. Such magnetic currents are in fact under the control of extremely few persons. Like other vital processes, this telepathic one goes on for the most part without our knowledge or consent and frequently very much against our wishes. The existence of the tenuous substance such as I have indicated and the recognized facts of animal magnetism and in my judgment the best clue to, if not the actual solution of, the problem of phantasms of the living. The difference between a man and his dead body is simply the separation of this substance of which I speak from the grosser particles which compose his physical organism. Once separated completely, the body is left dead and handed to ordinary chemical laws of decomposition. But the figure composed of this finer material does not necessarily share that fate; it may continue to be the vehicle and the means of expression of conscious will, memory and understanding. In plainer English it would be a ghost. The point I am trying to make is that we have in us a ghost, which ordinarily is confined to the contour of our physical body and which at rare intervals may be incompletely separated therefrom. When thus incompletely separated it constitutes a veritable 'phantasm of the living.' Completely separated it is the 'ghost' of ordinary language and the man's body is dead.

"There was a theosophist or spiritualist who lived about the time of Christ, whom you may have heard of, named St. Paul, who had something to say about 'natural' and 'spiritual' bodies. If any of our religious friends are shocked at my handling such a subject from the attitude of the scientist I beg leave to turn about and present myself to you as a deeply re-

ligious person who finds in the word of God some corroboration of what he has ascertained from scientific inquiry. 'There is a natural and a spiritual body,' says St. Paul. That spiritual body is what I am talking about. Common people call it a ghost. When it is partly out of the living body it makes a phantasm; when it has departed forever from the body it leaves that body dead and probably takes to itself the soul or spirit of the individual. I know of no a priori reason why the spiritual part of a dead person should not exercise the functions of will, memory, understanding and other essential attributes of consciousness. If so what is commonly called 'immortality' would be thus far demonstrated. I believe it to be true that after the separation of the ghost from the physical body the former continues in conscious existence—for how long a time it would be folly for any one to pretend to decide. The basis of such views as I have of another life is mainly what I positively know to be true regarding the nature, functions and attributes of the spiritual body within us. I am inclined to go one step further and say that all real life is spiritual, and that here and now we are leading a life absolutely dependent upon spirit for its origin and continuance. In other words, we are here and now already in the spiritual world, as well as in contact with the material world, the instrument of which contact is our physical body. A man's body may be defined as the apparatus of relation between his spiritual self and his material environment.

"I have myself seen on more than one occasion phantasms of the living which appeared and acted precisely as the individuals might have looked and acted had those individuals been materially present. How, then, did I know that they were apparitions and not real persons? Partly from the mode of their appearing and disappearing, under circumstances which—as for example, a locked door—rendered it impossible that a material body should present itself then and there. Such a phantasm appears something like a figure thrown upon a screen, which can be recognized for a few moments and then disappears. It has every appearance of solidity, to the extent of hiding objects behind it as a natural body would; likewise it is capable of being viewed in more than a single aspect, on change of position by the percipient. I have never heard a phantasm speak, but I have received an intelligible and valuable message from one, conveyed by attitudes and gestures.

"The conscious voluntary projection of a phantom is in my judgment an extremely rare occurrence. I have sometimes taken what I believe to be the proper steps to produce such an effect, and have subsequently been informed that my attempt was successful. In the vast majority of cases, however, apparitions are spontaneous and involuntary. Being thus not subject to the will they are often not known at the time to have been produced by the person so projecting. As a matter of fact they ordinarily result from states of great mental perturbation, with the cause of which perturbation the individual to whom the phantom appears is in some way connected, as, for example, intense solicitude for a friend or relative supposed to be in great danger. The most startling cases are those which occur at or about, a little before or a little after, the death of the physical body of him or her who thus projects the phantasm. A majority of the best authenticated cases have occurred in connection with and at about the time of the death of the individual.

"For example, let us say that A, shipwrecked in the Pacific ocean, is struggling for his life in the waves. B, his wife or mother, is in Washington. It is quite within the limits of natural possibility, and it has repeatedly occurred, that the visible apparition of the drowning person, drenched, sad, imploring, shall be thrown upon the mental screen of that relative thousands of miles away. The percipient need not, and in fact generally does not, know of the danger, and the fact that it was a truth-telling phantom is only subsequently ascertained when news comes by telegraph or mail. Such things have very frequently occurred and are among the facts of nature, explain them as you may.

"You ask what would happen, supposing that upon the appearance of such a phantom as you have described—a phantom which actually concealed objects behind it—you attempted to walk through it. Well, it would probably present no obstacle to your movement, and the motion on your part would dissolve the apparition. Nobody has ever got a phantasm in a box like a bug on a pin, or put it in a bottle for a pickled 'specimen.' Some of my Smithsonian friends would require that sort of evidence, but I am satisfied that it will never be forthcoming.

"Phantasms of the living have, nevertheless, been known to appear at every hour of the day and night. In my judgment darkness and quiet are favorable to their production, and therefore the majority of cases of the sort have probably occurred during the night time. Such phantasms do sometimes come into contact with the percipient to the extent occasionally of a touch as tangible as this." And the doctor bore down quite hard on the *Star* writer's shoulder with

one hand. "At other times the contact is still more forcible, to the extent of a blow leaving a bruise upon the body of the percipient, causing swooning, or even occasioning complete insensibility and perhaps materially affecting the health of the individual for many months afterward. Such phantasms are often untruthful. The apparition of a drowning person may present itself wholly through the fears or solicitude of an individual while the supposed drowning man is perfectly safe. Not infrequently phantasms of the lower animals, especially of domestic animals, as cats or dogs, have been seen. If you will define the soul as this astral body or what St. Paul called the 'spiritual body,' there is positively no known fact in physical or psychical nature which should enable you reasonably and logically to deny the same to animals other than man. Every Indian has his horse heaven, and I have seen dogs that I thought had more soul and cleaner ones than some men."—*Washington Star*, June 29

#### ABSTRACTION.

That we have a power or faculty of abstracting our thoughts—and practically ourselves—from the external order of things by which we are surrounded, is, of course, a statement which has but to appeal to our common experience to attest its unquestioned veracity. It is important for our present purpose that we briefly glance at the subject of reverie, inasmuch as we may find a striking analogy between this state as experienced in our wakeful moments, and through the allied state of "automatism," an explanation of the mechanism of dreams. The ordinary sensation, received by an organ of sense from without, is transferred to some part of the brain specially concerned with the registration of such an impression, and is there converted into an idea. This idea in turn may be reflected thither and thither through the body, and appears in our waking life as a defined and purposive action. Suppose, now, that ideas which have been registered in the brain are capable of being dispatched or evolved therefrom at will. The production of thoughts thus wise constitutes memory; and association duly links them together to form "a train of thought." But thought may be unattended by action. A whole train of ideas, or a complicated chain of reasoning, may be thought out in a kind of mental aside, and in that utter want of attention to our surroundings which constitutes the essential feature of the "absent-minded man"—a phrase applicable only in so far as the term "absent-minded" applies to the immediate circumstances of the individual. Here there is automatic action of the brain pure and simple. The familiar instance of the rapid walk through the crowded streets of a city, whilst the mind is engaged in the pursuit of some recondite subject, is but another instance of the phenomena of abstraction carried into practical effect, and exemplifies an intermediate state between sleep and waking allied to somnambulism itself. From our wakeful moments to the reverie in our armchair is but a step. From such a reverie to the abstraction of our city walk is only another advance; and if we suppose the abstraction to deepen whilst the mental activity becomes annihilated, we obtain the dreamless sleep, as, on the other hand, with an increase of the mental activity, we ally ourselves to the dreamer and to the sleep-walker himself.

It is a curious circumstance that in certain individuals the faculty or habit of abstraction may become so thoroughly developed that the subject is to all intents and purposes an automaton pure and simple, and may be said to dwell on the borders of the somnambulist state itself. The latter opinion alone can be expressed regarding the well-authenticated case of the clergyman who, engaged in an abstruse mathematical calculation, was reminded by his wife that it was time to dress for dinner. The gentleman in question proceeded up stairs to his bedroom still deeply involved in his thoughts, with the result of being found soon thereafter in the act of getting into bed—a proceeding simply suggested to the semi-unconscious mind and well-nigh absent volition by the act of entering his bedchamber and commencing to undress. Only on the supposition of habit having developed this awkward faculty of allying oneself to a species of sleep in the hours of wakefulness can the doings of a late well-known Scottish professor be accounted for. This gentleman passing out of college on one occasion ran against a cow. Pulling off his hat amid his abstraction, he exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, madam!" Although aroused to a sense of his mistake, shortly thereafter he stumbled against a lady under somewhat similar circumstances, greeting his astonished neighbor with the remark, "Is that you again, you brute?" It was this gentleman who bowed to his own wife in the streets, but remarked that he had not the pleasure of her acquaintance; whilst another vagary consisted in his making his appearance at college in the costume of his day, displaying on one leg a black stocking of his own, and on the other a white stocking of his better half. Another narrative credits the professor with addressing a stranger in the street and asked this person to direct him to his own house. "But ye're the professor!" replied the interrogated and astonished



person. "Never mind," was the reply, "I don't want to know who I am—I want to know where the professor lives!"

Such is a brief account of the condition we term Abstraction, serving to bridge over the gulf between the waking state and sleep.—ANDREW WILSON.

### THE MENNONITES.

Writers of fiction and clever paragraphists have vied with each other in describing the camp meeting. In the great majority of cases the pictures are overdrawn, but a visit to a camp meeting is an "experience" to any one. To the student of human nature it opens up new fields for study and investigation; to the religious person it brings fresh confirmations in faith and the revelations of divine love; to those who come to scoff it furnishes but very little food for levity or idle jest. A camp meeting—humorists and burlesque writers to the contrary notwithstanding—is a very serious affair. To see hundreds of human beings swayed by the influence of religious fervor is enough to make the thoughtless pause and ask if there is not something after all in this Christianity.

A few days ago I visited a Mennonite camp meeting a few miles from the town of Stayner, in the county of Simcoe. It was on a bright Sunday afternoon, and with some friends I drove out from Collingwood to the place. The distance by road was about ten miles. We drove out through a rich agricultural and fruit country. The scenery on all sides would furnish rich themes for a landscape artist. The Blue Mountains in the south and west, the northern end of that watershed which forms the mountain at Hamilton and the Falls of Niagara, terraced with farm and forest, intersected by innumerable valleys, here rise majestically 1,100 feet above the level of the sea, the highest point in Ontario. To the north the Georgian Bay cuts the horizon, with a broad extent of the deepest ultramarine blue. To the east stretches a dead level forest known as the Pine Plains. Through this plain may still be traced the old Huron trail from Lake Simcoe. A drive of about an hour and half brought us to the scene of the camp meeting. As we neared the spot we passed a great many people, some in wagons, some in buggies, and others on foot, coming or going to the meeting. A side road led through about a half a mile of forest, and as we approached the wood a confused noise reached us. We listened, and as we gradually drew nearer we could distinguish that the tumult was caused by a multitude of human voices shouting aloud in prayer. The bush on both sides of the road was filled with vehicles and horses, tied in the shade while their owners attended the meeting. After some trouble we secured a place for our team and then passed along the road until we came to a pathway leading into the woods. A finer piece of bush could not be selected. Here the broad-leaved maple towered aloft in all its splendor, with the intervals filled with elm, birch, and the shady basswood.

Here and there grew an evergreen, as if to vary the tints of the foliage. We were in the midst of a sugar bush. All nature appeared to be alive, striving not to be outdone by man. A red squirrel with an enormous bushy tail scampered saucily across the path and, with indignant chirps, ran up the gigantic grey stem of a sugar maple on our right. On the tree there was nailed a placard which read:—"Smoking and profane language strictly prohibited. By order of the presiding elder." Overhead in the green shifting shade, through which the warm sun now and again penetrated, the birds were singing. The "peewee" kept up his monotonous call, the greybirds were singing their sweetest notes, sweeter than the mingled sounds of silver bells. Far away came the song of an oriole, said to foretell rain, a wren chirped and ran over a log, as if resenting our intrusion, and the hoarse notes of a catbird in a cedar reminded us of the mockery of civilization and the great city as compared with Nature in her grandeur and simplicity thus exemplified in the primeval forest. The path led a short distance through the trees, and then we reached the camping ground. In the centre of a small cleared spot a huge marquee without walls had been pitched. No danger that the wind would blow it down here. The strongest tempest would waste its strength on the great maples on every side long before it could start a stay rope of the tent. In the marquee seats were provided by driving stakes into the ground and nailing boards across. In this way seating accommodation had been provided for about 300 persons. In the form of a half circle about the marquee, other smaller tents were pitched, along with booths and board shanties. In several open places between the tents cooking stoves were set up for the use of the campers, and a live spring furnished ice cold water to drink. In these tents a great many lived with their families during the week. In some instances those members who did not live more than four or five miles from the camping ground brought their cows along with them, and let the animals roam through the woods, so as to furnish plenty of milk for visitors and for their own families. We entered the marquee, where a general prayer

meeting was in progress. At one end a rude pulpit had been raised on a small platform. Leaning on the pulpit, and looking down earnestly upon the crowd kneeling on the ground in front praying, was a kindly-faced old man. He was very much interested in the prayers of those below him, and now and again he would give vent to an earnest "Amen," "Yes Brother," "Praise the Lord." The praying continued sometime. Then one of the preachers struck up a hymn, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." The scene was very inspiring, and no wonder many are attracted by it. The hymn was rendered, not with that delicacy of intonation which we hear in the city churches, but with an earnestness which thrilled the heart of the hearer, and involuntarily we joined in the hymn. "I'm Redeemed" followed, and then several of the recent converts testified. One of the preachers spoke up to a young girl who was asked to testify, "Now Sister, tell us why you backslid?" She hesitated a moment and blushed as the tears streamed down her face. "Speak up, Sister." "Well—Charley said he didn't like it—and—and—I became indifferent—and—and—" a fresh burst of sobs and tears finished the recital. "The same old story," said the preacher. "Oh this indifference! Praise be God! You are saved now. Keep believing." A chorus of "Amen's" followed. A strange feature of the meeting was that a number of cases of catalepsy or religious trance occurred every day. While we were there one young lady through the influence of religious excitement had taken a cataleptic fit, and remained in a standing posture with her arms uplifted heavenward and her eyes closed, perfectly motionless. This occurred at 10:30 in the morning. Another woman who had taken a similar trance lay on the ground with one arm outstretched pointing upwards. About three o'clock in the afternoon the latter, apparently stirred by the singing, jumped wildly to her feet and began dancing to the music. Her eyes were tightly closed during this performance, and she ran up against those who happened to be in her way. Finally she fell against the woman first referred to who had been standing in the trance, and they both tumbled to the ground. Some ladies picked the latter up, and she remained standing for some time moaning and crying. About four o'clock they both returned to consciousness and related their experiences. All those who had fallen into such trances related wonderful stories about what they had seen while unconscious. Some had been transported to heaven and seen things unspeakable, others had held communion with the angels and were in ecstasies over what they had seen. The members took this all as a matter of course, and looked upon these strange trances as special manifestations of divine grace. They attribute it to the power of the Holy Ghost. The scientist might attribute it to catalepsy or self-hypnotism caused by the intense concentration of the mind upon one subject, while under the influence of great emotion. I do not desire to express any opinion, believing that there are many things not dreamt of in philosophy. The interior of the tent presented a picture not soon to be forgotten. In the front were gathered the Mennonite elders and members with their quaint, broad-rimmed hats, shaven upper lips, long beards and hair. The married women wore black silk bonnets of a peculiar shape, and here and there a fair-haired Marguerite, with her long flaxen locks plaited down her shoulders, sat an interested listener. In the rear portion of the marquee sat or stood the spectators, who had been attracted principally by idle curiosity. "You just keep comin' here, and the Lord will get you," was the remark made by one of the preachers to the crowd. In the crowd were the pretty girls from the surrounding country with their handsome figures and faces like rose leaves; the robust farm hand with his sunburnt cheeks and broad-rimmed straw hat; and the swell from town with his silk hat and white vest—all apparently very much interested in the proceedings and very orderly.

The Mennonite religion is a form of Arminianism something akin to Methodism. They believe that it is possible for them to know that they are saved. In baptism they will either dip or sprinkle and baptize adults only. They are the original Anabaptists, and their history is written in blood. They have love feasts at stated intervals, and wash each other's feet before partaking of communion. They will not enlist in the army and do not believe in war or bloodshed. For this reason in many countries they are persecuted and have to pay a war tax. They hold camp meetings in different parts of the country every summer, and are thrifty, quiet, law-abiding people. Although the sect originated in Germany in 1525 and the majority of the members are Germans, still they number many of English descent among their membership. The principal figure at this meeting was Rev. Mr. Schurman, of St. Louis, Mo., editor of their official paper, a short, dark-complexioned man, who wore a fez, and strongly resembled the pictures of Emin Pasha. Miss Hawman, a kindly-featured lady from New York State, looked after the interests of the women converts. Among other preachers and elders there were Mr. Stakley, of Markham; Mr. Kober, of Waterloo; Mr. Bowman, of Berlin; Mr. Hiltz and Mr. Gowdie, of

Markham, and others. The meeting lasted for a week, and there were three services every day.

### TORNADOES.

A very important characteristic of tornado air currents is that the disturbance begins in the upper air. In the "North American Review" for September, 1882, Professor T. B. Maury, in an article entitled "Tornadoes and their Causes," attributes the peculiar movement of our tornadoes to an upper air current, which at times has been seen to be "moving from the southwest at the rate of one hundred miles an hour." In addition to this, Lieutenant Finley's descriptions of the thirteen tornadoes that occurred in Kansas, May 29 and 30, 1879, give abundant evidence that the southwest air current forces the contest. Innumerable descriptions show that the cloud in the northwest is heavy, black, and comparatively slow in its movement, until struck by a light, rather smoky, and more rapidly moving cloud from the southwest. Then the clouds rush to a common center, and there is a violent conflict of currents, driving clouds in every direction, up and down, round and round. Clouds like great sheets of white smoke dash about in a frightful manner, with such unnatural velocity that the observer is often panic stricken, and flees to the nearest cellar for safety. Finally a black, threatening mass descends slowly toward the earth, whirling violently, but still manifesting confusion in form. This soon gives place to the peculiar funnel-like shape, with definite outlines so well known. It appears intensely black, like coal smoke issuing from a locomotive, and its trunk-like form sometimes has a wrenching, spiral motion, like a snake hung up by the head and writhing in agony. As white clouds approach and are drawn into the vortex, the funnel shaped trunk sways like an elastic column. It sometimes rises, falls, and careens from side to side like a balloon. Branches and trunks of trees, rails, tree tops, roofs, pieces of houses, straw, furniture, stoves, iron work, lumber, and other debris are seen flying about in the central part of the cloud, but are gradually drawn upward and thrown out near the top, usually not until the storm has progressed a mile or two farther on from a given point. Dark masses of cloud are seen to shoot downward on either side of the funnel, to enter it just above the ground, and to apparently rush upward through the center and out at the top in a terrific manner. Sometimes the funnel pauses and whirls with apparently increased velocity, reducing everything to splinters, and leaving scarcely a vestige of a house or clump of trees, all being ground comparatively fine and carried away as chaff.

In addition to a downward movement of air, there is also a violent reactionary upward movement through the center of the funnel. This center is almost a vacuum surrounded by a cylindrical mass of air of great density and revolving force. Professor William M. Davis, of Harvard College, whose work, entitled "Whirlwinds, Cyclones, and Tornadoes," is well known for its merit and originality, maintains that the destructive power of a tornado is due to the rush of air along the earth's surface toward the vacuum center of the funnel. Some buildings have a stricken, pinched appearance at the top, as if the air had rushed under the edge of a huge cylinder, and swept upward with tremendous power. While it is true that the downward movement predominates, yet the upward movement in the center is equally marked. The iron grip of the tornado funnel is relieved only by the escape of currents to the upper air through its center, and this again is doubtless due to the decrease of the contrast of temperature between the opposing currents, thus gradually lessening the air movement. In the Westwood tornado, when the funnel had gone about a mile northeast of the village, it became thinner, and the distance to the top of the revolving column did not seem more than one hundred feet. As its force still further weakened, it became only a shallow, whirling cloud of debris, six or seven feet above the ground, and about fifty feet in width. These facts present a problem of the relation of air pressures in which we may look for destructive action in proportion to the height of the column of revolving air.

Lieutenant Finley's interesting studies will soon be of great service to the people. The advancement of the science of meteorology, as well as of other sciences, has always been made through those whose energy in the examination of these subjects has been manifested as an intrinsic liking, regardless of personal gain, a characteristic pointed out long ago by Jean Paul Richter, and reaffirmed by Emerson as the true aim of the scholar. It has been thought that the time will come when greater numbers of men of leisure and means will become steady workers along paths of unprofitable public usefulness. The people look for science to come to their rescue regarding certain evils in politics or in commerce, in over legislation, in physical and mental life, and in the destruction of life and property by the elements. It does not follow that the service will be rewarded, yet the control or anticipation of any form of destructive action in nature is a benefit that will live in the annals of the race for many a century.—WILLIAM A. EDDY.





## LOVE IS ENOUGH—A TRAGEDY.

The groom was loving, the bride was fair;  
Her eyes met his with a witching air;  
She was tender and meek as a maid could be,  
And she had no more sense than a babe of three.

"Youngster, beware!" the old men said,  
"We've tried the pass"—but he shook his head;  
He shook his head oracularly;  
"In marriage, 'Love is enough,'" quoth he.

Breakfast at home. How strange and sweet!  
But something was wrong with the things to eat.  
Something was queer in coffee and tea—  
"Nay, give me a kiss instead," said he.

Dinner at home—but he could not eat.  
O rawish potatoes! O kiln-dried meat!  
"You've left out the taste from the soup," moaned he.

"I'll make it all right with a kiss," smiled she.

Supper at home, and he could not eat.  
O bread like putty! O mush of wheat!  
O slimy pickles! O tea of tan!  
He rose from the table a starving man.

Alack, what aileth the bridegroom now?  
He stamps and roars as he knots his brow;  
"Go home to your mother and say from me  
That love is not nearly enough!" quoth he.

The rights of women to an official recognition in the church and its work is once more the ghost that will not down with the good Methodist brethren. Though beaten at the last general conference the Methodist women are determined to keep up the agitation and the struggle till victory is finally won. This autumn the battle will once again be transferred to the district conferences and there are already signs that the women are stirring up some strong championship in the matter. In the church, where woman forms so large a percentage of the membership, her exclusion from high official position is a most ungracious procedure. In the state, where the sexes are nearly equal in numbers, the injustice is less glaring, but even there it is coming more and more to be felt to be an anomaly and a wrong which civilization must right. The difficulties the state finds in the way of its realization do not pertain to the church. The moral force with which the church is armed is more conspicuous in women than in men. Finally, the talents of women would be of incalculable value in the counsels of the church as the complement and balance of those of men, supplying the missing hemisphere of wisdom and practical skill. Adam was complete only when offset by Eve; the tact and insight of the one was set over against the strength and courage of the other. Ever since that creation day each has been indispensable to the other—a lesson society is more and more learning. Without the wit and prudence of woman, no one can properly build or guide a house; and our educators are learning how needful woman is in planning and running schools. Women arrange some things in the church better than men. The planning of the great spiritual house, in which women have so large a stake and perform so important a part, should not be effected without the suggestion and aid of the fair sex.

Is it not a marvelous thing that in spite of the restraints put upon unmarried girls it is just in France that female influence has always been most remarkable? Cherchez la femme is a French maxim, remember. Go into any artist's studio, any litterateur's den, any musician's sanctum, and you will find in nine cases out of ten a woman behind the curtain. But she is neither his wife, nor his sister, nor his mother. Therein, if we must confess it, lies the secret. The women who have influenced Frenchmen, fired their poetry and inspired their music, are the women who have thrown off restraint. They have become their own mistresses and other people's as well. They form a distinct class in the society of Paris and the large provincial towns, the class that "violate all the laws of morality and give the most delightful little suppers." But, as the epigram hints, they have more than their immorality to recommend them. The Frenchwoman, as we have said, is the most womanly of women; and it is just that which steps in and saves her. She has two feminine qualities in the highest degree developed—delicacy of taste and the faculty of assimilation. The former saves her from degenerating into coarseness; the latter saves her from sinking into ignorance. That receptive power which enables a

woman to acquire almost by intuition what a man must give a lifetime to learn, which makes the barmaid of yesterday the model grande dame of to-day, that is the power which gave Mme. de Recamier her hold over Chateaubriand, as it gives hundreds of women their hold over the Frenchmen of to-day. The ascendancy of woman in France rests on her intense womanliness; but it is gained by the sacrifice of what we look upon as her crowning virtue.—*Chamber's Journal*.

It was a California woman who invented a baby carriage, which netted her \$50,000; while to Mrs. Catharine Greene, the wife and widow of Washington's ablest officer, is due the honor of inventing the cotton gin, which is one of those distinctly American inventions, the value and importance of which have been recognized by the whole industrial world. A horse-shoe machine, which turns out completed shoes, was the invention of a woman; also the reaper and mower, the idea of which came into the brain of Mrs. Ann Manning, of Plainfield, N. J., to whom is also accredited a clover cleaner. Mrs. Manning seems to have stimulated the inventive genius of her neighbors, for a few years after her reaper and mower was patented Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, of the same state, took out a patent for an improvement on the machine, being a device for changing the knives without stopping the wheels. One of the most complicated machines ever made is that for the manufacture of reinforced bottom paper bags. It is so curiously ingenious that how it was contrived passes the ordinary comprehension. It was the invention of Miss Maggie Knight, who, from it and other inventions in the same line, realized a large fortune. A street sweeper of great merit was devised and patented by a New York lady, who had a costly dress ruined by the mud splashed on it by a defective machine. Most remarkable of all is the invention of Mrs. Mary B. Walton for deadening the sound of car wheels. She lived near the elevated railroad in New York, and was greatly annoyed by the sound of the roaring trains passing her house. The most noted machinists and inventors of the country had given their attention to the subject without being able to furnish a solution, when lo! a woman's brain did the work, and her appliance, proving perfectly successful, was adopted by the elevated roads, and she is now reaping the rewards of a happy thought.—*Home Magazine*.

American girls who may be tempted to marry foreigners for the sake of a title will hardly comprehend the action of Archduchess Marie Valerie, who renounced her chance of succession to the Austrian crown that she might marry Archduke Francis just because he was her choice among men. True, she gets a title, but it is no more than she had before she married, while she throws away a chance, not so very remote, of possessing in her own right the highest title in her land. What she would have done if the man of her choice had not been titled we may not inquire. As most women find it as easy to fall in love with rich men as with poor men, so the Archduchess Marie probably made no effort to place the affections of her heart on a prospective husband below the grade of duke.

An article entitled "Some Geology of Chicago," by Mrs. Ellen B. Bastin, of this city, has attracted much attention, and has been copied, all or in part, in our leading daily papers. The article was first written for the Chicago Women's Club, and read before that organization last winter, where it was listened to with deep interest. Mrs. Bastin then sent it to Harper's, who in turn sent it to a prominent geological student for an expert opinion,—quickly pronounced in the essay's favor. Mrs. Bastin is known among her friends as a woman of unusual mental gifts, combining power of original thought with the student's diligence and carefulness of method. We congratulate her on this success.—*Unity*.

Disraeli dedicated one of his novels "to the most severe of critics—but a perfect wife." Once, at a harvest home of his tenants, he spoke of her as "the best wife in England." In a speech delivered at Edinburgh, he alluded to her as that "gracious lady to whom I owe so much of the happiness and success of my life." Edmund Burke, on the anniversary of his marriage, presented to Mrs. Burke a beautifully descriptive paper, "The Idea of a Wife," heading the manuscript thus, "The character"—leaving her to fill up the blank. He repeatedly declared that "every care vanished the moment he entered under the roof."

It is a sad little note which, coming from Sweden, draws attention to the dangers that the Swedish peasant girl runs in going to Denmark for work. In the beetroot fields, where frequently the girls are set to work "like slaves", it is averred, they are "driven on by foremen who are more merciful to their dogs and horses than to these poor inexperienced girls." As the Swedish journal, *Dagby*, rightfully urges: "It is high time something was done to stop this disgraceful treatment." That "something" is being done by the Frederika Bremer Society, which has arranged for the distribution of pamphlets among the peasant girls, warning them of this state of things.

Miss Sallie Holly, a Virginia girl, has inaugurated an educational movement in her state which deserves to become popular. She has undertaken the education of poor colored girls of Virginia. Miss Holly has sent letters to all the Women's Clubs of the Union asking for a year's service of a member as a teacher, or a cash contribution. She proposes to establish small schools throughout the state where colored girls may attend school a couple of years without cost.

## FIFTH LETTER FROM JUDGE DAILEY.

TO THE EDITOR: We crossed the North Sea from England to Antwerp without accident but not without an apprehension born of our experience on the City of Rome that we were about to strike upon some hidden rock. Since we landed in Antwerp we have visited several places of interest there, also in Brussels, Cologne and Berlin, and have commenced upon those of this place. The contrast between London and any of the continental European cities named, is very great. We landed on Sunday morning in Antwerp where there is little cessation of tolling of the bells in the churches or cathedrals either on Sunday or any other day. The great clocks are forced to note the lapse of time with great frequency by solemnly chiming each quarter of an hour that passes, as the days and years go by. Everywhere we found in the statuary, in the number of churches, and the frequent calls to the places of worship evidence of the religious character of the people of that city.

There is a wide contrast between the architecture in the great cathedral in Antwerp and that of St. Paul in London. The latter is grand, impressive and cold, while that, both inside and upon the external parts of the cathedral in Antwerp, is warm, intricate and delicate. There is probably not a spire in the world where such a vast amount of delicate stone work is to be found, and it so impressed Napoleon I. that he likened it to Mechlin lace. The interior is 384 feet long and 130 feet high, and the tower and spire extend to the height of 402 feet. They were completed in 1530. The chimerae have ninety-nine bells. I have nowhere seen such exquisite wood carvings as those we examined in Antwerp. Thousand of miniature faces and forms carved in oak, adorn the walls and columns of the cathedral, while hundreds of statues of life size, beautifully carved in the same wood, are to be seen in passing through this great structure. The numerous chapels, dedicated to different saints, to be entered from the side aisles, are artistically adorned. In these churches of Antwerp are contained some of the masterpieces of the old painters. Here, as most of your readers will know, was the home of Peter Paul Rubens, the most celebrated painter and really the founder of the Antwerp school. Here he executed most of his great works and although 250 years have elapsed since he died, the house in which he lived, a fine structure, is still in excellent preservation. He is almost canonized by the Catholic church. His paintings occupy the most sacred places in the churches, and there is not a museum or gallery of art in Europe in which any of his works are to be found where they will not tell you that fabulous prices have been refused for them. A drapery covering them most of the time in the churches, is drawn aside when they are exhibited for a fee at certain hours during the day.

This artist was the instructor of Van Dyke, who has left some masterpieces of great value. Rubens painted from life as far as he was able to do so and only appealed to the genius of his imagination when those subjects failed him. He was twice married, and the faces and forms of his wives appear in very many of his great works as do those of his children, and of his father and friends. So familiar now have we become with those faces, that we rarely mistake a work from the hand of Rubens without referring to the name in

the catalogues. Raphael in painting his famous Madonna copied the face of a young lady who resisted his advances and Rubens has made the face of his second wife to represent Mary the mother of Jesus, and that of his first wife, Elizabeth, the mother of John the Baptist, and Mary Magdalene, as suited his desires. We had pointed out among the later carvings in the Antwerp cathedral as among the saints, the likeness of Disraeli, the late Lord Beaconsfield, and Gladstone. It is true that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." People read romances, and are delighted with the fictions of a happy writer; and it is a decided pleasure to go through the great picture galleries with which the cities of Europe abound, and look upon those productions of skilled hands and vivid imaginations. But to me, the value of a painting is in some degree to be estimated by its approximation to truth.

There never has been, and probably never will be any events which have called forth so many productions from the artists' hand as the birth, life and crucifixion of Jesus. In all the productions we know, with reasonable certainty, that none truthfully represent the face of Jesus or of mother. Some of the scenes of the crucifixion are ghastly and unpleasant in the extreme, but no two are alike nor could we expect them to be. They are the supposed likenesses of subjects living or dead, beautiful or distorted, according to the imagination and skill of the artists. We can look upon these pictures and admire or dislike them according to our own tastes and conceptions of the subjects they are supposed to represent. Fiction is certainly to be expected in poetry and various works of art, but when an historical scene is said to be represented on canvas, is such wide departure from what is evidently the truth warranted, as we constantly find in these pictures touching the birth, life, death and resurrection of Jesus? Had the halo of light which is represented as emanating from the heads of Jesus and Mary been actually visible to mortals in those days, such remarkable manifestations would have astonished all who came into their presence, and the evangelists would not have failed to record such important facts. With the exception of the scene of the transfiguration I do not recall any record of the appearance of the Savior to warrant the representations given of him by most of the old masters. Are such representations the result of mere accidental imagination? We know that some of the ancient tombs constructed before the birth of Jesus, contain around the head of Horus representations of emanating radiance, and may we not, with reasonable certainty, trace the origin of these pictures to the spiritual vision of ancient seers which would be confirmed by some clairvoyant descriptions by our seers of to-day?

The trip from Antwerp to Brussels is short, and we can confirm the opinion of other travelers in saying that it is one of the most beautiful in Europe. There are many points of interest here to be visited and we made the most of time that our strength would permit. The picture galleries contain many remarkable productions from the thirteenth century down to the present time. We were advised to visit the collection of the paintings by Weitz, which many are said to avoid owing to the terrible nature of some of the representations. Weitz died in Brussels quite recently and some of his best works never left his possession until his decease. They are all in the same large room in which the artist himself arranged and left them. He was always poor, and refused all temptations to part with these works which would have at once placed him beyond want. To one connoisseur who offered him a large sum for one of his works he replied, "Keep your gold, it is the murderer of art." He painted a few portraits which he sold and thus obtained the means for a scanty subsistence. He maintained that he was painting for posterity more than for to-day. His ambition was to rank among the great artists, and measure his works with those of Rubens, and other eminent painters of antiquity. That he has grandly succeeded in the great ambition of his life is the growing opinion of most lovers of art. He was a devoted student and lover of the poems of Homer and mythology. He slept with the Iliad under his pillow, as if the spirit of the great Homer would the more readily in his slumber reach his own soul, and in his dreams impress his brain with the grandeur of the conceptions of this ancient bard.

The colorings of his paintings are strangely yet artistically blended and, combined with the astonishing representations, produce a startling effect. Some of his pictures are very large. One is fully fifty



feet in height and thirty feet wide representing the revolt against heaven. Another nearly as large represents the one-eyed monster, Polyphemus, feasting upon the companions of Ulysses who prudently declines to give battle to a being whose finger is as large as the body of that ancient warrior. During the time of the cholera he produced a picture representing a victim encased while yet alive, bursting the coffin and struggling for liberty, which he placed upon exhibition during the prevalence of the scourge and it resulted in prohibiting the burial of bodies until a reasonable time had elapsed to be certain that death had actually ensued. Let no person having the opportunity fail to visit this fast becoming famous museum of Weitz which no amount of money could purchase from the city of Brussels.

Cologne is quite the reverse of Brussels in attractiveness as a city, most of the streets are narrow and dingy and almost devoid of sidewalks. A few fine streets have recently been opened which greatly add to the attractiveness of the city. The city is greatly over supplied with churches there being over thirty catholic churches 'the city to meet the wants of about 130,000 people. The Gothic cathedral is said to be the largest of the kind in the world. It is 444 feet in length by 201 in breadth, and the height of the nave is 145 feet. There are fifty-six large columns inside, and its immense towers terminate in spires over 500 feet high. It was commenced in 1248 and was not fully completed until 1880, over \$3,000,000 being spent upon it during the last forty years of its construction. It is conspicuous far above every other structure in the city, and can be seen for a long distance. These Catholic people have great reverence for old bones, and we were taken in and shown a small sarcophagus made from gold and silver, and embellished with precious stones of great value, and were told by a priest who acted as our guide that it contained a piece of the skull of St. Sebastian; and he also pointed out a larger but equally rich casket in which he said were the bones of the magi, or three kings who worshipped the infant Jesus, which he also informed us were deposited in Cologne in the twelfth century. He also showed us a long staff which he said belonged to St. Peter. There was quite a number of English-speaking visitors present who when they heard these announcements turned their faces away to conceal expressions of incredulity. We did not visit the St. Ursula, nor the Gothic cloisters where the walls are made up of protruding bones and skulls of martyred virgins and distinguished personages. I hope not to tire you with these descriptions. They are useful as lessons to many Americans who value the free institutions of his country. That the great expense of erecting and maintaining these numerous churches and the priests and officers connected with them falls largely upon the poor who give believing it is for the salvation of their souls is well known. These churches, I am told, are very rich. Whenever we go, through them we are requested to "give for the poor," and we have been told by those who have the opportunity of knowing, that they rarely have their bodily wants supplied from these funds. They can earn but a few pennies a day; and a good meal most of them never had. They struggle on from day to day giving into the treasury of the church for Christ's and their souls' sake that which is essential to keep their souls and bodies related to each other. They hope to thus gain heaven. They surely deserve it even though misguided and oppressed. Their long suffering and patience should be rewarded.

Yours fraternally  
DRESDEN. A. H. DAILEY.

#### A SHEAF FROM THE EXPERIENCES OF THE UNDERSIGNED.

TO THE EDITOR: In the spring of 1861, the writer, in company with Mr. E. J. Youngs, then being residents of Port Huron, Mich., visited a Mrs. Hobbs a locally well known medium of that place, for the purpose of a friendly talk upon her experience as a physical medium of much repute and decided test powers, not expecting however, nor seeking demonstrations of her powers at that time.

Mr. Youngs and I found that intelligent lady alone in the early evening. After the usual salutations and appraisal of her as to the purpose of our call, we were seated about five or six feet from the position of the medium, who seated herself near a small round center table, upon which was a medium-sized lamp that fully lighted the entire apartment, and resumed the sewing, which had evidently occupied her time, ere our intrusion upon her attention, kindly

answering our questions, responding to our suggestions and giving us detailed statements of many of her phenomenal experiences, unsought and unlooked for mediumistic manifestations, etc.

After, perhaps, half an hour's conversation, no visible person except the three above named being present, suddenly and unexpectedly the table began to move! My position was such that I could see that the medium's garments or any part of her person was not in contact with the table, as I saw a clear space, of not less than one inch in width, between Mrs. Hobbs, her clothing, and the edge of the table next to which she sat. Well understanding the import of the phenomenon she reached and took the lamp from the table, placing it upon her lap and holding it, together with her sewing, and not moving from her chair or relative position to Mr. Youngs and myself during the entire demonstration I am about to relate.

As soon as relieved of the lamp the table glided over the carpeted floor, past me to a position immediately in front of Mr. Youngs, and tipped the edge thereof upon his limbs or lap, and in response to his questions tipped the upper surface of the table top against him, one tip symbolizing no; two, uncertain; and three, yes. Mr. Youngs, as the table rested against his person as above described, straightened his body in a stiff upright position and his arms and hands rigidly by his sides, maintaining the stiff position of body and limbs throughout the entire demonstration. A few questions and responses informed Mr. Youngs that the manifesting intelligence, thus interchanging thought—the product of mind—by means of the mechanical symbolizations aforesaid, claimed to be an old acquaintance of Youngs' who had passed to spirit life some twelve years preceding this demonstration, from a town in Massachusetts, where Youngs had resided previous to his residence at Port Huron, Mich., where the said friend was so strangely greeting him and giving test evidence of his identity, and powers to still interchange thought, mind with mind.

The invisible man, by five tips or movements of the table signified that he desired the calling of the alphabet. Mr. Youngs complied and whenever the controlling intelligence of the movements of the table desired to use a letter of the alphabet called, moved the table as aforesaid, and by this satisfactory though tedious method, gave statements of facts and incidents in the career of the communicating though invisible man, when in the physical body, that Mr. Youngs knew to be correct, not only, but also statements of facts of which Mr. Youngs knew nothing; directing Youngs to certain parties of the place where the communicating, invisible man had resided during his earthly life, and where Mr. Youngs had been acquainted with him, as to the truthfulness of said statements.

Mr. Youngs did write and received complete verification of said statements of the invisible man thus establishing complete identification of the communicating intelligence as being the acquaintance of Mr. Youngs' former years in Massachusetts several hundred miles from his then residence, and the place of this remarkable, and, I think, complete demonstration of the power of the so-called dead to interchange greetings and intelligent communication; for in this demonstration not only independent movement of the instrumentality of the intercommunication, the means and manner of the symbolization of the thought intercommunicated, but a portion of the thought, facts stated, by the invisible, communicating mind, were not within the knowledge of either the recipient of the communication, nor of any visible being, who witnessed the demonstration. Mrs. Hobbs, a native of Maine, from where she moved direct to Michigan, and myself a native of New York had then never visited the state of Massachusetts.

And by actual test examination I know that no wires, strings, machinery or appliances of any kind were attached to or in the said table; which, when the communication was consummated, "sat itself" back upon its feet and glided back to its former position near the waiting Mrs. Hobbs. To tell me that I was hallucinated—"only thought I saw" all this, but did not really see any movement of the table to insult one's manhood, not only the integrity of one's word but also his discriminative consciousness.

J. K. BAILEY.

Count Tolstoi says his "Kreutzer Sonata" was an unfinished work and was not intended by him to be published in its present form. But his friends took it and against his better judgment it was given to the world. He is now preparing an "epilogue" to it that will shortly appear. He

is also writing a treatise on intemperance, setting forth his ideas regarding the use of tobacco, alcohol, opium, hashish, rich food and various other indulgences that come under the ban of his creed.



#### PROOF OF SPIRIT INTERCOURSE.

TO THE EDITOR: A peculiarly distinctive characteristic of Spiritualism is that it does not come with an ipse dixit, "thus saith the Lord," demanding unquestioned obedience to, and a blind faith in its mandate; but rather appeals first to man's sensuous nature through its phenomena, thence to his intellectual faculties, where reason sits as a stern and impartial judge, always deciding in favor of truth so far as it can get at facts, and finally, after sifting the chaff from the wheat, the vitalizing truths underlying the phenomena are appropriated by his spiritual nature, and a rational and healthy growth superinduced. Hence Spiritualism, in its broadest sense, enables one to give a comprehensive reason for his faith.

In the spring of 1882 Mrs. Abby Burnham was lecturing in this city and giving séances during the week. I attended several. At that time I was engaged in business in New York. On one occasion she said to me, "You are going to change your business. I see you traveling through the West, making long journeys by rail." I said "that can not possibly be true; I am engaged in business in New York; all my interests lie here, and I have never been further from home than Albany, and such a thought has never crossed my mind." She reiterated the statement repeatedly at several séances with great positiveness. About eighteen months from that time, I gave up the business I was following and took a position as traveling salesman, and traveled, perhaps, sixty thousand miles during the time I held the position. I had never seen Mrs. B. until the first Sunday she lectured in Brooklyn.

On a later occasion I attended a séance given by Mrs. Kerns, at the house of Dr. Smith, of this city, since passed to the inner life. The usual form of each one present writing several names on slips of paper and of folding so as to be practically hermetically sealed to the medium was followed. The slips were placed in a pile on a table at the right of Mrs. K. In a few minutes raps were heard; three, affirmative; one negative. Upon lifting a slip and receiving an affirmative, the slip was passed, unopened, to a gentleman on her left, appointed for the purpose of verifying any message which might be given. She would then write a message and sign a name. In every case the name thus signed corresponded with the name on the slip, and, according to the testimony of those addressed, the messages were pertinent, and to some, were overwhelming in their significance.

The most interesting part of this séance to me, was the receipt of a message from a darling child who had passed to the inner life some years previous; a message couched in such sweet, sympathetic strains; condoling with me in my troubles, which hung like a funeral pall over me at that time; the overshadowing presence of an approaching ordeal which was to try my soul; speaking with such discretion, and advising me with such wisdom, and giving me such indubitable evidence of her personality, that I felt—well, my dear Colonel, just as you would feel, under similar circumstances. Why attempt to describe my feelings? There are millions in the ranks of Spiritualism who know it all.

As a climax I may add that not a soul in that room, besides myself, knew that I had a child in the Spirit world; nor knew of a single circumstance conveyed in the message; nor was I expecting anything among such a large number as were present. Indeed, the name was called and the message partly written before I was fully aware of the fact, being engaged in conversation in another part of the room, and my seeming indifference causing Mrs. K. considerable annoyance.

During the total eclipse of the moon in July, 1888, I witnessed one of the most remarkable phenomena, — to me the most beautiful and significant I have ever met with.

I have a spirit friend who passed to the inner life eight years ago to whom I gave the name of "Lily," and that there might be no mistake, she was to be known as a

Cala Lily. I watched the progress of the eclipse through a field glass, with the greatest interest and closest attention. When the point of total obscuration was reached, I gazed with silent awe and admiration upon the wonderful and sublime spectacle, the beauty and grandeur of which, I need not attempt to describe. As I watched, I observed on the eastern periphery of the moon a movement of something without definite form, but which gradually grew in size and projected itself from the body of the moon, something like a limb without branches on a tree. This projection, with one end attached to the body of the moon, oscillated for some time, and finally the other end became attached, and the object looked something like the handle of a pitcher. All this time the material of which the object was composed, was in motion, as if worked, as a potter might work a lump of clay. Finally this motion ceased, one end became detached and swung around presenting a Cala Lily perfect in all its details; pure white in color, and the tongue distinctly visible with a beautiful orange tinge. I repeatedly look my eyes from the picture, to thoroughly convince myself that there was no hallucination. The Lily remained about ten minutes and gradually faded away.

Of course the savans who understand the working of occult forces from alpha to omega, can explain this phenomenon—optical delusion—a reflex action of the astral light; the rollicking prank of an elementary. To me it was none of these, but a grand and sublime manifestation of a stupendous fact; a demonstration of the power of my friend Lily to make herself known to me by this sign. There were many concomitant circumstances connected with these incidents, which tend to strengthen the belief in a supermundane interposition, but which would become tedious to enumerate; and there are, perhaps, many who can account for the phenomena on a number of hypotheses aside from the supermundane, but to me, with my former experiences, they are veritable spirit manifestations. I do not ask any one to accept my theory; life is too short and its duties too pressing to permit much time for argument. Let those who ask, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" "come and see." Let those who would honestly like to know, "Seek and find." Spiritualism is true democracy; there is no royal road, and the way is so plain that the wayfaring man need not err therein.

Most respectfully,  
WILLIAM V. NOE.

#### SPIRITUALISM THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL.

TO THE EDITOR: Spiritualism is no more a religion than is astronomy. It is simply the science of the soul. Knowledge of the laws of the continuity of life, to which the researches of every scientist, every investigator have added some new proof, until to-day the accumulated evidence is convincing to millions of thoughtful, including many leading minds, that there is a law of endless change, and continuity of progressive life. To finite vision the beginning of all things must be from a visual point, where infinite intelligence makes expression of its thoughts in forms, in the cell, or germ, in the nebula of which worlds are formed. Since man's limited powers cannot reach behind a visible cause to the origin of things, he must see a cause in every effect and an effect in every cause thus viewing the law of change as the endless chain of progressive life.

God is in all life. Following minutely the law of differentiation in all forms of evolution with progress of the whole—not necessarily equally of every part since the very fact of evolution involves the unfolding of the lesser into the greater—must necessitate infinite gradation, the higher still unfolding the higher, and each in its own degree marking its data from its starting point, so that nature's ledger is, so to speak, the unfailing key to God's account of creation. This great record is open to every investigating mind from which to glean the truth as written by the infinite historian showing throughout the whole geological history of the earth an onward movement of the organic kingdom to higher and higher attainments, ever increasing the power of human intelligence for delving deeper and deeper into the hidden treasures of occult laws. Taking these premises, that we call Spiritualism, is the science of the soul—a knowledge of the law of the continuity of life by actual vision, and by converse with our friends who have laid aside the mortal coil; the intercommunication of worlds, or their inhabitants, is one of those laws, a knowledge of which is attainable by man.



Why should not Spiritualists organize themselves into a school of philosophy and prove to the world that they know what they are searching for, making use of every open door that leads to the attainment of knowledge that will satisfy the desire for the assurance of eternal life which I hold, in itself, is cogent proof thereof, since there has never been known a human want without somewhere the means of supplying it. Spiritualists claiming to know the truth should be untiring in bringing forward undoubted proof, and thus lessen the opportunities for ignorance, fraud and impudence to rush in where angels fear to tread, making merchandize of the most sacred memories, and holiest hopes in the parting with our dear ones. Then and not till then, will Spiritualism rise to its native glory, and shine brightest in the galaxy, because of its greatest importance among the stars of science. MRS. L. C. SMITH.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

## VISION.

TO THE EDITOR: In all ages and countries, in whatever form of religious belief, visions as a means of divine revelation, has been largely the foundation of their faith. The most truthful and beautiful teachings of the Bible are the visions of its prophet seen while in the ecstatic spiritually illumined state. A great mistake of the Christian church is its denial of the possibility of the same power being granted to its followers at the present day.

I have myself been many times favored with visions that taught many beautiful lessons of spiritual truth. Many times these are of a personal nature. I have, however, one experience that is an exception, and as the subject is one of general interest I take the liberty of giving it to the readers of THE JOURNAL just as it came to me.

It was in the latter part of March last, I was reading a book in which I was much interested. My husband was also reading and we were alone. There was nothing in the book to prepare my mind for the experience that followed. Suddenly there seemed to press upon me from all directions a power like magnetic force, which caused me to feel very sleepy; then a numbness through all my physical body, and while still conscious I lost all thought of my present surroundings. Then I was aroused as from the spirit. I felt as if I was distinct from the body but used it as a means of communication. There seemed no limit to my spiritual vision as we understand distance. While in this state I was impelled to look up when I saw the whole dome of the heavens as one vast sea of faces, and only the faces, and though they appeared to be in untold numbers I could distinguish them clearly in all their variety of individuality. They all appeared to be looking upon some scene which caused a great variety of expressions but all so intense. Some expressed great pity, others horror, while still other countenances seemed blanched with fear. I felt moved by curiosity to learn what they were looking at and at once I seemed to go far above the earth where I could look upon it as they did. When I saw that above a portion of it there hung a great black cloud as of smoke, which at first I could not penetrate, but a moment later I saw the whole of Europe as a great map spread out below me, and then a scene as if covering a period of many months passed before me like a panorama. I saw in the beginning as if a little blaze was kindled in Russia which quickly communicated with Germany whence it spread rapidly over the whole of Europe including the British Isles and war in all its terrible forms prevailed, and with it came great poverty and pestilence. I find it difficult to express what I saw and felt of the suffering and horror of this period to which terrible calamities in nature, as if in sympathy with the general woe, added no small amount to the prevailing distress.

After a time the cloud seemed to roll slowly away, but how changed the face of the country, as if a great cyclone had swept it of all trace of its former condition, especially so politically. Where before had been the thrones of emperors and kings, and those great in power, all were gone, but while these were brought low, there was a great leveling up, as it were, of the masses. I could then see that what had seemed a terrible affliction had resulted in good. I also saw, going away in the distance as if banished, all that represented the pomp and glory of the Roman Catholic church, the pope with his cardinals and bishops in all their robes of office. Although they seemed to go reluctantly, the power that banished them was stronger than they. In this I was impressed that I saw only

the great dignitaries of the church, as its power was broken, while its followers came out gradually from the influence of its teachings. There was much more of interest that I cannot occupy space to describe.

Our own country was greatly effected, but was not the scene of the conflict, which seemed to result in an entire revolution from the present condition to what seemed like perfect equality among all men so far as their individual rights are concerned. I am strongly impressed with the thought that the history of the world in the next ten years will be such as to greatly justify the truthfulness of what I saw, and that the dawning of the twentieth century will witness such changes as we now in our troubled transitions deem quite impossible. ELIZABETH T. STANSELL.

IDAHO SPRINGS, CALI.

## THE COILED SPRING.

TO THE EDITOR: In your issue of July 26th you published under the general heading of "Topics of the Times" the watchspring problem which has appeared in other scientific papers. As I first saw the problem stated in the *Scientific American* I sent my solution of the same to that paper. I will however for the benefit of your philosophical readers give a brief resume of my argument. When a steel ribbon is coiled or bent, two forces are called into action. Or rather the force necessary to bend it is stored up in two different parts of the spring, one part receiving an energy of opposite character from that in the other part. And the quantity of energy stored in each is exactly equal to that in the other part. For, on bending the spring, the molecules which are situated on the external or convex side are put into a state of tension, while those on the concave side are correspondingly compressed. Both these forces exert their energy in the joint direction of straightening the spring. If, however, the coiled spring is immersed in acid and dissolved, the result among the molecules of the tension on one side of the spring exactly counterbalances the result among the molecules of the compression on the opposite side and the ultimate result is nil. Or in other words, a coiled spring dissolved in acid will not exhibit any extraordinary phenomena different from those exhibited by an uncoiled spring. The details of this argument are contained in my communication to the *Scientific American*. HERMANN FASCHER.

ST. GEORGE, UTAH.

## What is Catarrh

Catarrh is generally understood to mean inflammation of the mucous membrane of the head. It originates in a cold, or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Flow from the nose, tickling in the throat, offensive breath, pain over and between the eyes, ringing and bursting noises in the ears, are the more common symptoms. Catarrh is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strikes directly at its cause by removing all impurities from the blood, building up the diseased tissues and giving healthy tone to the whole system. N. B. Be sure to get

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## THE WAR IN HEAVEN.

BY DANIEL LOTT

This is founded upon Revelations 12: 7-9 and will be found interesting. Price, 10 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JOHN C. BUNDY Chicago

## On The Pacific. Florence, a Developing Seaport on the Shores of Oregon.

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Between the mouth of the Columbia river, where the commerce of Portland reaches the Pacific ocean and San Francisco, a distance of over 700 miles, there is as yet no seaport city of prominence, and good natural harbors are scarce.

Located 156 miles south of the mouth of the Columbia river, the Siuslaw river enters Siuslaw bay, and thence into the ocean.

It has long been known that Siuslaw bay possessed a fine natural harbor. But it was not till in recent years that this locality was relinquished by the Indians to the government, and thrown open to settlement.

It is on Siuslaw bay, four miles from the ocean, that the new seaport of FLORENCE is located. A government appropriation of \$50,000 to perfect the harbor is among the items in the River and Harbor bill of the current year. A government light-house is under construction, being provided for by last year's Congress.

Siuslaw bay and river tap a country wonderfully rich in resources. The center of all its life and trade is at Florence.

The Florence salmon canneries last year canned 13,000 cases of salmon, and salted the equivalent of 4,000 cases more, the product having a market value of \$100,000, employing 150 men for four months of the year. The catch this year is now being made.

Near Florence are three saw-mills, with a combined capacity of 75,000 feet per day, and employing many men. A careful computation by a lumber expert from Michigan, of the lumber resources tributary to Siuslaw bay, and Florence, its business center, was to the effect that the aggregate was more than 14,900 millions feet of fir alone, known in the markets of the world as the celebrated Oregon Pine, which for ship timbers especially, and all uses requiring great strength, has no superior.

Florence has a ship-yard, where two vessels were built to ply in the Pacific coastwise trade, and is destined to an immense extension of her ship-building interests. A vessel under construction is now on the stocks.

Florence has direct steamers to San Francisco and other ports.

It can only be a question of a short time till the Siuslaw & Eastern railway will be constructed eastward along the Siuslaw river, through the mountains, and tap the rich agricultural resources of the Willamette Valley, and ultimately on east through Oregon and Idaho, to connect with trunk lines of railway having eastern termini at Duluth, Chicago, and New York, and now built west into the new States of Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming. This will give Florence an immense impetus in the direction of wholesale trade, and rapidly make her a seaport of national importance.

Florence has a good public school, has an intelligent people, and will soon have more than one church, and has no saloons. Florence is a money-order post-office.

## Florence's Needs.

Florence needs a first-class banker, who can start with at least \$25,000 capital, and able to double it when needed. This bank will make money from the start. The business of Florence already is over \$400,000 per annum, and its nearest banking town eighty miles away.

Florence needs an unlimited amount of capital to develop her lumber interests. There are many special reasons for locating on Siuslaw river and bay, which will be cheerfully furnished to those interested.

Florence has inexhaustible supplies of marble, and abundance of coal of a bituminous character, and needs capital to develop it. There is big money in it.

Florence offers an attractive location to men engaged in merchandising and traffic in nearly all lines.

The country tributary to Florence is attractive to immigrants, especially to those who love a wooded country. Good government homesteads can yet be had, and farms can be purchased at low figures. The soil is exceedingly fertile. It is a wonderful fruit country, as bearing orchards attest.

The climate of Florence is nearly perfect, being warmer than Virginia in winter, and cooler than New York State in summer. The mercury never goes down to zero, and rarely gets above 75 degrees. Florence is perfectly sheltered from the direct ocean breeze.

The ocean beach near Florence is as fine a drive as the world affords. Florence must some day become an important ocean pleasure resort.

Both residence and business property in Florence afford a fine investment, with a certain chance of large advances.

The undersigned is a large owner of both residence and business property, and partly to acquire funds to develop large projects for the general advancement, and also to encourage diversity of ownership and interest, will sell business lots in the business center for \$100 to \$300 for inside lots, and \$125 to \$400 for corners, and choice residence lots for \$75 to \$100, and residence blocks of 10 lots, 52x120 feet, for \$500 per block, or \$250 for half blocks. Terms, 1/4 down, 1/4 in six months, 1/4 in twelve months, deferred payments bearing 8 per cent. interest, or five per cent. discount for all cash down.

Plats and maps, with full descriptions of Florence and the tributary country, will be mailed on application, and all questions cheerfully answered.

Non-resident purchasers may select property from the plats, and deposit their cash payment with the home banker, and I will forward deed and abstract of title to him. The present prices can be guaranteed for a short time only. They will soon advance sharply.

Home seekers and investors who come to visit Florence, should buy railway through tickets to Eugene, Oregon, from whence, pending the construction of the Siuslaw and Eastern railway, it is a pleasant stage ride to Florence. Notify me, and my Eugene representative will meet you there. Inquire for Miller's office in Eugene.

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed, under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

**One Life; One Law.** By Mrs. Myron Reed. New York: John W. Lovell Company. pp. 223. This is a thoroughly spiritual work conceived and written in a devout as well as philosophic spirit. Prof. L. Conte is quoted on page 34: "We can not understand the relation of spirit to matter, but we are sure of the intimacy of the connection, and that every material phenomenon has a corresponding psychical phenomenon as its cause." Although changed the thought is found to produce changed material conditions; "in just what way thought creates physical structure, or to what extent the individual is here a co-worker with God," says the author, "has not yet been revealed." Taught by the human discovers, it is claimed, that material forms are the phenomena of spirit reflected in consciousness. In all our conceptions of the external world we are hindered by the limitations involved in ideas of time and space which exist only in imperfect consciousness. All time is the eternal now. The highest consciousness knows only the good; every appearance of pain or evil but manifests the creature's imperfect apprehension of good. As man comes to know the oneness and perfection of life his own true thought may be reflected on lower degrees of consciousness, which are represented by other forms of life, the divine plan being that spiritual man shall in this way come to the help of those below him. Such briefly are the author's views. Evolution is accepted by her and references to variation, heredity, selection, the struggle for life, Lamarck, Darwin, Wallace, and other evolutionists mingle with quotations from scripture, in a way that, to say the least is unusual.

There are some rather extravagant statements in the book, as for instance: "The ideas of evolution were long ago given to the world. Perhaps the first formal statement was made by John the Baptist when he said, 'God is able from these stones to raise up children unto Abraham, i. e., of the faith.'" The remark ascribed to John the Baptist is a statement of miraculous creation, of the intrusion of supernatural agency in the natural order, rather than evolution, the primary fact of which is continuity. The ancient Greek philosophers and the Roman poet, Lucretius, taught evolution, but John the Baptist did not, although he probably taught what was more needed by his people in his time. In spite of its defects Mrs. Reed's book is thoughtful and suggestive and it is characterized by an elevated tone and fine spirit.

**A Few Thoughts for a Young Man.** A lecture delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library association on its twenty-ninth anniversary. By Horace Mann. New York: John B. Alden, publisher. 1889. pp. 77. Cloth, 25 cents. This large type edition of one of the most instructive, eloquent and inspiring lectures ever delivered from an American platform ought to be in the hands of thousands and tens of thousands of the young men and women of the country. It is in its way a classic. Many of the foremost men of this country have acknowledged with gratitude its quickening and elevating influence upon their lives. This edition of the lecture is remarkably cheap, but is a beautiful one worthy of the literary merit of the work and the reputation of the great American educator who introduced it.

There is reading of varied interest in the August number of the *Century Magazine*. The tenth installment of the "Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson" is a portion to which many readers will turn first. The crisis of affairs in "The Anglomaniacs" indicates that this clever description of New York life is nearing its close. The second paper by Dr. T. H. Manu, in which he relates his experiences as "A Yankee in Andersonville," appears, as well as an article bearing briefly on the history of the war in "The Case of Miss Carroll," an open letter by Mrs. S. E. Blackwell. Mrs. Amelia E. Barr continues her story entitled "Friend Olivia," and the short story of the number is "The Emancipation of Joseph Peloubet," by the late John Elliott Curran, who was at one time on the literary staff of *The Press*. John Muir contributes an important article on "The Treasures of the Yosemite," and there is a most interesting paper from Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason on "The Women of the French Salons." All of the articles are finely illustrated, and the frontispiece, a reproduction of a detail from "Madonna, Child and St. John," by Botticelli, which is in the Louvre, is of real artistic value.

The *Freethinkers Magazine* for September is an unusually good number. The frontispiece consists of a fine portrait of G. J. Holyoake who also has an article in the number. Among the other contributors are Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine, T. Bush, and a writer of charming poetry, Miss Nelly Booth Simmons. The editor writes on "The Orthodox Hell," a hot subject for reflection during such weather as has prevailed lately. H. L. Green, editor and publisher, Buffalo, N. Y.

**Babyhood** for August cautions parents against allowing children to hear too much about "mad" dogs, since hydrophobia is so rare a disease that most physicians never in fact see a case of it, while lyssophobia (i. e., dread of hydrophobia) a purely nervous affection, may and sometimes does prove fatal. It also contains a few hints as to water sports for children, and an illustrated description of the most approved methods of resuscitation from drowning.

Dr. Andrew D. White will take up "The Fall of Man" in the next of his *Warfare of Science papers*, in the September *Popular Science Monthly*. The belief that man was a perfect being when he first appeared upon the earth, and that there was no sorrow, toil, nor death in the world till brought in by his misconduct, is found in both classical and Hebrew mythology. Dr. White shows how scientific evidence has gradually rolled up till its weight forces the irresistible conclusion that man has had no fall from a high estate, but that, from low beginnings in the distant past he has been continuously rising. This is one of the strongest papers in the series.

Chauncey M. Depew has received an autograph letter from the Prince of Wales, acknowledging the receipt of his "Orations and after dinner Speeches," recently published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York. The Prince expresses his thanks warmly and indicates his belief that a perusal of the book will assist him greatly in his work of preparing the numerous addresses he is called upon to deliver on ceremonial occasions.

James Sully, the English scholar, has made a review of the province and power of modern fiction, which he contributes to the August number of the *Forum*. He shows that the novel has become a most important force in modern life, and that unfortunately, to a great degree, it is a misused force. He shows that its proper function is not to describe freaks, physical, mental, or moral, nor to lay emphasis on distortions and disease; but that the highest function of fiction is to "brighten the picture of human life, and so to cheer instead of sadden our hearts."

## PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

Mr. C. R. Sylvester, of Jasper, Oregon, passed to spirit life, June 11, 1890, aged 71. He was an earnest Spiritualist and had been a reader of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL many years.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Gardner Knapp passed to spirit life from Grand Rapids, Michigan, on July 28th, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. He was born in Homer, Courtland Co., N. Y. At an early age he chose law as a profession, and for a number of years practiced at the bar in his native state; afterward he moved to New Albany, Ind. He became a Spiritualist at an early day, shortly after the "Rochester knockings," and remained an ardent advocate of the spiritual philosophy. He was familiar with many of the most prominent early workers in the cause—Judge Edmonds, Warren Chase, William Denton, Charles Hammond and others. It was at the house of Mr. Knapp that the first independent spirit writing, was obtained through Henry Slade, with which fact many of the older readers of THE JOURNAL are no doubt familiar. Most of his immediate family had preceded him to the spirit side of life, two wives, and three amiable and accomplished daughters. He had long been a subscriber for THE JOURNAL, and an occasional contributor. His sentiments were strictly in accord with its policy. Mr. Knapp, unlike too many old Spiritualists, had long since ceased to be a mere phenomena seeker, as he was on the progressive, scientific and philosophic plane. Great is the consolation given his appreciative friends from the fact that having now gained release from the worn-out physical body he can now untrammelled by the pursuit those studies and investigations which occupied his mind in the vigorous days of manhood, that as in his youthful days he enjoyed "life on the ocean wave" and found "a home on the rolling deep," so on the shoreless ocean of eternity his barque will sail on a continuous voyage of exploration into regions of wisdom and light.

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OF

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## SUBMISSION.

By Mrs. A. M. MUNGER.

Submissive bow O soul, unto the clay,  
And yield thy treasured gift unto its claim.  
Thou hast been ruler here for many a year  
Now, 'tis thy servant's will to master thee.  
And is it thus that length of days must come—  
To lie with memories "garnered sheaves," forgot,  
And mind curbed in a senseless nothingness?  
What! not to give the soul's best, saddest thought  
In letters to a friend? Resign the books—  
These loved companions—and let reason sleep,  
Gilding the while upon life's rippling tide,  
In peaceful dreams of self forgetfulness?  
Is this the dreary penalty enjoined  
For gaining health—to rest, to sleep, to wait?  
Nay, this is death; as well the physical  
Be laid away to mingle with the dust,  
For then this chafing spirit would be free,  
And mind, untrammelled, soar beyond the stars.  
Or rather, 'tis but waiting day by day,  
For time to lengthen out a useless life,  
Death's work already done save one last act—  
The soul's last sad adieu unto the clay.  
Well, forge the chains and make the strong as steel,

Bind fast the spirit in its tenement.  
Let mind be stupefied, and sleep induced  
And every care be a forbidden guest.  
Yet, will the soul burst through its prison bars,  
And in its dreams proclaim a sovereign's right.  
Then bow, O clay, submission to the will  
Of this, thy Soul, until thou, grown too small,  
The spirit soars upon its heavenward flight.

## IN SLEEP.

An old resident in Vermont tells the following story, belonging to his past experience as a country postmaster:

It happened one spring when the mud was almost up to the horses' knees that we had no mail for three days. The consequence was that the three days' batch, consisting of nine bags, came in late one night as I was about going to bed. I determined to delay distribution until morning, and fell asleep rather harassed at the thought of so large a task.

Next day I rose early and went into the office to open my mail bags. They were gone! The corner where I always left them was quite empty, and my heart began to beat loud and fast. The mail had been delivered to me, I was responsible for it, and it was not to be found.

Presently, as I stared about, the big drops of sweat gathering on my forehead, I noticed small packages of letters lying in the places where I was accustomed to leave them before sending them out into the several districts by the farmers who came to town. I looked further; the mail was all distributed. Then I turned to the spot where I always threw the empty bags after finishing my work. There they lay, collapsed and empty.

Now you know exactly as much about this story as I know myself. It seems very evident to me that I rose in my sleep, impressed by the unusual task before me, and finished it mechanically. I had never been a sleep walker before and I never did such a thing again.—*Youth's Companion*.

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CHAPTER XII. THE HIGHER ASPECT OF SPIRITUALISM (continued). "Stella."

## APPENDIX.

This covers eight pages and was not included in the American edition. It is devoted to a brief account of a young medium who under spirit influence wrote poetry of a high order. Extracts from these poetic inspirations are given. The appendix is an interesting and most fitting conclusion of a valuable book.  
This is the English edition originally published at \$4.00. It is a large book, equal to 600 pages of the average 12mo., and much superior in every way to the American edition published some years ago. Originally published in 1877, it was in advance of its time. Events of the past twelve years have justified the work and proven Mr. Home a true prophet, guide and adviser in a field to which his labor, gifts and noble character have given lustre.  
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## THE UNIVERSAL BORE.

The days are near upon us,  
Sad to say!  
When the bore with but one notion,  
In a voice of deep emotion,  
Can exclaim with true devotion  
To his lay:  
"How are you? Is it hot enough to-day?"  
At all corners he will grab you,  
Awful lot!  
He'll shake hands in desperation,  
Just to quicken circulation,  
And bring out the perspiration  
Beads like shot,  
As he whispers, "Don't you think it's beastly hot?"  
But somewhere the wise men tell us,  
Is a spot,  
Where, though we shall never meet him,  
Lots of other friends will greet him,  
And the fiery flames will eat him,  
Every jot;  
There'll be no need to ask the question,  
"Is it hot?"

—Philadelphia Press.

## A SERIOUS DRAWBACK.

Away to the mountains, away to the sea?  
Away to the summer home,  
Where the rocky giants rise to the skies  
And the waves whirl dashed with foam,  
Both are glorious sights, or would be if  
The cold facts were not so,  
The charges for boarding are that blamed high  
The mountains and waves seem low.  
—Philadelphia Times.

When Thomas Paine came from France to New York he stopped at the old City Hotel, on Broadway, just north of Trinity Church. Grant Thorburn heard one day that the great infidel was standing at the door of the hotel, and he ran out with some friends to see him. Paine had gone to his room, but the Scotchman was not to be fobbed, and he asked a servant who was sweeping the hall if Mr. Paine was at home. Hearing that he was, Thorburn pushed on, and was shown into a large room where the table was set for breakfast. One gentleman was writing, another was reading the newspaper, and at the farther end of the room stood a third one warming himself before the fire. The intruder asked for Mr. Paine. The figure by the fire replied that his name was Paine. Thorburn put out his hand, which Paine took, and the little Scotchman said that he had called from mere curiosity. Mr. Paine replied that he was very glad to satisfy it. Upon which Thorburn made a bow "like a goose ducking his head under water" walked out, and shut the door, while all the gentlemen in the room burst into a laugh, which he heard all the way to the door. He did not care; he had seen the great man. But he had to pay for his pleasure. The great city was a small town then, and the story of the interview grew as it was repeated. Thorburn was clerk of the Scotch Presbyterian church, in Cedar Street, and if he had hobnobbed with Voltaire—as Voltaire was then generally esteemed—or had sworn eternal friendship with David Hume, he could not have struck his brethren with greater horror. The Kirk Session took alarm. A special meeting was called, and Grant Thorburn was suspended from psalm singing for three months because he had shaken hands with Thomas Paine.

The idea which some fathers have, or seem to have, that the child is their slave, without rights and without protection under the law, says the *Western Rural*, is an egotistical stupidity. Society has full control of every child, and the parent has no more right to abuse or neglect or in any way injure his own child than the child of his neighbor. It is only because society is ignorant of many of the wrongs inflicted by many of the parents upon children that it does not interfere more than it does. The child has a right to an education, and society has the right to determine what sort of an education—in the main—the child shall have. It has no right to say what the religious instruction of the child shall be, and it has no right to say that they shall not attend denominational schools, instead of public schools, provided that the instruction in such schools is of such character as will tend to make useful citizens.

The prize offered last year, by Mr. Robert H. Lamboreo, to the writers of the three best essays on the extirpation of mosquitoes by other insects, have been awarded. The first prize goes to a Philadelphia woman, Mrs. Eugene M. Aaron. The prize essays and some of the others will soon be given to the public.

## Wonders

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not only prevented my wife from becoming bald, but it also caused an entirely new growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this statement before a justice of the peace."—H. Hulshus, Lewisburgh, Iowa.

"Some years ago, after a severe attack of brain fever, my hair all came out. I used such preparations for restoring it as my physicians ordered, but failed to produce a growth of hair. I then tried, successively, several articles recommended by druggists, and all alike fell short of accomplishing the desired result. The last remedy I applied was Ayer's Hair Vigor, which brought a growth of hair in a few weeks. I think I used eight bottles in two years; more than was necessary as a restorative, but I liked it as a dressing, and have continued to use it for that purpose. I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor possesses virtues far above those of any similar preparation now on the market."—Vincent Jones, Richmond, Ind.

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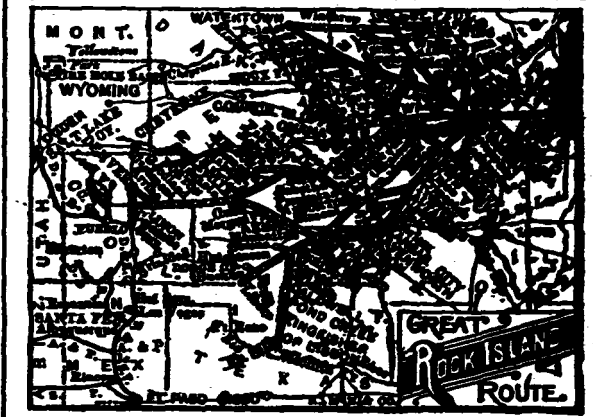
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PUBLISHED AT 92 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO  
BY JOHN C. BUNDY

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**FIFTEENTH PAGE.**—Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
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## KANSAS SPIRITUALIST CAMP MEETING.

TO THE EDITOR: Thinking you would have no correspondent here, I take the liberty of sending you a brief account of the opening of this camp. The grounds are situated about one mile from Delphos, a flourishing farming town in Ottawa Co., Kansas. The Kansas Society of Spiritualists has been very fortunate in securing one of the most beautiful groves in the state for its meetings, which began Saturday afternoon and are to continue until the 27th. Spiritualism has evidently obtained a strong foothold in this state, judging from the numbers that throng to the grounds every year. It must be remembered that there are no large towns or cities in the vicinity to furnish people for the camp. Still the attendance, mostly country people from an area of 200 miles, often reaches more than 3,000 people. One thing a stranger can not but notice is the harmony with which the different church people unite with the Spiritualists here. All the church people seem to be as interested in the success of the meetings as our own. They even are willing to help in the preparations. This is so entirely different from the way that our orthodox friends usually act, that it is worthy of note. Sunday eve., the 10th, about 1200 people gathered at the first lecture given. It was the first meeting and the weather, being uncertain, the people from the surrounding country had not arrived. The lecturer of the evening was Mrs. Flora Brown, pastor of the first Spiritualist Society of Portland, Oregon. Mrs. Brown is an attractive speaker, platform test medium and an independent slate writer. The lecture on the subject of "Materialization," was a lucid and interesting explanation of that much-doubted phenomenon. The lecturer held the audience with unabated interest for nearly an hour. After the lecture she answered such questions as were handed up during the lecture and afterwards gave several tests to several strangers in the audience. The announcement that examples of independent slate writing would be given Monday night, drew a very large crowd from the immediate neighborhood on the succeeding night in spite of the torrents of rain that fell Sunday night and Monday morning, putting the grounds in an uncomfortable condition. After a brief lecture upon the "Uses and Benefits of Spiritualism" the speaker announced that she would try for independent slate writing. A committee of skeptics was chosen from the audience to watch the medium, which they did faithfully. After two successful sittings, the committee confessed that the writing was undoubtedly done by some power other than the medium; while, of course it was unwilling to admit spirit power, confessed that it was unable to account for the intelligence on any other grounds. This was a triumph for the cause and we were all delighted. Mrs. Brown speaks and gives tests every day this week. Mrs. Brown is one of the few ladies whom we think is fitted for the platform and the officers of the camp are to be congratulated on securing her services for this week of the camp. She is a fluent and pleasing speaker, and quickly makes friends of all on the grounds. Next week Rev. James DeBuchanan, Ph. D., an inspirational and trance speaker, will occupy the platform during the week.

Everything is being done by the management for the comfort of the guests and campers; and everybody seems pleased with the accommodation and the platform talent engaged. Many local mediums are here, their names will appear in next week's report. There are circles every day and conference meetings; so that all the wants of the campers are supplied. One notable feature of this camp is the absence of all spiritual (?) fakirs advertising their wares on the grounds, which conduces much to the comfort and self respect. Refreshments of all kinds except tobacco and intoxicants are on sale, cheap and abundant. Altogether, the meetings promise to be a grand success. Dr. Ballou is president, Mr. I. N. Richardson is the secretary, both of Delphos.

DELPHOS, KAN., Aug. 12, 1890.

From a Paris letter to the New York Independent: I saw one very amusing scene of instruction. A worthy shopkeeper stopped before Bonnant's portrait of the President of the Republic, and, having saluted it with pompous gravity, turned to ask his little boy if he knew who the gentleman on canvas was; but the boy was displeased at the interruption to his enjoyment of kicking the shins of a still smaller boy, and declared that he did not know and did not care. On this, said *paterfamilias* with dignity and conscious of many

listeners: "Well, then, tell me who is le President de la Republique Francaise."

"I do not know."

"Miles tonnerres, you young rascal, you must know; tell me at once."

"General Boulanger!"

This was followed by a loud laugh on the part of the auditors, and by a sounding slap on the part of the offended and publicly shamed parent. Happening to glance round a little later, I was amused to see the boy who had been punished run back from the adjoining room and stand opposite the portrait of M. Carnot, and to overhear him anathematizing him as a scoundrel, a dog, a pig, and I know not what all. Unfortunately for him his cheap revenge brought about a second punishment, for one of the military guards, who are always *en evidence* at the *Salon*, overheard his abuse, and boxed him soundly; first on the right side of the head and then on the left. The complication was not yet over; for the father caught a glimpse of his son's unexpected chastisement, and he and his wife came running to the rescue; whereupon followed such a scene of animated expostulation, explanation, laughter, and badinage, that no one who witnessed it could have grudged paying the forenoon franc, if for this alone.

Mrs. Olivia T. Kenney, Austin Texas: I trust I am not too late to give expression to gratification with the beautiful new attire of THE JOURNAL, and please allow me to add that I think it a perfect success in all its bearings. Let me congratulate you on the great victory you have achieved in your untiring, persistent efforts. In justice to you, all your honest readers who must realize untold benefit, solace, and gratification, should aid you all they can by every possible means, and contribute largely, that THE JOURNAL may mount above all other publications in the revelation of its beautiful philosophy and knowledge of genuine phenomena to the whole world.

Mr. James E. Blake has remitted money to this office, but has failed to give his post office address. We will credit when we know.

Rev. James DeBuchanan, Ph. D., inspirational and trance speaker will make engagements for the fall and winter. Address at Bonne Terre, Mo.

## PRESS OPINIONS.

The Hampshire, (Ill.) Register, June 5: THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL now comes to us in a new and attractive dress and a sixteen-page form. It is a great improvement on the old style, and Bro. Bundy will doubtless reap abundant reward from the change. THE JOURNAL is the best paper of the kind we have ever seen. It is not exclusively devoted to Spiritualism, a goodly amount of its space being given to the discussion of all the important topics of the day.

Greenville (Ill.) Advocate, June 5: The Advocate has received a copy of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, in new form and new type. It is now one of the handsomest papers published anywhere, and is the organ of its school of doctrine in all the Northwest.

The veteran lecturer, author and Spiritualist, Hon. Warren Chase, of Cobden, Ill., has kindly sent us his picture, which we place with our collection.

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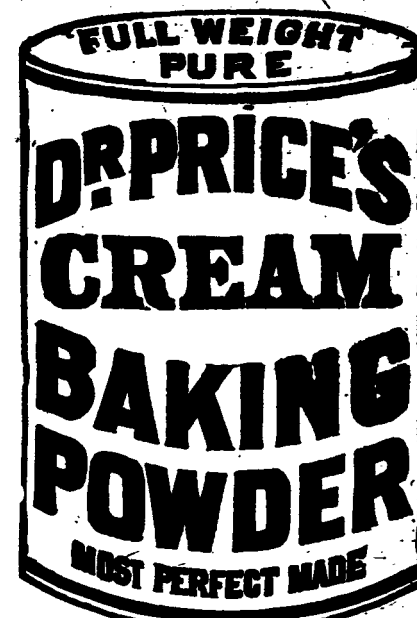
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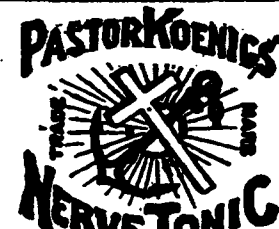
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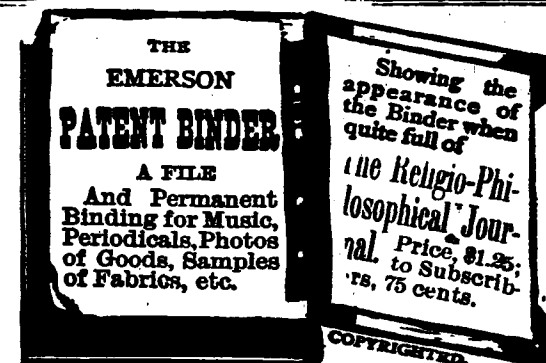
BOSTON, LAF. Co., Wm., Dec., '88.  
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# THE RELIGIOUS & PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, AUG. 30, 1890.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 14.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

John Ruskin, whose life has been an incarnation of high ideals and good impulses, has been failing in health for several years until now it is necessary to restrain him in order to prevent his committing suicide.

Prof. F. H. Hedge who died at Cambridge, Mass., last week, at the age of eighty-five, has been regarded by some critics as the ablest philosophic thinker among the American representatives of Unitarianism.

The Grant family would do credit to themselves by following their own inclinations as to the burial place of the body of Gen. Grant, and erecting from their own ample funds such a memorial over the tomb as may suit them best, in utter disregard of the schemes of real estate boomers.

Sporadic cases of cholera are reported from Berlin, London and other European cities, showing a steady advance of the disease toward the north and west. The large cities of Europe are in an excellent sanitary condition, but owing to municipal corruption New York and Chicago are in a condition to make the appearance of the Asiatic scourge in these cities terrible to contemplate as a possibility.

Zola is undoubtedly right in saying that Tolstoi has unnatural theories concerning love and marriage. He says: To see a man of vast intelligence, broad conceptions, and sublime genius like Tolstoi seeking to introduce a dissonant chord into the harmony of nature leaves me with but one judgment to pass upon his "Kreutzer Sonata." That book is a work of an imagination which has become diseased.

New Bedford is agitated over the question of opening her free public library on Sunday. The trustees and librarian having indicated their intention to make inquiries in other cities, where the libraries are open on that day, the Worcester Spy says: "Come to Worcester, friends, and you will find that which will encourage you to open your doors immediately. The experiment was tried here long ago, and before other New England cities opened their libraries on that day, and has worked admirably." This is decisive.

In an elaborate article the Memphis Daily Commercial shows the infamous character of the convict lease system of Mississippi in a way that, by comparison, Kennan's exposures of the atrocities of the Russian Siberian system seem a tame affair. The article says that the Mississippi legislature has again and again refused the correct to abuses of the state's convict lease system, laid bare by its own investigating committees, and by the more honorable and fearless journals of the State. It is believed that a powerful influence in the legislature is in collusion with the convict lessees.

Last Sunday Gen. Leib before the Chicago Secular Union in a lecture on the inequality of taxation said that property on Ashland avenue worth sixty dollars a foot is taxed at sixty dollars a lot, that land on Belmont avenue, assessed at twenty-eight dollars an

acre, sold the other day at \$425 an acre, that pieces of property on Washington boulevard, near Garfield park, worth \$5,000 a lot were assessed on the valuation of \$188 per lot, that land on Robey street worth \$1,500 a lot was assessed at one-sixteenth its value, that some thirty-five feet of land on Ashland avenue, worth \$21,000 was assessed at \$1,729 and a section, worth \$800,000 is assessed at \$69,120. All the property here referred to is unimproved.

Great is the influence of money for good as well as for evil. Jewish firms in Paris influenced the French Government to operate upon the Russian authorities for the abandonment of the application of the ukases. The advice of the French might not have availed had it not been backed by an intimation that the Jew bankers in Paris would join the German and English combination against Russian stocks. The Rothschilds took the initiative in the protest, and followed it up with subsequent energetic action till the assurance was obtained that the existing condition of the Russian Jews would not be made worse.

France has supplemented her gift to the United States of "Liberty Enlightening the World" with a statue of Lafayette which has just arrived in New York, and will be erected in Lafayette Square, Washington, D. C. This gift of the youngest republic of the old world to her sister in the new, represents a money value of \$200,000 which is borne by the French government. American liberality should find some way to return these international courtesies. The nation that boasts of being the wealthiest and greatest on earth should not be merely the recipient of favors she is too sordid or deficient in pride to reciprocate.

The Episcopal and Presbyterian bodies in New York city have kept pretty close step in recent years, notes the Congregationalist, but the latest figures show that the latter denomination is not gaining so rapidly as the former, its present church membership being 22,526, to 36,173 in the Episcopal churches, which have gained 11,000 members in three years to the Presbyterians' 3,000. Dr. A. F. Schaeffer explains this relative growth by the fact that the Episcopalians man their churches better and more amply, having 117 ordained men in charge of seventy-nine churches and chapels, while the Presbyterians have only fifty-four ministers to just that number of churches.

Is not the machinery of the great state of New York for preserving the peace sufficient without the employment of an irresponsible private military force by a corporation? Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the merits of the strike on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, all honest men must condemn the outlawry committed at Albany on the part of the private mercenaries who shot down men when neither the strikers nor the bystanders were seriously interfering with the property or employes of the company. The Pinkerton hirelings appear to have fired into the crowd, wounding not rioters, but women and children. The affair is a disgrace to the state of New York.

Henry J. Shunhorst, president of the German Catholic Verein, at its annual convention held in Baltimore last week, denounced the Bennett law. "It" he said

"is the duty of parents to bring up their children and educate them. This duty does not belong to the state. Without religion there can not be any morality, and as the state has no right to teach religion it can not teach morality. Yet religion must be taught, because religion keeps society together and keeps men in check." It is the duty of the state to see that children are educated, and to require that the schools in which they are taught make instruction in the English language a part of the exercises. Let religion be taught in the home, the Sunday school and the church. Certainly children can be taught to be truthful, honest and honorable without being taught religion, unless it is so defined as to make it identical with morality.

Mr. Conway closes his life of Hawthorne with a letter of Sophia Hawthorne to an intimate friend a night or two after the burial of her husband. In the letter occur these lines: "I stand hushed into an ineffable peace, which I can not measure nor understand.... I feel that his joy is such that the heart of man can not conceive, and shall I not thus rejoice, who loved him so far beyond myself? If I did not at once share his beatitude, should I be one with him now in essential essence?.... There can be no death nor loss for me forevermore. I stand so far within the veil that the light of God's countenance can never be hidden from me for one moment of the eternal day, now nor then. God gave me the rose of time, the blossom of the ages, to call my own for twenty-five years of human life. God has satisfied wholly my insatiable heart with a perfect love that transcends my dreams.... It seems to me that now again there is no death.... 'Dark hours?' I think there is nothing dark for me henceforth. I have only to do with the present, and the present is light and rest. Has not the everlasting 'Morning spread over me her rich surprise?' I have no more to ask but that I may be able to comfort all who mourn, as I am comforted."

The French have a method of settling labor disputes that might be advantageously adopted in this country. They have boards of employers and employes created by law and authorized by the government at the request of local chambers of commerce, and the government prescribes the number of members and their jurisdiction. Employers and employed are equally represented in each council, and choose their own representatives respectively. If the president of a council is an employer, the vice-president must be a workman, and vice versa. It is the duty of these councils to settle disputes amicably if possible, and to "pronounce judgments" where they cannot make amicable settlements. There is a sufficient basis of authority to command respect both for the pacific recommendations and the judgments of the councils. While the councils have no power of themselves to enforce their judgments, they are practically backed by the whole power of the government. Both employers and employes understand that the government will show small consideration to those who arrest production and cause distress or interfere with the rights of others by means of strikes or lockouts in disregard of the judgment of a council. Thus such a judgment has much the force of a judicial decree. A similar arrangement might be efficacious in this country.

## WILLIAM TELL'S ARROW A SOLAR WEAPON.

"I am done with all fiction," said Horace Walpole in his last illness shortly before his death, when his son asked him if he would like to hear read a few pages of history. Matthew Arnold calls history "a vast Mississippi of falsehood." These remarks to the effect that all history is fiction and falsehood are extravagant, but a great many scenes that have been described and events that have been narrated never occurred, and many of the pages of history contain more error than truth and some of them no truth at all. Among the once universally believed narratives, those relating to the heroic achievements of William Tell have long been known by scholars to be without any historical foundation, and they are now being relegated to the limbo of fables by the Swiss people themselves. By the cantonal order of Schwytz the youth are not in future to be taught the story of William Tell, and the government announces that Tell is a myth and the legend of his romantic deeds purely fanciful.

The earliest work that alludes to William Tell's adventures was written in 1482, which leaves an interval of a hundred and eighty-six years—from 1296 A. D.—when the shooting of the apple was supposed to have taken place—during which there was no reference to William Tell and the apple, the cruelty of Gessler, etc. The charters of Küssnacht show that no man by the name of Gessler ever ruled there. The chroniclers of the fifteenth century who describe the acts of tyranny of the duke of Austria by whom the Swiss were goaded to rebellion, show no acquaintance with William Tell's exploits and make no mention of him. John of Winterthur who wrote early in the thirteenth century, at the time of the battle of Morgarten, and who minutely describes all the incidents of the Swiss revolution nowhere alludes to William Tell. In 1598 Guiliamann published a work on Swiss antiquities in which he pronounced the story of William Tell a pure fable. In 1760 another writer published his opinion that the legend had a Danish origin, for which he was condemned by the canton of Uri to be burnt alive.

It is certain that the Danish story of Palnatoki—who when asked by the king why he had taken more arrows from the quiver, when it had been settled that he should try the fortune of the bow but once, replied "That I might avenge on thee the swerving of the first by the points of the rest, lest perchance my innocence might have been punished—while your violence escaped scot free," is derived from the same source with the Swiss story. The tyrant in the Danish myth is evidently Harold Blue-tooth and the occurrence is placed by Danish writers in the year 950. But the legend appears also in England, Norway, Russia, Finland and Persia. A similar story is told of a famous magician on the Upper Rhine, and it is common to the Turks and Mongolians. It is told substantially in a Persian poem of the twelfth century. The essential elements of the story, the command of a tyrant, the shooting of an apple or other small object by an unerring archer from the head of one dear to him, the archer's providing himself with a second arrow and his reply, when questioned, that it was to kill the tyrant had he slain his son or friend—all these appear in the myth whatever difference there be of names, motives and circumstances, in the different countries in which the story is related.

In its general features the myth was known probably to our Aryan ancestors thousands of years ago—before they left their home in Central Asia. The touching story of the brave dog Gellert, who saved Llewellyn's child by killing the wolf, and that was hastily slain by the father, who saw Gellert's mouth dripping with blood before the cry of the child behind the cradle and the sight of the dead wolf revealed to him his mistake, although the visitor to Snowdon is to-day shown where the dog was buried and the spot is called Beth-Gellert, it is one of several similar stories which occur in the fireside lore of all Aryan peoples and which have evidently descended from a common ancestral source. The myth of St. George and the Dragon is found in all Aryan nations and that of Jack and the Beanstalk belongs to the stories of not only Aryan people, but of

the American Indian and the Zulus of South Africa, many of the superstitions current among people of Aryan descent, including some of the stories that are so dear to childhood, have come down from very ancient mythology.

It is the general conviction of those who have made myths of this class subjects of thorough investigation that they are the explanations by the uncivilized mind of natural phenomena. Thus in regard to the Tell myth, John Fisk says: "The conception of infallible skill in archery, which underlies such a great variety of myths and popular fairy tales, is originally derived from the inevitable victory of the Sun over his enemies, the demons of night, winter and tempest. Arrows and spears which never miss their mark, swords from whose blow no armor can protect, are invariably the weapons of solar divinities or heroes. The shafts of Bellerophon never fail to slay the black demon of the rain-cloud, and the bolt of Phoebos Chrysaor deals sure destruction to the serpent of winter. Odysseus, warring against the impious night-heroes, who have endeavored throughout ten long years or hours of darkness to seduce from her allegiance his twilight bride, the weaver of the never-finished web of violet clouds,—Odysseus, stripped of his beggar's raiment and endowed with fresh youth and beauty by the dawn-goddess, Athene, engages in no doubtful conflict as he raises the bow which none but himself can bend. Nor is there less virtue in the spear of Achilles, in the swords of Persius and Sigurd, in Roland's stout blade, Durandal, or in the brand Excalibur, with which Sir Bedevere was so loath to part. All these are solar weapons; and so, too, are the arrows of Tell and Palnatoki, Egil and Hemingr, and William of Cloudelee, whose surname proclaims him an inhabitant of Phaiakian land. William Tell, whether of Cloudland or of Altdorf, is the last reflection of the beneficent divinity of day-time and summer, constrained for a while to obey the caprice of the powers of cold and darkness, as Apollo served Laomedon, and Herakles did the bidding of Euristheus. His solar character is well preserved, even in the sequel of the Swiss legend; in which he appears no less skillful as a steersman than as an archer, and in which, after traversing, like Dagon, the tempestuous sea of night, he leaps at day-break in regained freedom upon the land, and strikes down the oppressor who has held him in bondage."

Myths like that of William Tell are intellectual links that connect us with our Aryan ancestors of the far distant past.

## AUTHORSHIP OF THE POEM, "THERE IS NO DEATH."

In THE JOURNAL of August 2nd were reprinted several verses of the poem "There is No Death" which were properly credited to Mr. J. L. McCreery, author of the poem. Several letters have since been received saying that the verses should have been credited to Bulwer Lytton.

M. D. Ralston, White Plains, N. Y., writes: "In an old scrap book bearing date twenty years back, now in my possession, is a printed copy of this poem verbatim, bearing the same title, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, who was one of England's finest writers, and had no occasion to steal another's thoughts to immortalize his own! In your crusade against 'frauds' it seemed fitting to call your attention to these facts. Will J. L. McCreery rise and explain?"

A lady of literary pursuits in a letter says: "I want to call your attention to an audacious piece of literary piracy in the last paper (August 2). It is on page 14, 'There is No Death' by J. L. McCreery. The poem is so well known to be by 'Owen Meredith' that the man must have a wonderful amount of assurance to palm it off on the public as his own."

Another lady, herself a poet, concludes a letter thus: "With the hope that Sir Bulwer Lytton may be able to forgive those who so admire his poems as to steal them literally, I am very truly yours."

One letter says: "It was written by Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith). I do not find it in his writings, but it is quoted in Foster's New Cyclopaedia of Poetical Illustrations." Another letter says: "Edward Bul-

wer Lytton is the author of the poem which can be found in his writings."

Now for the facts. The author of the poem is not Lord Lytton—"Owen Meredith"—but, as is stated above, J. L. McCreery. It first appeared in Arthur's *Home Magazine*, for July 1863. It was copied by one E. Bulmer of Illinois, who signed his name to it, and sent it to the *Farmer's Advocate*, Chicago, in which it appeared as his own. It was copied from the *Farmer's Advocate* into a Wisconsin paper the editor of which supposing that there was a misprint in the signature, had the name printed Bulwer instead of Bulmer. Then the poem was copied into thousands of papers which generally credited it to Bulwer, and in orthodox and Spiritualist song books and in bound volumes of selections it is so credited. Thus misled some ascribe the poem to the older, others to the younger Lord Lytton although it is not in the authorized editions of the works of either writer.

Mr. McCreery says in the preface to his volume of poems, "Songs of Toil and Triumph," in which "There is No Death" is the second poem: "On the last day of January, 1880, I had the pleasure of sitting in the strangers' gallery of the House of Representatives, in Washington, D. C., and hearing the Hon. Mr. Croft, member of congress from Pennsylvania, in his oration on the death of Hon. Rush Clark, member of congress from Iowa, quote a portion of this poem, which thus became embalmed—credited to Bulwer as usual—in the Congressional Record." \* \* Every reader can decide for himself whether the wide-spread popularity has its basis in the merits of the poem or in the celebrity of its supposed author."

The verses from "There is No Death," printed in the JOURNAL of August 2, were given as found in some newspaper. Next week the entire poem will be reproduced from Mr. McCreery's volume of poems, for a copy of which we are indebted to the author who, in a private letter says: "As printed here, it [the poem] is amended and elongated from the first draft—whether for the better or not I am uncertain."

Mr. McCreery was some years ago editor of a weekly paper published at Delhi, the county seat of Delaware county, Iowa. Subsequently he was editor of the *Dubuque Times*. Of late years he has resided in Washington, D. C. In his letter referred to above he writes: "My 'genius' is either ahead of the age or behind it, I don't know which, and am too busy about other things to stop and find out." He thinks "There is No death" "a wonderfully overestimated bit of commonplaceness." But poets are not always the best judges of their own productions. The poem named is certainly not superior to some of the others published in the same volume with it.

## BERKELEY—THE IDEALIST.

When Bishop Berkeley who lived between 1679 and 1753 published his idealistic theory, he was the butt of many jokes and witticisms. "Pray sir," said the ponderously erudite, but really superficial Dr. Johnson to one of Berkeley's enthusiastic disciples, "don't leave us; for we may perhaps forget to think of you and then you will cease to exist."

To the psychological and scientific insight of to-day Berkeley seems not at all visionary. The doctrine that matter is nothing *per se*, but states of consciousness so far as we finite, sentient beings are concerned, and a mode of activity in time and space, so far as Deity, or the Absolute Being is concerned, does not bring ridicule upon its advocates to-day. It is on the contrary the view of the greatest thinkers and scientists of the time. Current science refines seeming solid matter into a complex of forces or vibrations. As a great philosopher has said, "the inert mass which but choked up space has vanished, and instead thereof flows and waves and rushes the eternal stream of life and power and deed." Berkeley's quarrel was with that *tertium quid* of old Oriental mysticism and theology, namely, "brute, insensate, inert matter," which was and is a mere dream of the imagination, and neither one thing nor another. Matter is not now treated as a dead, inert substance, but as a complex of forces, which interacting with mind, makes the sensible world of eye, ear, scent,



taste and touch in which we find ourselves environed. This is the dynamical theory of matter which Tyndall so ably illustrates. The objective world, the non-ego, is a dynamism, and not a mere dead mechanism worked from without, but a continuous, unwearied play of persistent energy.

Berkeley, as well as Locke and Hume, was deficient in adequate terms to express clearly his ideas. The terms objective, noumenal and phenomenal, and others would have enabled Berkeley to express himself more definitely, although he was a master of language as well as an acute thinker. He taught that the essence of the sensible world is in its perceivableness; or, as he quaintly said, its *esse* in its *percipi*. He meant that the vibrations of force which beat upon the strand of our consciousness or upon our senses are the fulgurations, so to speak, of creative power, which, striking on our various nerves of sense, are transmuted by some inexplicable process into sensations or determinant impressions, denominated by Berkeley "ideas of sense." Matter is an inference of mind, a mental necessity, a device to account for a class or complex of involuntary sensations which come and go when the portals of sense are open during waking hours, and which constitute the so-called sensible or objective world. Inexperienced vision—that of the infant—sees nothing but light and colors, having no conception of in or out. The eye learns of real figure, magnitude, distance and position through the sense of touch. Vision, says Berkeley, is only a language speaking to the eyes; and until we have learned by experience to understand that language, it conveys erroneous impressions. What Berkeley meant to say was that matter is purely phenomenal—an appearance. But owing to the fact that a thinker of his time had no adequate language, although he wrote at tedious length, he did not make his meaning clear.

It was in the days of Jonathan Edwards that Berkeley arrived in Rhode Island. Newport then had a population of six thousand souls. The scenery and climate of that southern region of New England especially delighted the great idealistic philosopher. He found the American autumns the finest and longest in the world, and the summers pleasanter than those of Italy, "forasmuch as the grass continues green, which it does not there." The trade of Newport then extended to the West Indies, France and England. Berkeley soon became as popular in the New World as he had been at home. Quakers, Huguenots, Hebrews and Puritans, all united in a profound respect for the fascinating Anglican bishop and idealistic philosopher. He became a benefactor of Yale College, finally giving to that institution his Rhode Island farm and a thousand volumes. He established a Berkeley scholarship. Rhode Island, it may here be mentioned, was the original State of religious tolerance. Berkeley's residence, now an antique farm house, is, or was until very recently, still standing. "The deep and crystal azure of the sea," writes one who visited it, "gleamed beyond cornfield and sloping pasture, sheep grazed in the meadows, hoary rocks bounded the prospect, and the mellow crimson of sunset lay warm on the grassy slope and paddock, as when the kindly philosopher mused by the shore, with Plato in hand, or noted a metaphysical dialogue in the quiet room which overlooks the garden."

Berkeley remained on this side of the Atlantic some two or three years. His first-born child lies buried in a Newport churchyard. The progress of this country, so marvellous and unparalleled, will forever recall his celebrated verses on the destiny of America:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;  
The four first acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

There seems to be no limit to the wonders displayed by the human subject while sleeping says the *St. Louis Republic*. Condorcet, the mathematician, solved one of his most difficult problems while asleep—a problem, too, which puzzled him during his waking hours. A professor of theology in the University of Basle once wrote a sermon while asleep; he found it on his desk next morning. The preceding night he could not grapple with the subject as he desired, but

the performance of his sleeping hours was quite satisfactory. Coleridge, the dreaming philosopher, composed "Kubla Khan" while fast asleep. Next morning he was sure that there had been an acquisition to his literature, but was too negligent to write the stanza. A few days afterwards he attempted to recall the verses, but they had in most part fled; the poem, as it now stands, is but a fragment. Jenny Lind was the most celebrated singer of her time. No one could rival her powers except a factory girl. The girl could not attempt any difficult pieces when awake, but when sleeping she sang so correctly, so like the renowned Jenny, that it was difficult to distinguish between their voices. On one occasion Jenny heard the girl and even tested her marvelous powers by giving her a long and elaborate chromatic exercise. This the sleeping girl performed, much to the wonder of the famous prima donna. Reporters of public debates must often exercise their utmost to keep from sleeping. A few years ago one of the reporters of the house of commons took down a speech while he was sleeping. His statement rests on his oath. Calvin tells of a friend of his who read aloud while asleep. In cases of this kind the organ of vision alone is believed to be all that is active.

For a long period astronomers unsuccessfully endeavored to determine the distance between the stars and the earth, and it is only within a comparatively short time that the interesting problem can be said to have been solved, says *Nature*. The distance which separates us from the nearest star is, according to a recent lecture by Prof. Nichols, about 206,000 times greater than the distance from the earth to the sun, or 95,000,000 miles multiplied by 206,000. Alpha, in the constellation of the Centaur, is the star nearest the earth. Its light occupies three whole years in traversing the distance which separates us from the little blinking orb, in other words, should Alpha be blotted out of existence to-day we would be well into the summer of 1893 before the inhabitants of this mundane sphere would be aware that Alpha no longer existed. Yet light travels so rapidly as to occupy no perceptible space of time in flashing around our globe. If the sun were transported to the place occupied by this, the nearest star, the vast circular disc, which in morning rises majestically above the horizon and in evening occupies a considerable time in descending entirely below the same line, would have dimensions puny in their insignificance. Colossal as the sun appears to us it would, were it possible for it to exchange positions with Alpha, take the Lick telescope to make it appear as a star of the third magnitude.

*America:* The *Scots Observer* says that the English press refrains from open protest against the intermeddling of Cardinal Manning in politics for fear of being accused of religious intolerance by their Roman Catholic fellow citizens, and because they are afraid of some "withering allusions to Smithfield." The American press is pretty surely gagged in all its references to the plottings of the papacy in the United States by the same unworthy considerations. It is afraid to publish the truth about ecclesiastical intermeddling in our legislative and educational affairs lest it be charged with intolerance toward a huge church corporation which never practices anything else. The flabby and groveling way in which our politicians meet attacks upon the American school system is born of the same unworthy dread of being falsely classed as persecutors and bigots.

Cases like that of Cardinals Newman and Manning, the famous Englishmen who reverted to Romanism and became its ablest champions and propagandists with tongue and pen, are not without their historic parallels. When the fascinating paganism of Greece was disappearing before the advance of the then Christian religion, such profound scholars and such lovers of the splendid Grecian past as the emperor Julian, and the rhetorician Libanius, and others of like intellectual power and culture, rallied to the support of the old religion, and made a final desperate effort for its preservation. But their effort was futile,

for they were fighting against the *Zeitgeist* and the course of events. The Galilean faith was in the air of the Roman world, as the scientific and rational modern spirit is in the air of the world of to-day. Such anachronisms as Newman and Manning are merely eccentrics, such as a time of radical change and crisis never fails to bring to the front.

John Ericsson whose body is to be interred in the soil of his native land came to the aid of the American Republic in a time of great peril. From what disaster and defeat he saved the naval and land forces of the Union by the construction of the Monitor, can be conjectured, but not known. His invention revolutionized naval warfare. He made other discoveries not generally known, for they have not yet been put to practical use, which it is believed will be of incalculable benefit to mankind. Most of his inventions were brought out in the United States, England and France, whose peculiar wants he studied. Ericsson was a plain, modest, unostentatious man, caring little either for money or distinction. He was in spite of his long absences, strongly attached to Sweden and proud of her illustrious sons among whom he will hold high rank in the centuries to come.

The habitual drunkard in Norway or Sweden renders himself liable to imprisonment for his love of strong drink, and during his incarceration he is required to submit to a plan of treatment for the cure of his failing which is said to produce marvelous results. The plan consists in making the delinquent subsist entirely on bread and wine. The bread is steeped in a bowl of wine for an hour or more before the meal is served. The first day the habitual toper takes his food in this shape without repugnance; the second day he finds it less agreeable to his palate; finally he positively loathes the sight of it. Experience shows that a period of from eight to ten days of this regimen is generally more than sufficient to make a man evince the greatest aversion to anything in the shape of wine. Many men after their incarceration become total abstainers.

Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton—"Owen Meredith"—son of the novelist, Edward Bulwer Lytton, was born November 8, 1831. From the age of eighteen he was in the diplomatic service, an attaché at Washington, in the embassies at Florence, Paris and other European cities, consul, then secretary of legation, and in 1874 minister to Lisbon. In 1876 he was appointed by Disraeli viceroy of India. In 1880 he resigned his office and returned from India, after an unsuccessful administration. Among the many works of Lord Lytton may be mentioned "Clytemnestra and Other Poems" (1859); "Lucille" (1860); "The Ring of Amasis" (1863); "Chronicles and Characters" (1868); "Fables in Song" (1874); "Glenaveril" (1885). He has also published part of an extended life of his father, on which he has employed his leisure hours for some years.

In his annual proclamation the president of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association called upon all people living in and around Ocean Grove to refrain from bathing, smoking and all out-door sports throughout the annual ten-days' camp meeting. "Please, do not bathe, and avoid boating," he says. A New York City paper observes: "The founder of this man's religion used to go boating; and the founder of another religion, that of Buddhism, used to 'avoid bathing.'" He avoided bathing for six years once, for this very purpose of absolute religious concentration and meditation.

Dr. Robert Koch claimed before the International Medical Congress at Berlin that he had not only found the bacillus tuberculosis, commonly known as consumption, but that he had discovered a cure for it, applied to the diseased organs. He did not inform the congress particularly as to his discoveries and methods, on the ground, he said, that he desired first to complete his investigations so that the curative agent will be accepted with readiness and confidence.

## HYPNOTISM: MODES OF OPERATING AND SUSCEPTIBILITY.

By PROF. WILLIAM JAMES.

### II. SUGGESTION.

[From the Chapter on "Hypnotism" in Prof. James' forthcoming work, "Principles of Psychology," printed from the author's duplicate page proofs with the permission of the publishers, Henry Holt & Co., New York.]

The theory of Suggestion denies that there is any special hypnotic state worthy of the name of trance or neurosis. All the symptoms above described, as well as those to be described hereafter, are results of that mental susceptibility which we all to some degree possess, of yielding assent to outward suggestion, of affirming that we strongly conceive, and of acting in accordance with what we are made to expect. The bodily symptoms of the Salpêtrière patients are all of them results of expectation and training. The first patients accidentally did certain things which their doctors thought typical and caused to be repeated. The subsequent subjects 'caught on' and followed the established tradition. In proof of this the fact is urged that the classical three stages and their grouped symptoms have only been reported as spontaneously occurring, so far, at the Salpêtrière, though they may be superinduced by deliberate suggestion, in patients anywhere found. The ocular symptoms, the flushed face, accelerated breathing, etc., are said not to be symptoms of the passage into the hypnotic state as such, but merely consequences of the strain on the eyes when the method of looking at a bright object is used. They are absent in the subjects at Nancy, where simple verbal suggestion is employed. The various reflex effects (aphasia, echolalia, imitation, etc.) are but habits induced by the influence of the operator, who unconsciously urges the subject into the direction in which he would prefer to have him go. The influence of the magnet, the opposite effects of upward and downward passes, etc., are similarly explained. Even that sleepy and inert condition, the advent of which seems to be the prime condition of further symptoms being developed, is said to be merely due to the fact that the mind expects it to come; whilst its influence on the other symptoms is not physiological, so to speak, but psychical, its own easy realization by suggestion simply encouraging the subject to expect that ulterior suggestions will be realized with equal ease. The radical defenders of the suggestion-theory are thus led to deny the very existence of the hypnotic state, in the sense of a peculiar trance-like condition which deprives the patient of spontaneity and makes him passive to suggestion from without. The trance itself is only one of the suggestions, and many subjects in fact can be made to exhibit the other hypnotic phenomena without the preliminary induction of this one.

The theory of suggestion may be said to be quite triumphant at the present day over the neurosis-theory as held at the Salpêtrière, with its three states, and its definite symptoms supposed to be produced by physical agents apart from coöperation of the subject's mind. But it is one thing to say this, and it is quite another thing to say that there is no peculiar physiological condition whatever worthy of the name of hypnotic trance, no peculiar state of nervous equilibrium, 'hypotaxy,' 'dissociation,' or whatever you please to call it, during which the subject's susceptibility to outward suggestion is greater than at ordinary times. All the facts seem to prove that, until this trance-like state is assumed by the patient, suggestion produces very insignificant results, but that, when it is once assumed, there are no limits to suggestion's power. The state in question has many affinities with ordinary sleep. It is probable, in fact, that we all pass through it transiently whenever we fall asleep; and one might most natu-

rally describe the usual relation of operator and subject by saying that the former keeps the latter suspended between waking and sleeping by talking to him enough to keep his slumber from growing profound, and yet not in such a way as to wake him up. A hypnotized patient, left to himself, will either fall sound asleep or wake up entirely. The difficulty in hypnotizing refractory persons is that of catching them at the right moment of transition and making it permanent. Fixing the eyes and relaxing the muscles of the body produce the hypnotic state just as they facilitate the advent of sleep. The first stages of ordinary sleep are characterized by a peculiar dispersed attitude of the attention. Images come before consciousness which are entirely incongruous with our ordinary beliefs and habits of thought. The latter either vanish altogether or withdraw, as it were, inertly into the background of the mind, and let the incongruous images reign alone. These images acquire, moreover, an exceptional vivacity; they become first 'hynagogic hallucinations,' and then, as the sleep grows deeper, dreams. Now the 'mono-ideism,' or else the impotency and failure to 'rally' on the part of the back-ground ideas, which thus characterize somnolence, are unquestionably the result of a special physiological change occurring in the brain at that time. Just so that similar mono-ideism, or dissociation of the reigning fancy from those other thoughts which might possibly act as its 'reductives,' which characterize the hypnotic consciousness, must equally be due to a special cerebral change. The term 'hypnotic trance,' which I employ, tells us nothing of what the change is, but it marks the fact that it exists, and is consequently a useful expression. The great vivacity of the hypnotic images (as gauged by their motor effects), the oblivion of them when normal life is resumed, the abrupt awakening, the recollection of them again in subsequent trances, the anaesthesia and hyperaesthesia which are so frequent, all point away from our simple waking credulity and 'suggestibility' as the type by which the phenomena are to be interpreted, and make us look rather towards sleep and dreaming, or towards those deeper alterations of the personality known as automatism, double consciousness, or 'second' personality for the true analogues of the hypnotic trance.\* Even the best hypnotic subjects pass through life without any one suspecting them to possess such a remarkable susceptibility, until by deliberate experiment it is made manifest. The operator fixes their eyes or their attention a short time to develop the propitious phase, holds them in it by his talk, and the state being there, makes them the puppets of all his suggestions. But no ordinary suggestions of waking life ever took such control of their mind.

The suggestion-theory may therefore be approved as correct, provided we grant the trance-state as its prerequisite. The three states of Charcot the strange reflexes of Heidenhain, and all the other bodily phenomena which have been called direct consequences of the trance-state itself, are not such. They are products of suggestion, the trance-state having no particular outward symptoms of its own; but without the trance-state there, those particular suggestions could never have been successfully made.†

\* The state is not identical with sleep, however analogous in certain respects. The lighter stages of it, particularly, differ from sleep and dreaming, inasmuch as they are characterized almost exclusively by muscular inabilities and compulsions, which are not noted in ordinary somnolence and the mind, which is confused in somnolence, may be quite clearly conscious, in the lighter state of trance, of all that is going on.

† The word 'suggestion' has been bandied about too much as if it explained all mysteries: When the subject obeys it is by reason of the 'operator's suggestion'; when he proves refractory it is in consequence of an 'auto-suggestion' which he has made to himself, etc., etc. What explains everything explains nothing; and it must be remembered that what needs explanation here is the fact that in a certain condition of the subject suggestions operate as they do at no other time, that through them functions are affected which ordinarily elude the action of the waking will, and that usually all this happens in a condition of which no after-memory remains.

## RADIUS OF THE SUN'S ORBIT.

By JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

It is not generally known, and yet it is a fact, that in the astronomical phenomena known as Nutation there is furnished the data for determining mathematically the radius of the sun's orbit. Nutation is described in the text books as being a vibratory or oscillatory motion of the axis of the earth, by which it is inclined to each side of the plane of the ecliptic, vibrating once each way during each revolution of the earth in its orbit. This vibratory motion of the earth's axis is not a demonstrated one, but is assumed to account for the fact that at one point in the earth's orbit, the movement known under the name of precession is greater than it should be for the time elapsed after passing the equinoctial point, and that at the opposite point in the earth's orbit it is less than it should be.

It having been assumed that the movement known as precession is due to a slow gyratory motion of the earth's axial line, a motion so slow that it requires nearly 26,000 years to make one gyration, it was deemed more plausible to account for the observed irregularity of the precessional movement by introducing a vibratory motion of the earth's axis, than to suppose a gradual change from slow to fast and fast to slow again in this gyratory motion each six months. Now if it can be demonstrated that both precession and nutation are only apparent and not real motions of the earth's axis, and that precession is due to the movement of the sun in its orbit, and nutation is due to the unequal forward motion of the earth in its induced orbit around the focus of the sun's orbit, then two important points of knowledge will have been attained. First, that the orbital period of the sun is equal to the time required for the precession to pass over 360 degrees or 25,868 years, and second that the amount of nutation enables us to calculate the radius of the sun's orbit.

I shall now try to show that both of these motions are apparent and not real. Astronomers tell us that the cause of precession and nutation is found in the fact that the equatorial diameter of the earth is greater than its polar diameter, and because its axis of revolution is inclined to the plane of the ecliptic, the attractive force of the sun being the main cause in producing precession, and the attraction of the moon the main cause in producing nutation, and yet, they also tell us that the movement of nutation is not determined by the position of the moon itself, but by the nodes of its orbit. This is a very curious fact that the attractive force of the moon is the cause of nutation, and yet that it is the nodes of the moon's orbit that determine it, and not really the moon after all, so curious indeed that it makes me doubt its being a fact at all. I state it as a demonstrable fact that nutation is caused by the unequal forward motion of a world in its induced orbit, around the focus of the orbit of its central world, and that precession is due to the movement of its central world around the same focus.

Let us illustrate this by the sun, earth and moon, making our observations from the moon. At the time of full moon, let us suppose that a line intersecting the moon, earth and sun, if extended would also intersect some star,—then in 27 d. 7 h. 43 m. 11½ s. when the moon had made a complete revolution in its orbit around the earth, the moon earth and star would again be in line, but it would require 29 d. 12 h. 44 m. 3 s. before the moon, earth and sun would again be in line,—this would cause a precession of nearly thirty degrees in the moon's equinoctial point, which is wholly due to the fact that during the elapsed time the earth has moved nearly that distance in its orbit around the sun and has carried the moon along with it in its induced orbit around the sun. But here is another point to be observed. The moon is at its mean position in its induced orbit only at its equinoxes, or at the time of new and full moon. At all other times it is either ahead or behind its mean positions. For fourteen days and eighteen hours the motion of the moon in its induced orbit is the motion of the earth in its orbit minus the diameter of the moon's orbit, and for the next fourteen days and eighteen



hours it is the motion of the earth in its orbit plus the diameter of the moon's orbit, thus making a difference of about one million miles in its forward motion in its induced orbit each alternate two weeks.

This gives as a result an unequal precessional movement. At the time of first quarter it is less than it should be for the time elapsed—and at the third quarter it is greater than it should be, while at new and full moon it is just right. It will be found that this variation from mean position bears an exact mathematical ratio between the radius of the moon's and earth's orbit,—and with this variation given it is easy to determine the radius of the earth's orbit in multiples of that of the moon. This fact may yet enable our astronomers to determine more accurately the radius of the earth's orbit.

Now to determine the radius of the sun's orbit. The unequal motion of the earth in its induced orbit around the focus of the sun's orbit, is equal to twice the diameter of its orbit, hence if on December 21st it is the radius of the earth's orbit behind its mean position in its induced orbit, then on June 21st it is the same distance ahead of its mean position. Now it is a well known fact that the distance of the earth from the sun on December 21st is some millions of miles less than it is on June 21st. It is also a well known fact that the amount of nutation is less by several thousandths of a second in December than it is in June. This is just what must be the case, for the amount of the nutation depends entirely upon the position of the earth in its orbit, and its actual distance from mean position in its induced orbit, which is always represented by a line intersecting the equinoctial points of the earth's orbit and the sun, and as a consequence the earth is some three millions of miles further from its mean position in its induced orbit on June 21st than it is on December 21st. These two apparent axial motions of a world as above described, that if the axis were extended it would describe a circle among the stars once during the time required for the precession of the equinoxes to pass over 360 degrees, and that it will incline twice from and to its mean position during each revolution in its orbit, appertain of necessity to every world that revolves in an orbit around another world that revolves in an orbit: hence precession and nutation are common to all the planets. In the case of the earth the difference in its forward motion in its induced orbit, is equal each six months to twice the diameter of its orbit, or about 372,000,000 miles. The amount of variation of a world from its mean position in its induced orbit expressed in degrees or fractions thereof, will be exactly proportional to the radius of its orbit to that of its induced orbit, and could be thus expressed.

As the circumference of world's orbit is to one degree of its induced orbit, so is 360 radii of its orbit is the radius of its induced orbit. Then the sum of the annual nutation is equal to  $1.1644$  plus that would be equal to the diameter of the earth's orbit upon the circumference of the sun's, and this would give, according to the above formula  $1.1644$  plus multiplied by  $3.1416$  equals  $3.658$  plus as the measurement of the circumference of the earth's orbit upon the orbit of the sun. Then as  $3.658 : 3600 :: 360 : 354,289$ ,—thus we find by this process that the radius of the sun's orbit is equal to 354,289 radii of the earth's orbit, and as a necessary consequence that all stars nearer to the earth than that must be sister systems of our own, revolving around the same central world or sun. As viewed from the earth our sun subtends an angle equal to one half a degree of arc, and occupies two minutes of time in passing over a meridian. If removed to the center of its orbit, into the position occupied by its parent sun it would cross a meridian in 1-2787 part of a second of time. It is questionable whether it would be visible except as a telescopic star. The orbit of the planet Neptune is about 5,500,000,000 miles in diameter, and at the distance of the radius of the sun's orbit it would cross a meridian in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  seconds of time, and if looked upon at that distance would appear to have a diameter of 1-53 that of our sun as viewed from the earth, or about the size of the star Aldebaran.

These considerations may help us to realize how

is our sun and its system, compared to the stars that make our nights resplendent with their glory.

#### FAITH: A STUDY.

By REV. J. O. M. HEWITT.

##### II.

There is no doubt in the minds of men of thought, of literature, that even the stone age had distinct religious ideas, but we do not claim for that age, for the man of that remote period, an evolution that could present even a distinct physical philosophy; why then should we demand a formulation of a distinct spiritual idea of God, or of man's own connection with the divine or super life of living being? "The shadowy hand" was too ethereal for the man to grasp and hold long enough to study its structure. They of that period could only say they were touched by it, not that they touched the hand,—and until we can handle we can not analyze; and this is the reason why so little philosophy of faith is found in the far-off time of beginnings. But as time rolled on, and the mind of man became sufficiently matured, so that mental ideas could be perceived as distinct pictures by the soul, we note the distinct beginnings of a religion that assumed to regulate in some measure the ethical code of man, as well as that it put on its ritualistic robes of office. But with this assumption of office, with these beginnings of theology, we find too the picture gallery of the gods and note the perceptions of the so-called "invisible world" of the soul of things! What are the pictures, and are there "portraits" there?

Above the average yet very like the social life of the times and places of earth, are the pictures we find of this super world; its palaces and its dungeons are, or seem to be, intensified sensibilities of the "then present," and its portraits have almost like features with earth's inhabitants! Shall we say of them that they were but dreamy fancies of the ever-longing spirit of change that permeates and possesses the race? Shall we not say, rather, that they were just what the seers saw, in their visions of mind, and are faithful reproductions of their mental sight? The shadowy presence had become more than a shadow; it was a form; and if its shape was very much like the human may it not have been natural, i. e., life like?

We think men make mistakes, when they deny "naturalness" to the ancient gods as portrayed in the thought galleries of the ancient religions; and a like mistake in demanding that if they were veritable visions they should wear the dress of social purity that would clothe our vision of "the divine."

It could not be the same, not simply "because the man could not bear it," but because the divine ideal, as we have seen it, did not at that time exist. Would we look for our "fashion plates" in the hut of some African forest or the jungles of Hindostan? We might as well, as to look for our ideal purity of divine being in the ancient heavens of the soul of man.

But with all the coarseness of the supernaturalism of faith in the far away of religious history, we still may note an advancement in the ethical culture superior to the culture of the ages preceding, and the priests of "The Most High God," or "gods," were the teachers of the new code. They were the ministers of a justice that was superior to the justice of the then state; and if they were arbitrary and cruelly exacting in matters of religious belief, they were not less humane than their fellows, even then, and they did put a higher estimate upon the human soul and often stood between the slave and his master, as the master would trample upon the rights of even a slave! But where did these faith men, these priestly law givers, obtain their ideal of their "higher law"? Came it not from the higher court? It most surely did, and the vision they had seen of a higher civilization was the pattern of "a new state."

We may also note, that there was what we would call more substantiality given to faith, in its theology; it was becoming all the time what we would call more rational, i. e., rational to us of this later time, though we doubt not it was "rational" always to the believers, and in the greater development of substantiality there was found more positiveness in statements of religion. Theology—ethics—both were formulated with greater

strength of language; and the gods, and their laws for men, become more clear in definitions of life and duty when we compare them with the dim sight of pasts that were even to them, "traditional," almost as much as to us to-day. Man almost begins to "touch" God, as well as to be "touched of God." And what are the portraits of the new picture gallery of the gods; what are the scenes of the new heavens?

We answer: they are the glorified, i. e. brightened, faces of the "sons of men," and too, they give us by faith a brightened earth. Theology tells of many names, but we know of their human birth—names of priests and kings,—names of vestals and of queens,—the common people had no names then—and so we know the seers saw, and recognized their gods, and too, the heavens seemed substantial enough for human habitation. What followed? We answer: slowly was the vision transferred to earth;—"the new age," was in reality the result of this transference, and the new ethics of religion made the new code of human behavior.

But do not think now that only the caste of priests will be the seers; other eyes than theirs will see the divine glory, though these other eyes may not be able, like the long-trained priesthood, to perceive that it is divine. From these open-eyed ones we may look for what they will call philosophy; and their faith will clothe itself in robes of ethical culture that were not fashioned in the temples! But these philosophers will not rule the people in long dynasties as the priests have ruled; for they do not, like the priests, recognize the fact of God. This lack of intellectual perception of the source of their visions, is the weakness of their philosophy; and hence the people will not long follow them. Intent on earth building, they cease to observe the heavens; and so lose sight of the highest things that are needed to give completeness, and at the same time vitality to their philosophy; and in consequence, they are left behind in the higher ethics of our progressive race. We do not say that their labors were valueless, because they were not religious, for they did possess value; they did see; but they failed to continue to see, and time obscured their vision!

Differing from philosophy religion has learned, and learned well the lesson of faith, that we must look up, look Godward continually, if the earth structure of society is made permanently better; and hence religion continues to be the refuge of the oppressed, of the weary-of-wrong ones of "the children of men;" her temples are still the asylums of mankind!

But with our perception of essentially human faces in the picture galleries of our gods, what do we next see? The answer is we perceive the operation of an ethical sense in the mind of man that we could not look for in an earlier stage of faith's evolution. We see in the man of faith a disposition to exercise this ethical sense in judgment, even of God. He begins to see and to say that spirit of the soul is of more real value than circumstance of place or accident of birth, and that ethics is of higher rank than power, even of intellect. What follows? In the history of religions this stage of faith's development is especially named "Mosaical" as we find its best known incarnation in the priest of Osiris, "Ja-Hoveh,"—familiarily called Moses—who chooses in his sense of right to choose, not some ancient name, but the highest manifestation of ethical spirit in this divine presence, that all seers are conscious of.

It does not follow that Moses was qualified to select for us the highest spirituality; but he established the principle and so has become a marked personality in the history of religious development. From his time we may say that faith was emancipated from bondage to any one soul of Being, and in its new state of mind said "I AM," as well as that "God IS"! Its creed must embrace the man soul, as well as the divine soul, and will not be satisfied with God, unless God satisfies it!

But we owe this advance not to a loss of faith, as some have supposed, but to an increase of perception of divine being, of what is, of its real substantiality, of the entity of its component parts; and hence in the newer promulgation of a law of faith we may look for and expect to find decided ethical tendencies—tenden-

cies that will be developed in strength as the mind more fully realizes its own spiritual freedom, its own special want.

At this last mentioned stage of faith and development we can but perceive that the seer has discovered that "the being" of what we call God is not vested in one personality, any more than that the being, or species of man is so vested but like "man" is composed of individuals having distinct personality, nay more, has learned that his divine soul life was once man life. "The supernatural" is by him best expressed in faith, as superhuman, as this term more truly tells the character of the soul's consciousness of "being" after what we call death; hence the discrimination of spirit, rather than of person, that we find in the ancient scriptures of the Hebrew race.

In the efforts to emphasize spirit, rather than person, we find these men of faith ignoring all personal names of Deity; not that names were lost, but that the seers would rather that all men should assume personal responsibility for the utterance of speech; and, when conscious of inspiration, judge whether the inspiration was equal, if not superior to their own highest consciousness of spirituality. True, we find them saying: "The spirit of Ja-Hoveh is upon me;" but we must remember that the personality of the spirit of Ja-Hoveh (Moses) had made a lasting impression upon the national mind, and hence the spirit that seemed most in accord with that great lawgiver was judged to be "the highest," as in after days the spiritual character of Jesus was taken as the pattern for a Christian life. And here we must disabuse ourselves of the popular notion that when the seers spoke of the spirit of Ja-Hoveh that they meant to say that the individual "Ja-Hoveh" controlled or inspired, it was simply that one of "God," who seemed to be one of like spirit. Perhaps we might illustrate our thought by an anecdote told of Beecher, who when asked if he was a Calvinist, replied, "Yes; that is, I believe as I think Calvin would now!"

But what of the heaven of this new departure? We answer: the Hebrew seers had begun to realize that the vision of heaven, was but a prophecy, if we may so term it, of what the social life of earth would eventually become if the word of divine inspiration was by individuals obeyed; hence their word was of present duty and of human life, so much so that many scholars seem to think the Hebrew had no hope of immortality. This course of constant attention to human beings, to human living, to society, did in fact eventually serve to dull the mind of the masses of Israel to the fact of immortality until the time of Jesus; but when after his crucifixion he appeared to Mary and to others of his personal disciples, there was a revival of the thought, until "the resurrection of the dead" became the watchword and dogma of the new sect.

Have we carried our study far enough? What then is the philosophical conclusion of the study? We answer: it is that until some man was consciously impressed that some "invisible one" was near him, that the presence spoke to him, there was no faith, so that the word of John's gospel is true, viz.: "In the beginning (of faith in God) was the word." This "word" that was in mid-silence spoken was henceforth associated "with God," the super life in the thought of man, and as spirituality rather than personality was most looked after "the word" (rather than the person) "was God." The succeeding apostrophe, "And the word was made flesh," refers not to personality, but to the fact of a constant recognition of divine presence and an equally conscious recognition of inspiration; that is, to use a modern term, of constant rapport and clair-audience. In our study thus far we have purposely confined ourself to the advanced thinkers of the religion of each age, knowing, however, that to the masses there was given but little light, and so, while led by the faith of their seers, they were often grossly ignorant of the real cause of their faith and hence their creeds oftener expressed mythology than theology; or perhaps we may say, were more mythological than theosophical. But in a study such as ours, in which we have endeavored to present in a kind of mental panorama the findings of faith, we must of necessity deal with seers who found institu-

tions, rather than with the masses who accept creeds and build temples.

The idiosyncrasies of faith may perhaps be a profitable study of the future; but here we must content ourselves with the real beginnings and developments, until we have reached—as we believe we have—a faith that is consciously inspired with an equal consciousness of a possible immortality with "God," the super species of self-conscious life.

#### TELEPATHY AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

As to telepathy,—supposing it to be proved, as many do,—it points in two directions; first, towards some immaterial property in the individual, by virtue of which he survives bodily dissolution; or, second, towards a general force, which, like air, is intangible and constant, and which, on certain conditions hitherto unascertained, lights on a few heads,—a cosmic energy whereof souls partake in consequence of some peculiar attribute.

The first supposition looks in the direction of a spiritual essence, indestructible by physical decay; not the product of muscle, or nerve, or any physiological combination whatever, but rather setting these at naught, with their implications of space and time. This essence may be resolved into some primary elements by chemistry, but thus far it is not decomposable. It is a quality that defies distance, is instantaneous, is not dependent on terrestrial states, is most apparent in our least conscious moods and in our least wakeful hours, is strongest in the most undeveloped intellectually, is conspicuous in the moments when organization is dissolving, in the hour of death,—is certainly as near as our conception of soul as a thing can be. If there be a power in man that transcends the senses, it may well escape from the tomb.

Of course this is not all the immortality the Christian believes in. It does not imply even conscious existence; far less does it involve social relations, or hint at the possibility of communication with those yet in the flesh; but it furnishes a basis for personal continuity, and it provides a foundation upon which faith may build.

The second point shows the tendency towards a form of theism. Not the old-fashioned theism, with its doctrines of Providence and prayer and moral government, but rather, I should say, towards that noble pantheism which enchants the most poetical minds of this generation. The recognition of another power, universal and steady as gravitation, exalts the Divine Majesty, and raises the soul to new heights of wonder and worship. The reign of law is extended and established; and the nearness of law, its personal influence, is illustrated. Such a power possesses attributes such as gravitation does not claim; for that deals with ponderable matter only, while this manages imponderable elements, mind, the relations of spiritual things, as we deem them. Thus, as the former is an example of a supreme force, so the latter is an example of a supreme power, and introduces us to the region of living sympathy. The "Power not ourselves" receives a new impressiveness. It becomes human. It lays hold of the heart strings. It renders more intelligible the name Father. There may be no suggestion of direct purpose, no hint of explicit design, but the thought of a more completely organized universe is forced upon us, making it easier to conceive of a presiding Deity. This kind of pantheism appeals to the imagination, filling it with ideas of wealth, of fullness, of tenderness; touching the sensibilities, enhancing the vision of unity. The older theism addresses itself to the individual, his lot, his experiences, his private concerns, his moods, his emotions. This goes directly to his soul; fosters its aspirations after disinterestedness, purity, serenity, peace.

The effect of psychical research is thus to increase the mystery of the world. Such is the effect of all scientific investigation, even the most rudimental. The ancient simplicity disappears, to be succeeded by another sort of simplicity, resulting from the combination of many complex phenomena. The elements may be fewer, but the ingredients have multiplied. The old world has no mystery, properly speaking. The mind of the Eternal was unfathomable, his intentions were past discovering, but his outward creation stirred no profound awe. The laws of nature did not exist. There were, here and there, students of stars, flowers, animals, and the more obvious phases of creation. There was an occasional investigator of more secret existences. But the close systematic, organized examination of phenomena was unknown. The real mystery of the world dawned on men when physical science was born; it has deepened with every step of its advance. The subtle inquiries of the Society for Psychical Research open abysses that ages will not explore. The substitution of facts for fancies, of observation for surmise, of theory as an instrument of investigation for theory as a final dogma, the dismissal of all idols whatever, marks a revolution of discovery. No doubt a great number of other supersti-

tions have been exposed along with multitudes of baneful chimeras, like witchcraft and demonic possession, but reverence, awe, wonder, have increased. We need not fear lest the universe should become prosaic. Imagination already has enough to do, and fresh demands will surely be made on it. A religion will grow out of the revelation of physical science, by and by.

In regard to the other point,—the mystery of the brain,—psychical research is throwing floods of light upon that, disclosing powers hitherto unsuspected. What masses of nebulae have been resolved into stars! What visions, illusions, delusions, hallucinations, have been traced directly to the cerebral organs, and shown to be products of nerve cells! They may be effects of disease; they may be results of temperament. They may be abnormal; they may be normal. At all events, they are inside the constitution. The tricks of the brain are known to be innumerable and most perplexing. The brain of man can not be examined directly, and surmises are hard to verify; but it is certain that cerebral organization plays strange pranks with us, and of such kind that its agency in matters beyond our present knowledge is gravely suspected. Some years since, a man suffering from decomposition of the brain saw reptiles on the ceiling, serpents on the floor, and creeping things on the sofa where he sat. So real were they that though, being an educated person, he was sure they must be semblances, he dared not move lest he should excite them. In a few moments they vanished, to return at some new paroxysm of his disease. Medical books abound in similar examples, and they suggest indefinite possibilities of nervous achievement; just as Lord Ross's telescope led to anticipations that the nebula of Orion would be disintegrated.

The truth is that psychical research is yet in its infancy, and must be for a long time. Its task is extremely difficult, requiring, as it does, keen powers of observation, trained judgment, perfect candor, honesty, courage; in short, the rarest mental gifts. Men of this stamp are few. In this country, they are for the most part professors, physicians in large practice, clergymen with heavy duties. They are more numerous in England, where the two great universities, Oxford and Cambridge, keep up the supply of disciplined men; and an old country affords more leisure. The work is expensive, too, as it involves a good deal of traveling, an extensive correspondence, a liberal supply of time,—costly commodities, all of them. It was necessary, therefore, to make the American society a branch of the English one, which is not only ably managed, but powerfully maintained; men and women lords and ladies, members of Parliament, authors, philosophers, experts in science, possessors of wealth, mind, cultivation, energy, being actively devoted to the quest.

The first report of proceedings by the London society was published in October, 1882. In the short time of eight years how much has been accomplished! Considering the elusive nature of the facts; the delicacy of the insight demanded; the inexactness of testimony; the all but impossibility of procuring precise accounts; the association of the phenomena with delusion, deceit, nervous derangement, some kind of eccentricity, with the consequent unwillingness to assume personal responsibility or to allow the use of names, the result has been very remarkable. If the promise of the past is at all justified in the future, we may confidently hope to find some clue to the enigmas that have so long and cruelly baffled us. But, be this as it may, we can not withhold our admiration of the patience, industry, devotedness, of those engaged in this inquiry. These qualities are of permanent value, and deepen the impression of earnestness which scientific men make.—O. B. Frothingham in the *August Atlantic*.

#### THE BRUTES ON THEIR MASTER.

By H. D. TRAILL.

No one seemed disposed to break the silence: the Fox surveyed their confusion with a malicious smile.

"After all," he continued carelessly, the company still remaining mute, "I don't know that it matters much to me. The conditions of my own life will not be materially affected, whatever course you take."

"Not affected!" struck in the Dog quickly. "Oh, come, that is a little too much. Why, surely, if you could induce us to act on your advice, you would—"

"Allow me to finish, if you please," interrupted the other, with a touch of irritation. "I should, even in that case, find it just as hard a matter to live; I should be shot and trapped instead of hunted, that is all. Nay, I might, perhaps, be worse off, as some people would consider it, than I am now. For I am told, and I see no particular reason to doubt it, that if it had not suited Man to preserve us for the purposes of sport our race would long since have become extinct. By detaching the Horse and Dog from Man, and thus rendering the foxhunt an impossibility, we should in fact be removing the main factor in our perpetuation."

"Why are you trying to do it then?" inquired the



Cat lazily, opening one eye to watch the effect of his question.

"Why?" echoed the Fox, with impatience. "Because I hate to see people being made fools of, as you are; and because I would rather take my chance of fighting for existence under some additional disadvantages than see the simplicity of worthy animals abused by a hypocritical oppressor."

"Ha!" muttered the Cat. "A disinterested Fox! I appreciate your motives. And," added he, dreamily, "I will not mention the word 'chickens.'"

"With your antecedents you will exercise a wise discretion in not doing so," said the Fox tartly; "and let me tell you, my friend, that it is a matter of perfect indifference to me whether you appreciate my motives or not. My appeal is made to animals, not only of a superior intelligence to yours, but of a far higher morality than you have ever shown yourself capable of conceiving."

The Cat returned no answer to this taunt. He was asleep.

After a short pause, during which the Dog appeared lost in painful reflection, the Fox, in a still more insinuating tone, resumed.

"It is," he said, "precisely because I entertain so sincere a respect for that combination of moral and intellectual qualities which I find in you, and in our friend, the Horse, here, that I have thought it worth my while to lay these proposals of mine before you. It needs nothing less than that combination of qualities to enable you to be of any real service to us. We are all of us, as I hold, either persecuted or exploited or in some way or other illused by Man. To every one of us he plays the part either of open enemy or designing patron or treacherous comrade, as the case may be. But some among us, as, for instance, that poor silly thing there," with a sidelong glance of contempt at the Sheep hard by, "are both morally and mentally too weak to offer any resistance. Others, though not wanting in intelligence, strength, or courage, are unfortunately so situated as to be unable to render any effective help to the common cause. Others, again, though intellectually well fitted to devise a plan of revolt, and even to direct its execution, have not been fortunate enough for some reason or other"—here the Fox coughed with an air of constraint—"to win the confidence of their fellow brutes. The Dog and the Horse, however, fulfil all the conditions required in leaders of a movement of emancipation. They have wit enough to see through Man's pretences to virtue, moral sense enough to be disgusted at his baseness, and more power of annoying and injuring him than all the rest of us put together. What say you, then? Will you join in the league of the lower animals, as my lord calls us, against him?"

"Not I!" replied the Dog promptly, all his doubts dispersed at once by the mere shock of the proposal. "Not I! He's far too good."

"Nor I," said the Horse, though with less enthusiasm. "He's much too strong."

"Too strong!" echoed the Dog reproachfully. "Is that all? I thought you loved him as I do."

The Horse looked mildly at him for a moment before replying.

"I never said I did not," he added presently. "But perhaps I see more of his strength than you do."

"I have more respect for your objection at any rate than for his," said the Fox in a slightly contemptuous tone, "but there is nothing in it. You don't suppose that I advocate anything like open resistance to our tyrant. I quite admit that he is too strong to allow any chance of success for that. No, what I mean is that Man is dependent upon you for a vast number of willingly rendered services; that he relies and has to rely in a hundred matters on the unforced zeal and docility of the Horse, and that were he suddenly to lose the benefit of these qualities and find himself unable to get any more out of the Horse than he could wring from him by absolute physical compulsion incessantly applied, he would find the situation intolerable."

"So should we, I expect," said the Horse dryly.

"No doubt it would be disagreeable to you for a time," admitted the Fox. "But with your well-known fortitude you could surely tire him out. Besides, you continually have not only his comfort at your disposal but his life in your power. Think of the number of necks you might break by concerted action in a single day."

"You don't tell me what I am to do, however," said the Dog. "For what services, pray, is Man so dependent upon me? I should think he could make a shift to do without hunting, and he seems to like shooting best without me. What could I do to injure him?"

"This is mere affectation," sneered the Fox. "You know as well as I do that you are as necessary to Man in one way as the Horse is in another. He wants toys no less than tools, and you are toys to which he has become so accustomed that he could not do without you. Affection he calls his feeling for

you, and you no doubt are weak enough to believe him. But anyhow you have grown into a habit with him, and it would throw the whole human race into selfish consternation to learn some fine morning that no dog would ever again lick man's hand."

There was a diabolical twinkle in the Fox's eye as he uttered these words, but his tact told him the next moment that he had gone too far. The last suggestion seemed to fall upon the Dog like a blow. He winced and rose instantly to his feet.

"I will wish you good-night," he said coldly. "It is no use my staying here any longer. Nothing in the world should induce me to do what you ask."

"Sit down again, pray," said the Fox earnestly, "and listen to me. I don't expect you to do what I am asking you as long as your feelings towards Man remain what they are. But surely I have already said enough to show you how misplaced is your regard for him. What! not when I mention that ugly word again?"

The Dog shuddered slightly but remained silent.

"Not when I mention vivisection!"

"No," said the Dog, in a tone almost of irritation, "I wish to hear no more about that. It ought to be enough for you to know that it doesn't in any degree alter my feelings towards Man."

"Oh, that's impossible," replied the Fox coolly. "Or at least if it is possible, you must be in one sense as great an impostor as he is. What is the good of Man's having elevated your moral nature as he pretends to have done? What is the use of his having developed all the virtues in you if you can't feel now that your patron's vile heartlessness and hypocrisy deprive him of all title of respect? Why, even that wretched rabbit there, who cowers down when I merely mention his name, even he has conscience enough to appreciate the villany of vivisection, if he has not sufficient force of character to condemn it. His brother was netted along with several friends and sold to a vivisectioner. He witnessed the whole performance in the person of one of his friends before fortunately making his own escape. Hi! Bunny! tell us what you think of cutting rabbits up alive."

The Rabbit glanced timidly around him as though afraid of being overheard, and then replied in a hurried, trembling whisper:

"I don't know. Don't ask me. It's bad—very bad. But—but my mother's hind legs were broken with a shot yesterday, and she has just crawled home. She's lying over there behind the hedge. I'm not sure shooting ain't worse than the other."

"You're a fool," said the Fox, somewhat disconcerted at this display of independent judgment on the Rabbit's part. "The sportsman kills outright a dozen times for once that he wounds. But the very object of the other wretch is to keep his victim alive as long as he can. Besides, that isn't the worst part of the matter by any means. Who cares what happens to us,—you, Bunny, I mean, and me? Man has never pretended to be our friend; he dislikes me and despises you. If he ever condescends to do anything but shoot you it is only to put you into a hutch as a toy for his children. You rank merely as a larger sort of a guinea pig or white mouse; while as for me"—continued the Fox significantly—"well, he has never tried to make a friend of me—not much. And between ourselves he is not far wrong. Anyhow he is welcome to vivisection me, when he can take me alive and persuade me to lie down quietly on the operating table, without trying a previous experiment in vivisection on my own account." And here Reynard bared his formidable rows of teeth in an extremely sinister grin. "To cut up a fox or a rabbit may be as cruel as you please, but you can't exactly call it base. Even to operate on a cat," added the Fox, evidently not sorry to deal a side blow at his satirical companion, "even to operate on a cat, domestic animal as he is called, appears to me to be very much the same thing."

"What's that you're saying?" asked the cat drowsily.

"I was saying," repeated the Fox in his blandest tones, "that though they call you a domestic animal, I don't believe that you feel any particular affection toward Man, at least in a disinterested way; and that as he is probably conscious of that, he is more or less justified in treating you like one of us. What do you think about it yourself?"

"What do I think about what?" asked the Cat, with as much impatience as he was capable of showing.

"Well, do you feel particularly disgusted at the thought of Man's putting one of your species to a cruel death?"

"I should feel particularly disgusted at the thought of Man's putting me to a cruel death," was the reply.

"But more so at its being done by Man than by your natural enemy, the Dog?"

"Not a bit more," said the Cat calmly. "Why should I?"

"Precisely the answer I expected," said the Fox with a chuckle. "Then if you feel no deeper sense of injury, no keener throb of pain at being tortured by Man than by the Dog, you must be in reality as far

apart from Man as we are, and he is under no obligation to treat you otherwise than as one of us. What do you say to that?"

"Nothing," said the Cat, upon whom a fresh "ex-position of sleep" was rapidly gaining. "Nothing. The question has no interest for me."

"Exactly. Then you may go to sleep again. Man, I say, might have destroyed or tortured us all—foxes, rabbits, sheep, even cats, without proving anything more than the hardness of his heart—without exhibiting himself, I mean, as an ungrateful and treacherous villain. But the Dog, his comrade for a thousand years, the friend of his fireside, the companion of his walks, the guardian of his flocks, the sentry of his house, nay, the very savior of his life on the snow field or in the flood, the animal whom he boasts of having raised almost to equality with himself—that Man should torture him! By Heavens!" cried the Fox in a well simulated outburst of honest indignation. "It is infamous!"

There was another silence, broken only by the purring of the Cat. Upon the more intelligent members of the assembly this last stroke of the Fox's had not been without its effect. The Dog in particular, in spite of the firmness with which he had proclaimed his fidelity to Man, was evidently a prey to very strong emotions of doubt and pain.

"I do not believe," he said at last, "that Man does often torture the dog in this way."

"Not so often as the rabbit, it is true; but why? Because the rabbit is cheaper, no other reason. In the same way, no doubt, it would cost a man less to cut up children of his own begetting than to have to buy other people's, but I don't think the economy would be regarded in that case as a sufficient excuse. That Man should ever have vivisected the Dog at all is enough in itself to brand him as the vilest creature in the creation."

"I don't know," said the Horse thoughtfully, "that one is quite justified in saying that of the whole race. There are brutes of course among—"

"There are what," interrupted the Fox sharply.

"I—I—mean," said the Horse, a little confused, "I mean what they themselves call 'brutes.'"

"Ay," said the Fox, in a tone of profound bitterness. "I know what you mean. And it shows how completely domestication has alienated your sympathies from your own people, that you have picked the very cant of insult from our common oppressor. It is we who should rather stigmatize unusual cruelty or treachery among members of the brute creation, by applying to its author the name of 'man.' But nothing can not hope to rival him in that respect. A man, would gladly make a mouthful of a young chaplessness, luck threw one in his way. But to prop up the increased, of the nursing mother in order that the hun peaceful weaned younglings may be lured within reach come for hunter—that is a thoroughly 'human' performance, it not?"

"Well, call them what you will," said the Horse, "all men are not as cruel as some men. I know from experience, sweet as well as bitter."

"Ah!" struck in the dog eagerly, "then you are not altogether the unwilling slave of Man. You too delight, or you have delighted, as I do in his company and service."

A light gleamed for a moment in the dim patient eyes of the Horse, and his nostrils dilated and quivered. "I did delight in it," he said proudly. "I am a thoroughbred, and great things were expected of me once. When I was two years old I carried everything before me. Yes, I have known what it is to win the admiration of thousands; and, what is better, to be loved and cherished by a few. Women have kissed my face and plaited this ragged mane of mine in ribbons, but that was long ago, before I broke down. My life is very different now."

"How do you live now, then?" asked the Dog.

The Horse paused a moment before replying. "I thought you knew," he answered with an air of simple dignity very impressive to witness. "I draw a cab."

"Great Heavens!" cried the Fox, who was perfectly well aware of the fact, in a tone of wrathful astonishment. "And you defend this race! What black, what base ingratitude! Your owner, I suppose, had won thousands by you, and could not spare a few pounds a year to secure a comfortable retirement for one who had done so much for him. I ask you, is there any act of meanness which—"

"Steady, steady," interrupted the Horse, "not so fast, please! My owner fully intended to provide for me for life, and actually did so for a year or two, but, unfortunately for me, luck went against him on the turf, and—well, to cut a long story short, I passed to the assignees in bankruptcy. But I believe he was really sorry to part with me, and his daughter cried bitterly when she came to bid me good-bye."

"Much good that was," said the Fox contemptuously. "But, however, I am not concerned either with the cruelties of ignorant men or with the heartlessness of the luxurious and self-indulgent classes. What they may do is of little consequence. It is not their doings which have caused our friend here"—



glancing at the Dog—"to doubt whether he has not been mistaken in Man. It is the conduct of those who profess to be the most enlightened and humane among their species. You know what his master is, don't you?" he continued, turning from the Dog, who was becoming painfully agitated, to the rest of the company. "He is a well known vivisector."

"He is—he is one of the kindest and most benevolent of human beings," interrupted the Dog hastily. "He is beloved by all who know him."

"Except rabbits, I presume," interjected the Fox dryly. "How many scores do they tell me that he 'used up' in the course of last year? He must be a delightful person to live with, especially if one happened to be taken ill of some interesting disease."

"He nursed me through the distemper as a puppy," said the Dog, with feeling. "All through one night he sat up, giving me egg and port wine every two hours. I should have died if it hadn't been for him. It was only his great skill that saved me."

"Dear me! how good of him!" said the Fox. "Probably yours was an interesting case, then, and I have no doubt he learned much from it. He did not pull you through altogether though, it seems," and the speaker glanced significantly at one of his companion's twitching fore-legs.

"No," said the Dog quietly. "The distemper has left chorea behind it. It was impossible to save me from that."

"How do you know that?" asked the Fox, almost in a whisper, and eyeing the other with a devilish leer.

The Dog looked at him for a moment, with nothing save pure astonishment in his limpid hazel eyes—"What on earth do you mean?" inquired he.

"Oh, nothing," said Reynard carelessly. "If you see no cause for suspicion it may be all right; only a scientific man like your master might have wanted to study chorea, and so have allowed—"

"Stop!" growled the Dog fiercely. "Drop that, or you and I will fall out."

"Don't lose your temper, my precious innocent," said the Fox sweetly. "My suggestion seems a very reasonable one to me. I start with the assumption that your master would not scruple to vivisection you if the supply of rabbits failed."

"Me! his own dog?" said the Dog, with a horror and contempt which checked further utterance.

"No! not his own dog?" inquired the Fox with affected surprise. "He draws the line there, does he? Then the greater scoundrel he to vivisection other people's dogs. The meanest of the lost curs whom he sets up for torture has probably had some one who—"

"him... I assume of course that he would not vivisection other people's dogs. Would he?"

The Dog returned no answer. He did not feel as he would have liked to feel that his master was vivisectioning other people's dogs; and the criticism on that act seemed to him to throw a new light upon it. Reynard perceived the position he had made, and lost no time in following up his advantage.

"What business have you," he went on, "to think only of yourself, and of your own selfish interests? You might as well be a cat, for all that I can see. If you had been elevated as much as that humbug Man pretends to have raised you, you would think of the race at large, as he does, and not of the individual."

"As he does?" said the Horse. "Oh, but that's all nonsense. Do you believe it?"

"Not I," replied the Fox disdainfully. "I am using Man's own cant, that is all. But our friend here swallows it all most trustfully; I feel sure, don't you? You believe that Man burns with disinterested zeal for the welfare of his race, and that he tortures Bunny and Pussy there in a spirit of pure humanity?—eh?"

"I don't believe—I know it," said the Dog confidently. "I know, at any rate, that my master is incapable of inflicting pain, except with a benevolent object. I have heard him say that by the sufferings of a few he hopes to alleviate the agony of thousands."

"Oh, of course!" assented the Fox ironically. "But thousands of whom? Dogs, cats, rabbits, horses—or men?"

"Not of men only," said the Dog, with eagerness. "We lower animals are as much interested, so Man says, in the progress of scientific research as himself; and, if we are called upon to suffer, it is for the alleviation of our own—"

"Fudge!" cried the Fox in a tone of the bitterest contempt. "Don't attempt to pass off that sickening stuff upon us. Do you suppose for a moment that men would experiment on living animals for the benefit of dogs and horses alone?"

The Dog did not suppose so for a moment, and was too honest to pretend that he did.

"Man is careful enough not to hurt his own precious skin in these investigations of his," continued the Fox.

"I beg your pardon," said the Dog quickly. "Some men have sacrificed their own lives to their experiments."

"Well, let them stick to that, then," replied the

Fox, "and we won't complain of them. But you know well enough that that is not the usual way of it. You know that what the vivisector mostly does is to torture scores and hundreds of those wretched rabbits for no other object than to prolong the life or relieve the pains of the race of beings who shoot away Bunny's legs and leave him to die by inches in a hole. Bunny is vastly interested in that object, isn't he? Don't tell me that the man who sports and the man who torture are different classes. I know they are; but I know, too, that the men who torture pretend to be the best, and boast that mankind are gradually being raised—raised, if you please—from the level of the hunter up to their own. That to my mind," continued the Fox, shaking his head solemnly, "is the shocking part of it. But it makes your course all the clearer for you domestic animals, as you call yourselves; and I say that a very heavy responsibility rests upon you. You have deserted your own kith and kin, and thrown in your lot with Man; and I hold that, unless you are as bad as he is, you ought to cast him off without hesitation now you have found out what he is. Yes," said the Fox, collecting his force for a last effort; "if you find that, as he approaches what he believes to be his highest development, he becomes more hard hearted, more treacherous and hypocritical, more destitute of ordinary fidelity to his brute comrades than he was in his lower stages—I say it is time for you to give him up as a bad job. He can't complain if you do. He boasts of having taught you the virtues, and he must expect you to judge him by his own teachings. Come, for the last time, domestic animals, will you abandon Man as unworthy of your society and service; or, rather, will you, Dog and Horse, do so? for to you," turning to the Cat, "I know it is vain to appeal."

"Quite so," said the Cat, "and therefore you need not have waked me with your gabble. What on earth has man's unworthiness got to do with the matter? All I want to know is whether I can better myself by leaving him, and I am pretty sure I can't. Man has cream and cold fish, and soft hearth rugs, and delightfully padded easy chairs. I know nothing pleasanter to rub one's side against than the leg of his trousers. Sometimes, it is true, in the fine spring weather I have rambled in the woods, before the young birds can fly, and thought it would be pleasant to live out of doors and provide for one's self. But when the winter has set in severely I was always glad to get back to the fire; and for an indoors cat," he added reflectively, "of course the winter is all the better for being severe, because then the robins are not afraid to come on the windowsill."

"Ugh!" said the Fox, turning from him with disgust to the Horse; "is there anything better to be hoped from you?"

"Not a bit," said the Horse cheerily. "I have heard nothing from you that I didn't know before. I have never had any very extravagant opinion of Man's virtues. He is rough and selfish, and loses his temper about trifles, but there is good in the fellow at bottom. I don't mind working with him and for him to a reasonable extent, and I certainly prefer his society—if you will excuse my frankness—to yours or that of any other of the lower animals."

"Mean-spirited wretch!" muttered the Fox. "You, a thoroughbred! However, I expected," he continued, addressing the Dog, "that you would be the only one capable of appreciating my appeal. You see what Man is from the moral point of view and you—"

"And I love and reverence him," said the Dog stoutly, "as much as ever. Who am I to judge him—I, the creature of his hand? He made me what I am, and all I have is his. He is greater, stronger, wiser than I, and I must suppose him to be in all things better too. If anything done by him seems to me harsh and cruel, I will believe that it only seems so because his ways are beyond the compass of my weak mind to comprehend."

"Whew!" whistled the Fox in unconcealed astonishment, as the Dog and Horse walked away together.

"He didn't pick up that language from his scientific master, I'll be bound. But after all, I needn't be surprised at his merely talking so, when they tell you the story that one of those fools actually raised his head from the operating table to lick his master's torturing hand. That kind runs easily to religion. And to think that just when Man has succeeded in creating the religious instinct in his dog, he is losing it himself."

Chuckling hugely at the reflection, the Fox looked round for some one to share his amusement, when his eye fell on the features of the sleeping Cat.

"Ah," he said to himself, after a moment's thought, "it is convenient to be wicked, but it is a misfortune to be altogether without moral sense. Unless you understand the difference between good and evil you will miss half the joke of life."—*The Nineteenth Century*.

The editor of the *Two Worlds* in reply to a correspondent's question says: Our friend asks how it is that spiritualism has not settled the point of animals'

continued existence beyond the earth. Has our questioner ever considered the various grades of intelligence which earth sends to the spirit world, and the alleged necessity of progress in those grades of intelligence before the millions of spirits who communicate can give clear and philosophic accounts of their surroundings? Granted, however, that spirits can do this, how many of the present classes of media can give pure and unadulterated spirit communications? Very few indeed, seeing that the channel or mediumistic intelligence through which spirits communicate, inevitably colors the tone of their communication, very often completely perverts it. Taking a great mass of well corroborated statements from wise and philosophic spirits—statements given in different countries and languages—rendering conclusion impossible, we venture to assert that the spirit of the animal is as deathless in quality as that of the man, differing, however, in degree, and being imperfect until it becomes man. The spirits of animals at death, pass into elementary spheres, and from thence, in due time, move forward to some of the millions of higher earths in the universe than this one; progressing as man progresses, until in process of ages and in some appropriate planet they become man. From this point the traveling spirit's progress through matter is completed. It attains the self consciousness which can say "I am," and its next grades of ascending states are shown to be carried forward in purely spiritual spheres. Animal spirits are not self-conscious, nor do they recognize their special individuality until they become man. Having reached this milestone on the long wild journey upward, from the monad to the individualized soul, as there is no such movement in the universe as retrogression, so the next series of progressional steps must be "and are upward"—never backward and downward. And thus it is that the dreams of the reincarnationists are but dreams only—as false to God's justice and natural law, as to proof positive derived from spiritual teaching.

Returning to the question of animal existences, we are told that those who dearly love them, and wish to recall their presence, can do so by will. The spirits of these creatures can be temporarily called from the elementary spheres by those that love them; but when the spirits outgrow the wish or interest in these elementary existences, they pass away and move on to higher earths in progressive ratio and forms of being. Literally speaking, there are no animal spirits in the exalted spheres of spirit-life. Still, as above said, the spirits of animals can be called up from elementary states to associate with those that love them. Animal spirits—especially birds, dogs, and horses—are thus constantly seen in the spheres nearest the earth, but they are not permanent dwellers there, neither do the spirits long retain their desire for such companionship. Hence it is that there is so much diversity of teaching concerning the spirits of animals from the communicants of different spheres.

"The soul sleeps in the rock, dreams in the animal, and awakes in man."

Oswald Ottendorfer, of the *New York Staats Zeitung*, who has just returned from Germany, talks interestingly about Bismarck whose present attitude toward the empire is characterized as "the most astonishing thing in the history of the great men of the century." The people of Germany, he says, have not forgotten that the unity and harmony of internal affairs and the preservation of their national dignity abroad in years past are due to Bismarck's skill as a diplomatist. Nor do they forget that should international complications arise in the future Bismarck's inexhaustible resources would be greatly missed. But at the same time the people begin to find a new freedom from restraint. They can do and think as they never could before. They now have an individuality, and thus it is that the great mass of people who honored and obeyed the chancellor have almost forgotten the lonely old man at Friedrichsruh. It is only natural, under these circumstances, that Bismarck's public utterances made since his dismissal—for such it was—can have no great weight with the German leaders. They are read, to be sure, eagerly, but they are not the utterances of the chancellor. They come from a man who was once the German ruler, and who, in the light of present events, was arbitrary in his methods. On the whole, the people are glad that he is powerless and at Friedrichsruh.

It is a mistake to regard the negro problem as strictly Southern and sectional; it is nothing less than national, as was its progenitor slavery, from whose loins it sprang. The heart of it is in the South, because the bulk of the black population is there; but the failure of the two races to coalesce in the North also, where their numerical proportion is insignificant, marks it as both national and racial, and that view of it which would make the southern whites wholly responsible for it, and throw upon them the tremendous task of solving it with all the sacrifices, surrenders and submissions it may exact, is selfish, unjust and unwise.



## TO A SAD LITTLE GIRL.

You say you are ugly, and you are afraid  
That nobody loves you, sad little maid;  
For people whisper, with lip a-curl,  
As you pass by, "what an ugly girl!"  
Ah, well, my dear, if you mope and fret,  
Your ugly face will be uglier yet.  
Let me tell you the secret without delay  
Of growing beautiful day by day.  
'Tis a secret old as the world is old,  
But worth in itself a mine of gold:  
Beauty of soul is beauty of face,  
For inward sweetness makes outward grace.

There is the secret, simple and true;  
Now prove what its wisdom can do for you.  
Fill up your heart with thoughts most sweet,  
Bidding all others at once retreat,  
And these sweet thoughts will grow like seeds,  
And bloom into beautiful words and deeds,  
And soon, very soon, they will leave their trace  
Of loveliness upon your ugly face;  
The lines will be softer on cheek and brow,  
Bright smiles will shine where tears are now;  
Your eyes will sparkle and some blest power  
Will make you lovelier every hour.  
Just try it my dear; begin to-day  
To do kind things in the kindest way—  
To kindly think and to kindly speak,  
To be sweet tempered, gentle, and meek.  
Then never again shall you need be afraid  
That nobody loves you, sad little maid.  
Opinions will change, with a sudden whirl,  
And all will think, "What a charming girl."  
—Emma C. Dowd in Harper's Young People.

The national woman's relief corps assembled for their annual gathering in Tremont temple, Boston, which had been gayly decorated with bunting and flowers. Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, the national president of Philadelphia, was in the chair and the convention opened with the singing of an ode. Mrs. Emily L. Clarke, the department chaplain of Massachusetts, made the opening prayer. On the platform sat the past national officers, including Mrs. E. Florence Barker, the first president, Mrs. L. A. Turner, Mrs. Sarah C. Fuller and Miss Emma Lowd. There were also in the press gallery several members of the woman's national press association from Washington, including the president, Mrs. M. B. Lincoln (Bessie Beech), and Mrs. Mary S. Lockwood, Miss Georgie Snow, Mrs. Hannah B. Sperry, Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods and Mrs. Emily L. Sherwood. Fully 35 states were represented by 300 women. Mrs. Wittenmeyer was in the midst of her address, when Secretary Rusk, Mrs. Alger, Mrs. John A. Logan and Mrs. Livermore were announced. In the absence of Mrs. Charity Rusk Craig, past national president, the gold badge voted her by the encampment was presented to her father, Secretary Rusk, for her. Mrs. Logan, who is a member of the national pension committee of the woman's relief corps, gave an interesting account of the nurses' bill now pending in Congress. Mrs. Alger was introduced and acknowledged the greeting of the encampment. On motion of Mrs. E. Florence Barker a vote of thanks was given Mrs. Alger for co-operation with her husband in aiding the work of the order. Mrs. Wittenmeyer, the president, then resumed her annual address, which stated that the membership of the corps now reaches nearly 100,000. A reserve fund of \$153,000 is on hand in the treasuries of local corps and that the charity work of the year amounted to over \$100,000. Permanent departments have been organized in Texas, North Dakota and the Potomac. Besides the regular disbursements, \$3,000 has been paid out to needy army nurses. The completion and acceptance of the national woman's relief corps home near Madison, O., were described. The great benefit resulting from a closer supervision by means of official visits was shown and a number of changes in the rules and regulations were suggested.

The rights of women to representation in the governing bodies of the Methodist church are boldly championed, this week, by *Zion's Herald*. It concludes an article as follows: In the church, where women form so large a percentage of the membership, her exclusion from high official position is a most ungracious procedure. In the state where the sexes are nearly equal in numbers, the injustice is less glaring, but even there it is coming more and more to be felt to be an anomaly and a wrong which civilization must right. The difficulties the state finds in the way of its

realization do not pertain to the church. The moral force with which the church is armed is more conspicuous in women than in men. Finally, the talents of women would be of incalculable value in the counsels of the church as the complement and balance of those of men, supplying the missing hemisphere of wisdom and practical skill. Adam was complete only when offset by Eve; the tact and insight of the one was set over against the strength and courage of the other. Ever since that creation day each has been indispensable to the other—a lesson society is more and more learning. Without the wit and prudence of woman, no one can properly build or guide a house; and our educators are learning how needful woman is in planning and running schools. Did you ever stop to think how much better women would arrange some things in the church than men? The planning of this great spiritual house, in which women have so large a stake and perform so important a part, should not be effected without the suggestion and aid of the fair sex.

Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague is a widow in one sense if not in another. She was divorced from her husband years ago and she has spent a good part of her life since then in Paris. During the last two years she has lived at Washington and she is now residing at Edgewood, the country seat which her father bought some time before his death. She promises to make a lot of money out of this estate. The city is growing out toward it. A part of it has been divided up into lots and it has quadrupled in value within the last three years. Kate Chase is just as bright now as she was when she presided over her father's mansion at Washington and she exhibits the same qualities to-day that made her so famous then. She had the qualities which would have made her a more remarkable mistress of the white house than any this country has ever had and her father would have made a magnificent president. Mrs. Sprague is a woman of fine literary ability, and she is now engaged in writing a life of her father. She has her father's diary containing his memoranda which he jotted down every night before he went to bed, and she has private correspondence and letters which contain a great amount of unwritten history. She is working very carefully and very slowly on the work, and she verifies all her statements as she goes along. The work will contain two volumes, and it will be a valuable contribution to the history of this country.

Out in Minnesota Miss Jennie Carson drives a stage between Osage and Port Rapids and has not missed a trip in three years, even when the thermometer went forty degrees below zero. A pretty young girl of twenty-one was admitted to the bar in Pennsylvania last week and a Philadelphia widow is already practicing there. Up in New Bedford Mrs. Auzonetta Allen has been licensed as a pilot for steam yachts, and the daily newspapers are pointing to it as a new and strange thing, but the *Mercury* could have told them that already several New York ladies, who are yacht owners, have passed their examinations and succeeded in boxing the compass to the satisfaction of the inspectors and are duly enrolled as licensed pilots. Women farmers are numerous, not a few of the gentler sex are carpenters, housepainters, barbers, and some have even applied for employment as street-sweepers. A wonderful change has come over the spirit of their dream since the days when, at the May anniversaries in the old Tabernacle Church, on lower Broadway, forty years ago or more, Lucy Stone, Mrs. Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and other strong-minded women fought for the emancipation of their sex from the invisible bonds with which society had restricted her. To-day the American woman can do anything lawfully which a man can do, except vote or enlist as a soldier.—*The Mercury*.

Hayes Center, Neb., has one of the brightest, smartest, and most successful lady lawyers of whom that state can boast—Mrs. Iva R. Likes. Mrs. Likes was born in Iowa in 1861. Her father, J. C. Roberts, was a gallant soldier in the Thirty-third Iowa Volunteers. He moved with his family in 1870 to Winfield, Kas. Mrs. Likes graduated at the Winfield High School, and followed the profession of teaching until her marriage with Capt. R. B. Likes at Culbertson, Neb. Immediately thereafter she entered her husband's law office as a student and performed a large part of the work of the office. In 1887 they moved to Hayes Center, where they

opened the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank in connection with the law business. Mrs. Likes has taken her full share of the legal business, both as counsel and advocate. She is regarded as one of the most successful attorneys in that part of the state, and her friends predict for her a brilliant future in her chosen profession. The bench and bar feel justly proud of the success she has attained.

Miss Lydia Becker, of Manchester, England, who passed away a few weeks ago was a woman of strong force of character, combined with a cultured mind and indomitable energy in the pursuit of any object she took in hand. To her unwearied zeal as secretary of the Women's Suffrage Society, and to the ceaseless activity of her pen as editor of the *Woman's Suffrage Journal*, the growing interest in the movement is largely due. Miss Becker was not only an effective writer, but a good speaker, whose enthusiasm was, as a rule, tempered by discretion. What the citizens of Manchester thought of her as an administrator may be inferred from the fact that she was elected one of the first members of the Manchester School Board in 1870, being returned by upwards of 15,000 votes, and she retained her position on the board up to the time of her death. In these various capacities Miss Becker rendered good service, and it may not be easy to fill the void which her death has caused.

## JONATHAN WATSON, SR.

By ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

[Although the subject of this sketch was personally unknown to most readers of THE JOURNAL, yet his life was so closely connected with that of one whose history is a part of the history of modern Spiritualism that we feel it is well to publish it. The memorial was originally published in the Titusville (Pa.) *Sunday World*.—EDITOR JOURNAL.]

The subject of this sketch was born in Warren, N. H., Feb. 21st, 1804, and died at "Sunny Brae," Santa Clara Co., Cal., July 3, 1890. All the years of his early manhood were devoted to the support and tender care of his widowed mother and an invalid sister, and when they passed beyond the need of him, the bloom of his life had somewhat faded—the desire for separate home building had died out of his heart; fraternal love and pure friendship, (very strong elements in his character,) took the place of more ardent affections and he died a bachelor. When asked why he never married he replied facetiously—"Well, I never saw a woman whom I wouldn't rather want than have!" and yet, with sudden seriousness, "If I had my life to live over I think I would marry."

In 1863 he became a member of the household of his cousin, Jonathan Watson, of the oil field fame, of Titusville, Pa., since which time he had been the writer's wise counsellor, homeguardian and faithful friend. And if the personal pronoun "I" should appear more prominent in this brief narrative than seems consistent with good taste, it is for the sole reason that that portion of Mr. Watson's history with which I am most conversant is so intimately blended with my own.

At the time of his coming into our home I was a "girl-wife," totally unused to a domestic care, bearing the hated name of stepmother of five children, and almost crushed under the weight of my new responsibilities. "Uncle Jont," as everybody called the dear old man—at once became my helper and father-like friend. He was a man of far more than ordinary intelligence, a great reader, keen wit, with as honest and true a heart as ever beat in human breast. He joined me in my watchful care of the children, shared my solicitude, laughed goodnaturedly at my miserable attempts at housekeeping and ignorance of practical details, took upon himself the duties of a steward and caterer to our extensive household—in short, made himself indispensable to our comfort. When the first baby came, his old heart grew young again; there was no service he would not gladly have rendered to mother and child—and as the years rolled on, each little one in its turn received the full devotion of him whom they at once elected as a kind of foster-father.

Mr. Watson was of sturdy New England stock, and was wonderfully industrious, regular in his habits, and enjoyed life in an honest, simple way, and when financial storm and shipwreck befell his adopted family, he came with us to California, willing to share our humble mode of liv-

ing and always ready to lend a hand in the arduous work of building up, from crude and scanty materials, something we might call home. Never shall I forget the feverish anxiety of that day on which Mr. Watson, "Uncle Jont," and J. T. Watson were to arrive at "Sunny Brae"—then a bare little bit of ground, (26 acres,) an old barn and a little house of my own building—after sixteen months of separation. This was in November, 1881. The comical and pathetic were commingled in our herculean efforts to get all things in readiness for our longed-for guests. Rubbish and debris, consequent upon tearing down and building up, was frantically raked and pulled and pushed into the least possible conspicuous ugliness. Indoors every precious article that reminded us of the dear old home was compelled into its most joyous appearance. But oh, the wind would blow, and the dust was so deep, and we felt responsible for every whiff and grain! At last the train drew in at San Jose, a delirium of delight seized upon the waiting trio, and—well—after a tedious ride of ten miles through darkness and dust the little haven, looking bright and cheery amid the surrounding gloom, was reached at last. Is it possible that it was almost nine years ago, and that I am not dreaming now?

"Uncle Jont" fitted himself at once into the new environment, found plenty to do, liked the climate, renewed his age, and uttered no regret for departed glories. But when this Yankee farmer saw us planting trees instead of corn and potatoes, he exclaimed with a sniff of genuine scorn—"what! do you mean to say that you are going to set out those little whips and expect an income from them? it is perfectly ridiculous. Well, I shall never live to see them in bearing!" But we had the laugh on him the second year, and he lived to become a thorough convert to trees. The "little whips" now inclose us within a wilderness of beauty and the good man feasted without stint for seven sunny years. Two years ago last January Mr. Watson had an attack of apoplexy and lay in a semi-conscious condition for three weeks. No one thought it possible that he would ever be on his feet again, but gradually the vital spark rekindled, the mysterious chambers of memory, utterly dark for months, began to glow again—first renewing old-time images and echoing to the names of the long ago, and finally, after six months of infantile helplessness, the physical and mental power increased, and life became a sunny and peaceful holiday.

His work was done, time had come for the soul to gather unto itself all its treasures and make ready for the new era, which dawned at last, in the rebirth which men call death!

Mr. Watson belonged to no church and never made any profession of faith, but was respectful toward all, and when it became necessary for me to resume my public speaking, he became deeply interested in my published discourses and poems, which I took to him for criticism, during the darkest days of my domestic bereavement, in which he was almost my only staff of human comfort, and finally, through this means and a close study of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, he became thoroughly convinced of natural immortality and lost all dread of death.

And yet he was not a Spiritualist in the sense of low particulars, and thoroughly sympathized with me in my abhorrence of what is becoming known as "commercial spiritualism" whose adherents seek communion with spirits for business purposes, stock gambling, locating mines, oil wells and the like, a phase of the modern phenomena which should be relegated to the realms of eternal oblivion. His religion consisted in reverence toward God, good-fellowship with man and the daily living of a useful, chaste and noble life.

A few days prior to his death he complained of dizziness and on the morning of July 2d I found him unable to leave his bed. His severe illness was of but two days' duration, and my vigils were tenderly shared by John T. Watson, who is still a member of my family. It was a sharp struggle; the physician said a complete breaking down in which the brain was much affected, but during the last few hours of his life, in which I watched with him alone, on the night of the 3d, little thinking the change was so near, he was perfectly conscious, holding both my hands with expressive clasps and looking lovingly into my troubled face, fully aware, I think, that peace was soon to come. It was almost without a struggle that the spirit suddenly lifted its anchor and I was indeed alone! On July 5th, surrounded by many sympathizing friends, we paid a last



tribute of respect and laid the dear form to rest, amid the blooming flowers, beside that of my firstborn, the anniversary of whose death we thus sadly celebrated.

To us he left a large estate,—  
A thousand priceless legacies,  
Which are secure from evil fate,—  
Safe-hoarded, holy memories!

The pleasures of the sense world pass  
And leave behind a bitter sting,  
"Tinkling cymbals and sounding brass"  
Followed by shame and suffering.

But from a noble life outpours  
Perpetual beauty naught can mar—  
That, though removed to other shores,  
Still shines upon us like a star.

SUNNY BEAR, CAL.

### IMMORTALITY AND RETURN OF THE DEPARTED.

The following report of a sermon delivered by Miss Florence Kollock, in the Universalist Church, Englewood, Ill., reproduced from the *Universalist Messenger*, is one of the many signs of the times indicating the profound influence that the spiritual philosophy has had upon theology and the forces which are tending rapidly toward the formation of a universal church of the Spirit:

Eighteen hundred years before Christ, Job asked the ever-recurring question, "if a man die shall he live again?" yet in the Egyptian "Book of the Dead" Job's question was answered hundreds of years before it was asked.

Not only a hope of immortality, but a belief in immortality is as old as is the earliest record of the human mind—came, we may believe, with its dawning consciousness—came faintly, feebly, with the slow evolving of the intellect, reason, judgment, memory—came not as a revelation but through growth, through the power to think, reason, observe, compare, understand—came as the only reasonable solution of the fact of existence here.

Through all races, nations and tribes with rare and isolated exceptions, has this idea of the soul's immortality found abundant expression. Buddhist priest and Persian sage, Grecian philosopher and Roman orator centuries before Christ held and taught this truth that reason and intuition together made it easy to accept.

While there have been periods in the history of all nations when doubt and disbelief have seemed to be in the ascendency yet the belief in the soul's immortal nature is like the tide of the incoming sea—it recedes only to return with greater power and register a higher water mark. The discussion is rapidly changing from the question of immortality itself to a consideration of the conditions of future existence.

Along with the general concession of the continuity of life, the science of psychology has demonstrated the power of mind over mind and investigation along these lines has developed a stronger conviction of the soul's immortality and a growing belief in the power of the departed soul to still exert that influence over the mind embodied or disembodied that it had the power to exert while dwelling on earth.

This theory of the possible return of the departed is not new but as old as human experience in the realm of religious thought. Taking the bible as it reads there is no doctrine of Christianity that is so clearly and forcibly taught as this doctrine that the departed are not separated from the life of this earth—that death is but a liberation of the spirit and through this change it is endowed with larger powers which may be used to guide and instruct the blind and the wayward ones of earth.

The birth of Jesus was proclaimed to the watching shepherds by the angelic host. Angels sat at the empty sepulcher when the weeping Mary sought her lord. Paul and Peter, imprisoned by the Sadducees, were liberated by an angel of God. That this beautiful bible doctrine is again, with the new generation of thinkers, being understood and interpreted is one of the mightiest impulses than can be given the truth of immortality.

Among those who are to-day contributing to the larger acceptance of this inspiring truth are some whom we all know, all honor, all love.

A paper which faithfully advocates this beautiful truth recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, and this act was made the occasion of congratulatory letters from some of its readers. Miss Frances Willard writes the editor thus,—

"DEAR BROTHER—No honest student of

the unknown, which constitutes the largest part of the universe, can fail to be thankful that you have lived and worked. . . . As you know, I am a Methodist sister, and have been since I was twenty, and shall be during the remainder of my pilgrimage; but I see no harm—on the contrary, much good—in travelling about like a bumble bee that visits every flower and carries all the honey he can get from them back to the hive.

"Beautiful and holy truths I have found in the realm where you are master, and I cherish these and am grateful to those who have pointed out to me and others their location."

The Rev. Minot J. Savage, of Boston, the most brilliant and logical minister of that great, intellectual Unitarian body, joins the congratulatory chorus, and says:

"1st. No conceivable subject is of more importance than that for which your paper stands. 2d. No paper stands for it in a braver, clearer, nobler way.

"As to the first point, the attitude of the ordinary, orthodox public is a curious one. People say they believe, and yet in times of loss they act as if they had no hope at all. . . . At any rate, the only people I meet who have really conquered death are the ones who have the hope that inspires your own work."

It has been reserved for our truly great friend, Dr. Thomas, to speak the strongest word, as is his wont. He writes as follows:

"This is a world of effects as well as of causes. While it is true that 'truth springs up from the earth,' it is also true that 'righteousness looks down from above.'"

"Inspiration is continuous. Great truths come to the world now as they did in ages past, hence there is not only growth of knowledge but increase by influx."

"In some such way can we best account for the great movement of Spiritualism in the last half century. No one was looking for it or expecting it. All unannounced it came—not as something new, for its doctrines are as old as the bible, but still new to the present age; and it came most opportunely just at a time when the greatest material success of man was turning his thoughts to the earthly side of his existence."

"That Spiritualism has a mission no thoughtful mind can question, and that there are back of it and within it great truths is not less certain; nor should it be thought strange that its real meaning and significance have been misunderstood and even perverted to the base ends of ambition and gain. In this it but repeats the history of all great movements."

"The higher interests of life must always lie on the side of the spiritual, and more and more will this be realized in coming years, for the greatest revelations of the near future are to be in man himself and of his wonderful power as a spirit and the consciousness that he is now immortal."

The Universalist church has enrolled among its members many grand and beautiful souls—none sweeter and stronger, however, none whose words and work better illustrated the teaching of the faith than the Carey sisters. It was this that lent inspiration to those songs that will sing their way into the lives of unborn generations.

Mary Clemmer Ames, in her biography of Alice Cary says:

"She was a Spiritualist in the highest meaning of the much-abused term, and as every spiritually-minded person must be in some sense and would be if no such thing as 'professional' spiritualism had ever existed. No one can believe in the testament—in God himself—and not in this sense be a Spiritualist. One can not have faith in another and better world and not feel often that its borders lie very near to this; so near, indeed, that our dear ones who have gone thither may come back to us unseen, unheard, to walk as ministering angels by our side. This is the Spiritualism of Jesus and his disciples, and the holy men and women of all ages."

Never did woman live possessed of more sturdy common sense than Phoebe Cary. Nevertheless she spoke constantly of sympathy and communion with those whom death had taken, and yet she was much like our Frances Willard in getting the best she could from every source.

When I read her "Border Land," Tenneyson's "Hermione," Longfellow's "Footsteps of Angels," or Whittier's sweetest and noblest songs, I can not but exclaim with Dr. Thomas, "Inspiration is continuous."

But to the question of the poem, "Who Shall Guide My Spirit Home," Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, one of the best interpreters of Swedenborg's inspired thought, answers it in her series of charming and comfort-

ing stories, "Gates Ajar," "The Gates Beyond," and "The Gates Between." She tells how the soul is met and guided to that place where such influences will be thrown around it as to awaken the good, to kindle the spark of divinity into a glowing flame.

The guiding soul must always be a helpful, loving one, the closest and nearest we naturally think of all who have gone before.

If these sublime teachings are but one-half true—if God is a father and all souls at last in his own good time are to enter upon the rich inheritance of life everlasting, a life of happiness, deeper, richer than the mind can conceive, as our doctrine of Universalism teaches—if all this is true, oh, friends, we can afford to be patient, to be loyal, to be true, to be forgiving, to be Christlike in thought, in word and in deed; for it is promised us that "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love him."

The following poem was delivered by Miss Lizzie Doten, at Lake Pleasant, Sunday afternoon, August 17th. Miss Doten stated that it was not to be considered an impromptu poem, but this was its first presentation to the public.

### IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

BY LIZZIE DOTEN.

"Qui Pattitur Vincit."

"Who suffers conquers." He who would attain That perfect peace, which fears not loss nor pain, Through calm endurance must the victory gain."

Thus said the spirit—and my soul replied—  
"With bleeding feet I walk o'er paths untried.  
Oh Sacred patience! with my soul abide."

Long had I watched, and anxiously had fed  
The lamp of life, for one whose pathway led  
Down to the land of silence and the dead.

And now, while midnight, with its shadows, lay  
Across the pathway of the coming day,  
The tide of life was ebbing swift away.

I knew that Death, with eyes of tender gloom,  
Whose hands so often plucked life's fairest bloom,  
Watched with me in the silence of that room.

I feared him not, he seemed so calm and still,  
Nor did I count it as a deadly ill  
The perfect law Death waited to fulfill.

And yet Life's mighty problems vexed me sore,  
And ever as I scanned their meaning o'er  
The darkness deepened in my soul the more.

I thought of all that made life desolate—  
Of cold suspicion, and of cruel hate,  
Of hope deferred, and help that came too late.

Of feet, drawn downward to the tempter's snare,  
Of lips, that quivered with a voiceless prayer,  
Of souls that sat in darkness and despair.

Of patient brows, that crowns of suffering wore,  
Of sad farewells, that tender heartstrings tore,  
Of sweet young faces, seen on earth no more.

And, as I deeply mused thereon, I said—  
"If I were God, and he were in my stead,  
I would not rest till all were comforted."

Then through the lonely places of my soul;  
A sense as of a Living Presence stole,  
Strong to sustain, and tender to control.

It spake no language, and no voice was heard,  
Yet all my soul with eager longing stirred  
To catch the import of that living word.

And thus it spake, "Seek thou to do and be,  
Life must be lived, before the soul can see  
The meaning of the Inner Mystery."

The morning came, and also came the end,  
I saw the great white calm of Death descend,  
And seal with peace the forehead of my friend.

Then o'er my soul went surging to and fro,  
A nameless longing, to more surely know  
That which my doubting heart had questioned so

I gently laid my hand upon that head—  
White with the snows the passing years had shed  
"Was life worth living? Oh my friend," I said.

And lo! as kindred souls in silence blend,  
He answered, "Be thou comforted. Oh friend,  
Life is worth living. Death is not the end."

What was, and is, and ever more shall be,  
Enfolds us all in its eternity,  
And blest indeed are those whom Death makes free.

My soul was satisfied, I raised my eyes,—  
Filled with the tears that would unbidden rise,  
And read life's lesson in the morning skies.

Above the mists and shadows of the night  
The new-born day climbed up the golden height,  
And all the stars went inward, lost in light.

Thus, like the stars, our lives with light shall blend  
And onward still from height to height ascend.  
Life is worth living. Death is not the end.

### SUPPOSED LOSS OF FORCE.

TO THE EDITOR: It is said that Charles II., soon after the foundation of the Royal Society of London, sent to inquire how it was that a fish weighs more when out of water than when in water. The members discussed the knotty question a long time, but could not come to a decision until one of them suggested that the matter should be tested by experiment. It was then found that their royal patron had been making fun of them. I refer to this anecdote on account of the wording of the paragraph in your paper, which says that if a wound-up watch spring is kept immersed in a powerful acid long enough it will lose its elasticity. We may assume, however, that these words are used in earnest by Dr. Edmund Montgomery, and we may accept the truth of his statement so far as the loss of elasticity is concerned. (1) As to the loss of force, this is a different matter. I think the phenomena referred to can be explained without the need of such a supposition.

In the first place we must distinguish between loss of force and dissipation of energy. Sir William Thomson, the noted Scotch scientist and mathematician, has shown that a much greater resistance to the motions of a vibrating spring arises from internal molecular friction than from the motions of the air. In either case there is a dissipation of energy, which is not lost but is communicated to the air or to the molecules of the metal as the case may be.

To judge whether it is a fact that the force which was used to make the spring coil up is lost when the elasticity of the spring wire is destroyed, we must first know what is meant by elasticity. From Sir William Thomson's article on the subject in the Ency. Brit. We learn that "elasticity of matter is that property by virtue of which a body acquires force to change its bulk or shape and requires a continued application of the force to maintain the shape and springs back when the force is removed, and if left at rest without the force does not remain at rest except in its previous bulk and shape." The springing back, which is the evidence of elasticity, is here said to follow on the removal of the force, but it would be better to say, in the language of the preceding part of the paragraph on the force ceasing to be applied. The fact that a continued application of the force is required to perpetuate the change in the shape of the wire shows that the original force has been in some way got rid of. This is proved by the wire regaining its own shape by virtue of its elasticity on the cessation of the force. If this continued to act, it would counterbalance that of the spring, which would not be able to regain its shape. Hence if any force is really lost by the action of the acid it is not that used in coiling the wire but that in the wire itself to which its elasticity is due. We are not told what change takes place in the acid solution in which the spring, whether coiled or uncoiled, is immersed, but probably some chemical change takes place and a corresponding change will occur in the metal of the spring, consequent on the action of the acid, and the result of the change is the loss of elasticity.

It may be said that this explanation only shifts the question of the loss of the force by which the spring was coiled from the end of the experiment to the beginning. This is true, but it much simplifies the question, since, as we have seen, the force is expended in the very act of winding up the spring, whose elasticity at once asserts itself when the force is expended or discontinued. Now, experiment shows that a spiral spring suddenly drawn out becomes lower in temperature and that it will rise in temperature when suddenly allowed to draw in. The winding up of a watch spring would answer to the drawing out of a spiral spring, and although there would not be in the former case the same molecular change as takes place when the temperature is lowered, there must be a molecular change of some kind, and it appears to me that in such a change we have the explanation of the apparent loss of the force used in winding up the spring. It is transmitted to the molecules of the wire and although it may not be traceable, it continues to exist in some form ready to be again transmitted into active force.

C. STANILAND WAKE.

(1) There has been no expression by



Dr. Montgomery, in THE JOURNAL or elsewhere, respecting the coiled spring. The problem was discussed in the *Scientific American*. It was merely stated in THE JOURNAL among current topics, without any remark as to the merits of the controversy.

#### UNION OF WOMEN.

TO THE EDITOR: The women of the United States who desire the improvement of their sex, can not fail to be interested in an association which has been recently incorporated at Washington, D. C., under the name of "Wimodaughsis"—Union of Women. This new club promises to be of great benefit to all who come within its influence, mentally, morally, and physically, for it will ultimately include within its scope a reading room and library, an art gallery, an auditorium for women's conventions, a gymnasium, and natatorium, and other desirable features, as they may be necessary.

Women have been in bondage so long, their paths of life so narrow, and circumscribed, that they need to be brought together in all possible ways for good. They must learn of each other what there is in this life, and its best to choose; to exchange ideas, and to help each other, not alone in the struggle for existence and independence, but in their united efforts for the attainment of excellence in whatever fields they may enter, whether commercial, professional and artistic, or the domestic which may properly fit them for wives and mothers. As women elevate themselves, they will naturally help in elevating men. When they have reached such heights of excellence as the future promises, with their finer organizations and higher intuitions, they will demand higher qualities in their husbands. Unless our friends of the sterner sex look to their laurels, the majority of single men, will ultimately be greater than that of single women.

This new club is organized as a joint stock company, and will issue stock, which is non-assessable—not to exceed \$200,000. The shares are \$5.00 each, and the officers are under bond. Sufficient of the stock has already been subscribed to fully insure success.

Among the supporters of Wimodaughsis are Mr. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Miss Clara Barton, Dr. Carolina B. Winslow, Mrs. Ruth C. Denison, Mrs. Senator Stewart, of Nevada; Mrs. Wm. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky; Mrs. Clara B. Colby, of Nebraska; Rev. Anna H. Shaw, and other prominent ladies. JENNETTE M. BRADLEY.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

#### THE RAPS.

TO THE EDITOR: "If a man die, shall he live again?" was a question asked by Job or some other man, thousands of years ago. It has entered the minds of millions of human beings, and the answer has been shrouded in an almost impenetrable mystery. It is one of the most important questions that can be considered by man; all others, comparatively speaking, dwindle into insignificance.

Being deeply impressed with its importance, I determined to investigate the subject myself, without the aid of any mortal being. It seemed to me that the theory connected with modern Spiritualism would unfold to my mind evidences sufficiently conclusive to settle the question.

I have witnessed many so-called spiritual manifestations, some fraudulent, some deceitful, and some probably genuine, through the agency of persons who pretended to be spiritual mediums. I have seen those in all their phases. I saw Miss Fox soon after the first exhibition through the agency of the so-called "spirit-rappings," and heard these demonstrations very distinctly. I have been in the cabinet with the Davenport boys, heard the ringing of bells, saw appearances of hands, pale, wax-like and ghostly, had invisible slaps on my head, heard some one whispering to me in a suppressed tone of voice: "H..... I am glad to see you." I have seen Slade and others give their exhibitions in slate-writing, and yet, after all, I was not clearly satisfied that all this was not a delusion or legerdemain performance.

I knew that it only needed something genuine, a little fact, to demonstrate an outside intelligence, or even to prove the existence of a spiritual world where dwells the immortal soul. The fall of an apple suggested to Newton the law of gravitation, and the swinging of a lamp in an old cathedral suggested to Galileo the pendulum of the clock. It seemed to me that one genuine rap would answer affirmatively

the question proposed by Job. So on the second day of February last I determined to find out for myself whether there were genuine spirit raps, and to ferret it out on that line, if it took me all summer. I have a planchette, a reliable instrument, as it appears to me, and I sat down in my small library room, armed with honest intentions, determined to fathom or solve the mystery that Young in his "Night Thoughts" so well poetizes:

"Still it seems strange that thou shouldst live forever;  
Is it less strange that thou shouldst live at all?  
This is a miracle; and that no more."

I had three sittings a day, and noted down my observations, and on the twentieth day of May last I heard tiny raps on my table. I cannot express with my pen my gratification at the result of my search. I had found the philosopher's stone. I heard the raps that I had been so long seeking for.

Well, everybody has heard the raps, and there is no use of me or any one denying that they do come. Once they were hooted at, and Miss Fox was called a fraud, and astute medical men and sage philosophers called her an impostor and an ancient witch. Truth triumphed, and Miss Fox, of Hydesville, near where I reside, will be noted in the coming centuries as the first medium through whose agency modern Spiritualism was revealed to man. But there stands by my side in my little closet the incorrigible doubter, and says, the raps prove nothing; what if the raps do come? They prove to me there is an intelligent agency, independent of myself—for I can not tell what is to be communicated—who produces the raps on my table, and that this is a spirit who once lived in the human body. W. C. H.

SODUS, N. Y.

#### WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE.

TO THE EDITOR: We think some rational information regarding Webster's famous speech referred to in THE JOURNAL of August 2d, may be found in "Reminiscences of Webster," by Harvey, pages 150, 151 and 152. It is there shown the extent and kind of preparation which Mr. Webster had made to reply to two other southern congressmen. To Mr. Everett he said: "I had my notes tucked away in a pigeon hole; and, when Hayne made that attack upon me and upon New England, I was already posted, and only had to take down my notes and refresh my memory. In other words, if he had tried to make a speech to fit my notes, he could not have hit it better. No man is inspired with the occasion; I never was."

Knowing that Mr. Webster had extraordinary talents, the fact of diligent and thorough preparation, accounts for all that is marvelous in that noted speech. Respectfully,

WARREN, O. D. McLAREN.

#### Rheumatism

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Baby's brain is tired of thinking  
On the Wherefore and the Whence.  
Baby's precious eyes are blinking  
With incipient somnolence.

Little hands are weary turning  
Heavy leaves of lexicon;  
Little nose is fretted learning  
How to keep its glasses on.

Baby knows the laws of nature  
Are beneficent and wise;  
His medulla oblongata  
Bids my darling close his eyes.

And his pneumogastries tell him  
Quietude is always best  
When his little cerebellum  
Needs recuperative rest.

Baby must have relaxation,  
Let the world do wrong or right—  
Sleep, my darling, leave creation  
To its chances for the night.  
—James Jeffrey Roche in Boston Pilot.

## AT REST.

There 'neath the falling leaves.  
Lay her to rest,  
No more she smiles or grieves,  
Peace in her breast.

Soft curl the rings of hair,  
O'er brow of snow,  
Some mother's child so fair,  
Long years ago.

Speak kindly words of her,  
No one can say,  
What the temptations were  
That led astray.

Pity, not censure her:  
In coming years,  
Your girl may live to err,  
And weep sad tears.

—CELIA LOUCKS.

The will of the late millionaire, J. H. Wade, of Cleveland, Ohio, on August 20th was presented for probate yesterday. The estate is estimated at \$7,000,000. J. H. Wade, Jr., a grandson, receives the bulk of it. A trust of \$600,000 is established, the income of which is to be devoted to the payment of legacies and charitable bequests. Mr. Wade was a Spiritualist, and \$500 a year is to be devoted to the promotion of "liberal religion" and "spiritual philosophy." In making this provision Mr. Wade says: My said trustees shall also pay from said income each and every year during the continuance of this trust the sum of \$500 for the promotion of liberal religion or spiritual philosophy, or both, or in the purchase and distribution of books or publications in the furtherance of liberal religion, of spiritual philosophy, or both, as they shall deem best; and they shall not be responsible to any one for the manner in which they shall exercise this discretion, so that all of such trustees shall concur in the payment or distribution so made, and provided also that no part of said funds shall be given, used, or appropriated for the benefit, promotion, or support of what is known or understood as orthodox religion, nor shall any of said funds be used for the benefit or support of any church or religion in which the blasphemous and detestable doctrine of eternal punishment or endless misery is encouraged, taught, or promulgated.—*Ex.*

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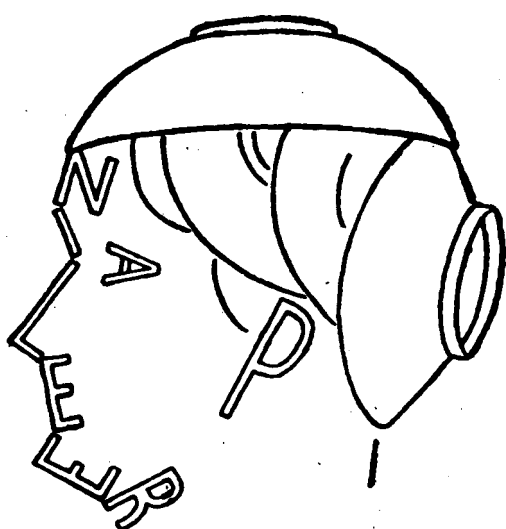
MR. EDITOR:  
The "help or the talents" plan of raising money for mission work was new to me, but our Mission band each agreed to invest \$3.00. Some always made wonderful investments, but I felt sure I could not even double my "talent." During the week while reading your paper, I concluded to buy a Plater. I sent \$3.00 to W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, got a plater and went to work plating spoons, knives, forks and jewelry, and in a month I had cleared \$116.40, and done all the work after school; in three months I cleared \$406. One of the girls got a plater which her brother has been using to plate band instruments and large articles. He is doing splendid. In this way you can not only be generous to the mission, but do much to assist at home. This is certainly a rare chance to make money with ease and rapidity.  
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## IMPORTED EDITION.

Lights and Shadows  
OF  
SPIRITUALISM.

BY D. D. HOME.

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This covers eight pages and was not included in  
the American edition. It is devoted to a brief ac-  
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## THE SKEPTIC'S REVERIE.

I sat with my child one evening  
At the close of a summer's day,  
And she looked at me and questioned,  
"How far is Heaven away?"

"I can not tell, my darling,"  
Was all that my lips could say,  
While I sat and thought and wondered,  
"How far is Heaven away?"

"Why, you ought to know, dear father,  
You were never puzzled before."  
But I could not respond, for her question  
Made my doubting heart feel sore.

Night's dreamy light was shining  
And casting on the floor  
The spectral shade of the poplar  
And the spreading sycamore.

The harmony of the evening  
And the little maiden's creed  
Filled my thirsting soul with longing  
For my nature's greatest need.

And I kissed my sweet child's visage,  
Full of innocence and mirth,  
And thought if all were like her,  
Then Heaven would be on earth.

—CHILDS STEVENS in the Pittsburg Dispatch.

## JUSTICE TO THE OLD MAN.

While mothers are in every clime  
Extolled in verse from time to time,  
Who plods along with nary a rhyme?  
Your father.

Who is it puts the key at night  
Beneath the mat, just out of sight,  
And in the hallway leaves a light?  
Your father.

And, when you seek the burlesque show  
And want a seat in the front row,  
Who got the last an hour ago?  
Your father.

Who goes along out to the truck,  
And puts up when for cash you lack,  
And with you cheerily walks back?  
Your father.

Who, when the pot is nice and fat,  
Soon lays your self-esteem out flat,  
And wins with seven high held pat?  
Your father.

And, when your head begins to grow,  
Who is it warns you to go slow,  
And tells you lots you didn't know?  
Your father.

—Washington Post.

The distress of the agricultural class is confined not simply to the United States, but is felt all over the world, and it is due perhaps to a great number of causes, but especially to the disproportionately rapid development of industrial life in other directions. The most hopeful outlook for the farmer that has ever been presented is that made by Prince Krapotkin, in the August number of the *Forum*, that by means of scientific and intensive agriculture the farmer is to be the coming man, and we are on the eve of a reign of plenty. He shows how in some of the most densely populated parts of Europe, crops are grown on poor land of many times greater value than the richest crops grown by the usual methods on the richest land, and he gives reasons for predicting that we are on the eve of a revolution in agricultural methods. The article is full of definite facts about various sorts of crops under various conditions.

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The Vassar girls have concluded to endow a chair of astronomy in that college in honor of and to be known after the late Maria Mitchell. They have raised \$15,000 among themselves, but want \$35,000 more. The honor is most appropriate, as Miss Mitchell was, excepting Miss Herschel of England, the greatest lady astronomer in the world.

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Every reader who desires to preserve his paper and to know where to find it when wanted should procure a binder. The "Emerson" is the best one I know of; and a size suitable for THE JOURNAL in full cloth with the side stamped with the name of the paper in full gilt, will be furnished subscribers for *seventy-five cents*, which is fifty cents less than retail price. They will be supplied to none but subscribers at the reduced price. At the end of the year the numbers can be removed, if desired, and the binder is ready for the next year, and as good as new; or the volumes can be left in the covers and put upon the library shelf, and another binder procured. Every number has articles of permanent value—as good years hence as during the week of issue.

## HASLETT PARK CAMP MEETING.

**TO THE EDITOR:** The dedication of the Medium's Home occurred last Sunday, the 17th. The exercises were conducted by our well-loved Mrs. Lillie. The invocation came through the inspired lips of Mrs. Lena Bible. The mediums of the home repeated in unison these words, "We dedicate our Medium's Home to the high and holy gift of mediumship and to our spirit friends who have endowed us with this gift, we dedicate our home, to harmony, fidelity love and truth. Let us not forget in doing good to each other we reach the highest good for all." Each medium in the home spoke a few words as to the benefit that the home had been to them. Dr. Edson told how he had kept his promise to his guides to build a home for mediums. Mrs. Lillie's remarks were full of loving kindness and inspiration as they always are. A liberal amount was subscribed to assist in the work. It is so far as we know the first dedication of a home for mediums and was witnessed by hundreds of people. The dedicatory services at the home closed a very interesting portion of this season's work. Although we have had good speakers all through, the crown of it all seems to come when Mrs. Lillie comes and shows not only by words but works the beauty of our philosophy. On Saturday we were present at another unusual service, that of naming the first baby born at Haslett Park. Mrs. Lillie spoke in words so kind and true of the little stranger who had come to bless us since our meeting last year, and then named the baby Daphne Haslett Turner. The services were very beautiful, touching on the mystery of life and death. A beautiful silver cup was presented the little one and the guides improvised a poem thereon which pen of mine fails to tell of the power for good those words must have left in the memory of those present.

Yours for truth

EFFIE F. JOSSELYN.

HASLETT PARK CAMP, Aug. 23d.

The annual meeting of the Mediums' Protective Union occurred on August 20th resulting in the election of the following officers: Dr. A. W. Edson, Lansing, president and treasurer; Mrs. E. S. Felt, Flint, vice president; Effie F. Josselyn, Grand Rapids, Secretary; with the following board of directors: A. Auscomb, Detroit; Wm. Deil, Grand Rapids; Dr. Dryer, Bath; Mrs. A. E. Sheets, Grand Ledge, Mrs. Auscomb, Detroit.

EFFIE F. JOSSELYN, Sec'y.

HASLETT PARK, August 23, 1890.

## PRESS OPINIONS.

Chenoo (Ill.) Gazette, June 7:

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL under the masterful management of Col. J. C. Bundy has become preëminent as the most able Spiritualistic paper on the continent. We congratulate Bro. Bundy on the arrival of the twenty-fifth anniversary of THE JOURNAL, and wish him another quarter of a century of life in the flesh to "do good" in. He adopts the quotation "Look forward and not backward; and Lend a hand," and we, with him, will do it—forever and for aye. En avant!

Bishop Hill (Ill.) News, June 6:

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is published by Colonel John Bundy, of Chicago. It is one of the ablest edited Spiritualistic papers in the country.

Peabody (Mass.) Reporter:

The new head and dress of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is a vast improvement upon the old. It now comes as a sixteen-page and much more shapely publication. Mr. Bundy, the editor, is an able writer; more than this a true-hearted American.

Munsey's Weekly: Tramp (smiling):

"Good morning, madam, I wanted to ask—but excuse me, perhaps your husband is at home?" Woman: "No, he's not." Tramp: "Or your son?" Woman: "I have none." Tramp (smiling a little more): "And I think I met the hired man driving out as I came in. As I was saying, I wanted to ask—" (and he leaned somewhat heavily in on the door). Woman (interrupting): "If it's anything about rifles or revolvers you wanted to ask I'll do as well as the men folks. I traveled eight years with a show as the champion female wing shot, and I keep up practice steadily." Tramp (getting off the door): "Thanks, I'm a little pressed for time, and I merely wanted to ask how far it is to the nearest village. Three miles? Thank you. Good morning."

There is nothing, no, nothing, innocent or good, that dies and is forgotten: let us hold to that faith or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part through them in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes, or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the host of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here. Forgotten! oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear! for how much charity, mercy, and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves. When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shades of mercy, charity, and love to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps spring up bright creations that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven.—Charles Dickens.

What a comment on the civilization of the nineteenth century that it should have to destroy a man with a charge of electricity as a punishment for his crime, remarks *The Christian Register*. If there were any degree of hope that murder could be prevented by capital punishment, society might be excused for killing a murderer to deter others from such crimes. But the history of penology shows pretty well that the deterrent force of the death penalty is so small as to be almost an unimportant factor in considering the question. The death penalty is, to be sure, the shortest way of getting rid of criminals, and used to be very generally imposed even for petty crimes. The substitution of electricity for hanging is a more merciful way of getting rid of the condemned criminal; but the question which arises is, Why kill at all? It may be necessary for society to restrain the beast which is in a man, but to kill him is a confession of its utter moral failure to deal with his humanity.

An old female fortune teller at Tours, France, has been sentenced to eight months' imprisonment for swindling a simple-minded man. She persuaded him that he would discover in a certain place which she indicated a vast amount of treasure guarded by a skeleton and a good genius. The said treasure consisted, she said, of a ton of gold and diamonds; but before they could be obtained she ordered him to enter upon certain ceremonies, of which the most important was the burning of candles and incense. All this he faithfully performed and then for several weeks dug most zealously at the spot of ground which had been pointed out to him. Finding his labor in vain he returned to the old fortune teller, who encouraged him to continue, and he did so. In all she swindled the poor man out of 4,000 francs.

**A CHARACTER.**—Unflinching in insisting on the eternity of punishment, but diffident of curtailing the substantial comforts of time; ardent and imaginative on the premillennial advent of Christ, but cold and cautious towards every other infringement of the status quo.—GEORGE ELIOT'S *Essays*.

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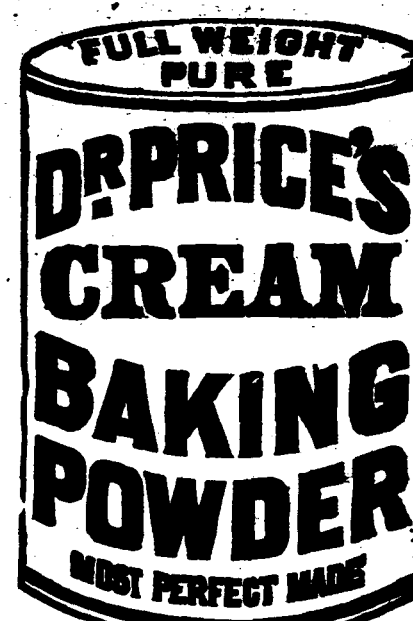
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BENTON, LAY, Co., Wis., Dec. 28.  
 Rev. J. C. Bergen vouches for the following: James Rooney who was suffering from Vitex Dance in its worst form for about 14 years was treated by several physicians without effect, two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured him.

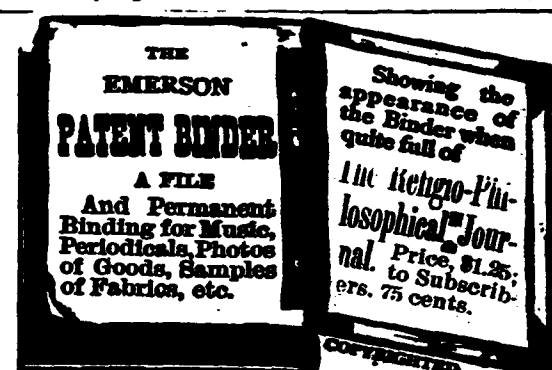
St. Francis Wis. Oct 24, 1888  
 A member of my congregation used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with good results. The patient was so nervous that he could not find sleep for weeks. He suffered from the most intense anxiety which bordered on insanity. I gave the person some of Koenig's Nerve Tonic and he continued to use it. The appetite returned gradually, the anxiety disappeared the headache left, and to day the sufferer, who had almost despaired, is enjoying excellent health.

Bern. Elskamp, Pastor.

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